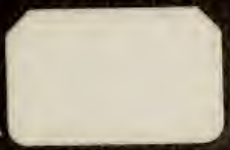
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A narrative of the first
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A NARRATIVE

OF THE FIRST

INTRODUCTION OF CHRISTIANITY

AMONGST THE

BAROLONG TRIBE OF BECHUANAS,

SOUTH AFRICA:

WITH A

BRIEF SUMMARY OF THE SUBSEQUENT HISTORY OF THE WESLEYAN MISSION TO THE SAME PEOPLE.

BY THE

REV. SAMUEL BROADBENT.

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PREFACE.

The following narrative has been written in compliance with the urgent request of many, whom the writer held in great respect, that he would give to the Christian public the benefit of his own personal recollections, and of those sources of information which he alone could command, concerning "the beginning of the Gospel" among the Bechuana Tribes.

His own share in this now flourishing Mission was full of suffering, which compelled him to leave the ground before the harvest began to be reaped from the precious seed, in the first sowing of which he had the honour of bearing a part.

The later part of this history is briefly given by gathering and connecting together the chief items of information, which have hitherto been scattered here and there in various publications, for the most part of the Wesleyan Missionary Society.

April, 1865.

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FOUNDING

OF THE

BECHUANA MISSION.

CHAPTER I.

Occupied in Missionary Labour in Namacqualand—Received Information from the Missionary Committee, London, to proceed to the Bechuana Country—Delayed by Drought in the Desert—Thundershowers—Enter upon the Journey—Leave Reed Mount—Quaggas and Zebras in the Desert—Accident to the Wagon while descending a steep Hill—Joined by our Conductors—Bad Water—Awful Desert—Arrive on the third Day at Water and Grass—Kabbas—Arrive at the Orange River—Proceed eastward—Intense Heat—Cross to the North Side—Sudden Flood—Griqua.

After having been occupied as a Wesleyan-Methodist Missionary at Cape Town, with the Rev. B. Shaw, I joined the Rev. E. Edwards in Little Namacqualand. In the midst of our work, among the Hottentots at Khamies Berg and Reed Fountain, I received instructions from the Missionary Committee, in London, to attempt the formation of a Mission station in the Bechuana country. Immediately, without conferring "with flesh and blood," I commenced preparation for the arduous journey, in which I was to be accompanied by my wife and child, and maid-servant.

We were told that, owing to long-continued drought, it would be impossible to cross the desert that lay between us and the Great River, until rain fell. We remained, therefore, at Reed Fountain nearly three months; where,

and at some adjacent places, I and my wife found work to do, among half-castes, Hottentots, and Bushmen, and were greatly encouraged with the success given by the Divine blessing to our efforts. Those among them who gave evidence of having received the grace of God in truth, were recommended to join the station at Khamies Berg, where they would have the means of grace, and be under pastoral care.

From that place, Mr. Edwards sent me word that thunder-showers had begun to fall in the desert to the north; and that a wagon had arrived from the Great River, and would in a short time return. On receiving this information, I rode over to Khamies Berg, and entered into an arrangement with the owners of the wagon, that they should convey me and my family to the Great River, and that one of them should drive our oxen to Griqua Town.

All things being ready, we departed from Reed Mount, amid the regrets and tears of the people; some of whom accompanied us a day's journey, and remained until we set forward on the following morning.

We travelled through a barren and desolate land, in which we saw no living creature beside our own party, except when the quagga or zebra passed; reminding us, in their lonely course, of some impressive imagery of the Hebrew prophets. (Jer. ii. 24, and Hos. viii. 9.)

On the third day we had to descend a steep ridge; the wagon bounding from rock to rock, sometimes down a step of between one and two feet deep. A long strap was tied to the top of the tilt, the other end of which I held in my hand, in order that when I saw the wagon sway, I might endeavour to prevent it upsetting. When descending one of these steps, the chain which locked the hind wheels broke, and I was drawn with my chest against the wheel so violently, as to give me much pain at the time, and leave mischief from which I suffered for years afterwards. When the accident happened, we were not far from the bottom of the slope; and, though the oxen were unable to check

its descent, the wagon with its passengers providentially escaped injury.

Whilst delayed a few days, repairing the damage our wagon had received, we were joined by the party who had come from the Great River and by a border farmer, or Boor, who, hearing of our expedition, availed himself of the opportunity of crossing the desert in our company. His errand was to barter with the people dwelling near the Great River.

January 1st, 1822, on the border of the desert, was one of the most uncomfortable days that I spent in Africa The heat was almost past endurance, the wind blew in strong gusts, bringing suffocating clouds of dust from the sea of sand around us; even an ostrich that passed us, ran with open mouth, as if gasping for breath. As the sun declined, our oxen were yoked; and, about evening twilight, we arrived at a spring of water. Its taste and smell were very bad, and both men and cattle that drank of it suffered severely; the latter writhing in the yoke with pain.

We had two teams of oxen; and, about midnight, changed one for the other in the yoke, and again at the dawn of morning. We cast our eyes around upon "a waste howling wilderness," with not an object to relieve the gaze, except a fleet zebra which crossed our track, with head erect, nostrils distended, and seeming hardly to touch the ground as he sped along. Long before noon, the heat and lurid glare reflected from the sand became intolerable. At mid-day we came to a hollow where rain-water was expected to be found; but we were disappointed. The oxen lowed, the goats bleated, and the horses became piteously tame, following us as if imploring that we would quench their thirst. After two hours' rest, and having prepared a little coffee, with water we had taken in a barrel, we set forward. A second night was spent in wearisome journeying through sand. At intervals, the drivers of the loose cattle called out that a goat had fainted, and we stopped to take it on one of the wagons:

then, that such an ox would not travel any more! As light came the second morning, we gazed round upon the horizon, but nothing appeared except the same dismal waste. A low eminence is before us; our eyes are fixed upon it, hoping that when it is reached, some relief will be presented by a different view. We ascend: our prospect is indeed extended, but it has the same sickening aspect; sand, sand, and nothing besides!

When the third night came, we made slow progress, as our draught oxen were nearly exhausted. The coolness of the night refreshed them, and they began to draw heartily as if in hope; and indeed in the morning we found ourselves among low bushes and grass. The late rain had fallen here, and a fountain of water gushed from the mountain-side! O, it was delicious! It was as life from the dead. The cattle drank freely, and then browsed on the tufted grass which had sprung up since the rain.

The pain in my right side now became very acute, so that I could not lie upon it, nor find rest. The Boor who had joined our party, complained at the same time of distressing head-ache, and said that bleeding had relieved him on former occasions, and he had no doubt would again now. As I thought the same treatment would also be of service to me, we agreed to operate on each other. My medicine-chest supplied the lancets. We uncovered our arms, and I proceeded to bleed the farmer, who then performed the same kind office for me, and both were much relieved. I have little doubt, that if this bleeding could have been followed by suitable medicine, diet, and rest, I should have escaped the sufferings I had subsequently to endure. We rested nearly a week at this oasis to refresh ourselves and the cattle. We found that the rain-cloud had proceeded in a line stretching east and west, and had fallen upon a strip of land from two to three miles broad, which appeared as a beautiful green belt on the earth. How many miles it reached in length, from the shore of the Atlantic eastward, we had no means of ascertaining. We

saw several flocks of divers species of the antelope feasting upon the herbage and grass. On either side of this belt the ground was dry and barren. As our route was from south to north, on setting forth again we soon left this verdure, and again entered upon the desert, across which we travelled, fifteen or sixteen hours, to a place call Kabbas, where there is a remarkable range of perpendicular rocks, looking as if reft asunder, and left standing a few yards apart from each other. Proceeding about half a mile amongst these rocks, and digging a hole in the sand between them, I thrust down an iron ramrod, which was moist when drawn up again; a sign that there was water beneath. So we dug deeper in the sand until the water collected.

The earnestness with which we dug, the manner in which the water sprang, and the gratification we enjoyed at our success, forcibly reminded me of the Israelites in the wilderness: "Then Israel sang this song, Spring up, O well; sing ye unto it: the princes digged the well, the nobles of the people digged it, by the direction of the law-giver, with their staves." (Num. xxi. 17.)

After drinking, and filling our vessels to bear to the wagons, we sloped the descent to the water, and drove our oxen down, two at a time, having now and then to open the place again with our spades, as their feet had trodden in the sand. Thus we proceeded until all of them had drunk. We sent on the loose cattle immediately, and then yoked those which drank the last, and followed them. The poor animals seemed to understand the necessity of the case, and were very docile and tractable.

We had to make another great effort before arriving at the river, towards which our course was directed. Again we had to dig for water; but too deep for the oxen to descend; so we brought it to them in pails, and sent them on as they drank. We travelled the whole night; and as the next morning dawned, we could see in the distance before us a dark coloured band, which, my driver said, was

formed by the trees growing at the Great River. We were a long time gradually descending towards it, over hard bare ground on which the few remains of bushes were black, as if they had been burnt with fire. The people at the river said there had been no rain there during the past three years! Their cattle subsisted on the herbage growing on the brink of the river.

It was rather amusing to witness how oxen, goats, dogs, and men rushed to the stream as soon as liberated, and seemed as if they would draw up the river, so eagerly they drank of it. For myself, I both drank and threw off my garments and plunged into it. The heat out of the water was intense, so that even flies, which we afterwards found so troublesome in the Bechuana land, did not exist here! The tube of my thermometer having been broken on the way, I was not able to learn the degree of temperature; but the ground become so hot at mid-day that our dogs howled to set their feet on it, and I lost six oxen with sore feet.

Our route now was to the east, up the banks of the Orange River, keeping as near to it as the ground would admit, and often catching sight of the hippopotami, which are numerous hereabouts. We crossed to the north side at Bishop's Ford, and then entered the region of the notorious Africaaner, once a cruel marauder, but afterwards a humble Christian, of whom an account has been published by the Rev. R. Moffat.

We soon had cause to be thankful that we had crossed the river; for one day, when there had been no previous signs of any change, the river suddenly increased to a great flood, bearing along on its turbid waters branches, trees, and much *debris* towards the sea. We arrived at the home of our guides and helpers, where, after a short rest, we left all except Paul Englebrecht, who had engaged to drive my wagon to Griqua. On leaving the river we again entered a dry and thirsty land, and had a long and arduous journey to White Water Fountain, and then to Griqua Town.

CHAPTER II.

GRIQUA—Illness—Death of Child and Funeral—Journey to Reed's Ford —Stony Ground—Winterfeld and Sneewberg—Rev. A. Faure— Stay at Graaff Reinett, and Illness—Rev. A. Faure's Hospitality and Kindness—Visit of Rev. William Shaw—Of Rev. W. Threlfall— Lepers—Removal of Mr. Faure to Cape Town—Arrival of Rev. T. L. Hodgson.

AT Griqua Town we were kindly welcomed by the Rev. Mr. Holm and his wife, of the London Missionary Society; also by Mr. Melville, Colonial Government Resident. Here also we met the Rev. S. Kay and wife, whom I had been sent to join in an endeavour to commence a Mission among the Bechuanas. I soon found that his views of the state of the country were by no means in favour of the attempt. Mrs. Kay, too, was then unfit to travel. Not long after our arrival, my dear wife was delivered of a son, who died in about twenty-four hours after his birth. I was taken very ill, and endured great suffering. It was with difficulty that I could leave my wife on her couch when our baby's remains were carried to the grave. However, with the assistance of one of the brethren, and a stick in my hand, I accompanied them to the place of interment, where the Rev. H. Holm performed the funeral service. I tarried to witness the filling up the grave, during which I observed several small slabs or boards, marking the place where the mortal remains of individuals formerly at the station had been buried.

After nearly two months' delay, my illness increasing, and my strength gone, I was advised to accompany Mr. and Mrs. Kay in the journey they were about to take into the Albany District, and seek medical help at the nearest station where it could be obtained. We therefore left Griqua Town in their company, crossed the Orange River at Reed's Ford, and soon entered into the colonial boundaries.

I felt it a disappointment, and trial to my faith, to be necessitated to take this retrograde movement, even before visiting the country and people to whom I had been sent. However, my temporary sojourn in Griqua Town was not in vain in reference to the Bechuana Mission; for I obtained there information respecting the tribes of that people, which led to the course subsequently taken by another colleague, who joined me when partially recovered, with whom I returned as a pioneer, at least, to the people on whom my heart had been set.

Our journey from the Great River was over a rocky country, on which our wagon jolted so much as to occasion me excruciating pain, and had frequently to be stopped to allow a little respite; indeed, my companions thought my life was ebbing out, and they would have to dig a grave for me in the desert. Our route was through Winterfeld and Sneewberg, where we had stormy and very cold weather. After twenty-six days of painful travelling, we arrived at Graaff Reinett.

The Rev. A. Faure, Dutch clergyman of the Reformed Church, having been informed of the approach of our wagons, and of my affliction, rode out to meet us. He turned his horse to my wagon, and, after a few introductory remarks, said, "However mysterious the providence of God may appear, in removing Missionaries from spheres of usefulness, yet the Divine government is doubtless conducted on principles of infinite wisdom; and though we may prefer to serve God rather than to suffer, yet, perhaps, the Divine Being is as much glorified by the *passive* as by the *active* graces." These sentiments, though not new, were, in the circumstances in which I then heard them, as a cordial to my spirits.

As we drew near the town, this Christian pastor, and, to me, angel of mercy, directed the driver of the oxen to the yard of the manse, then rode forward, and, with his excellent lady, was ready to receive and welcome us to their hospitable mansion on our arrival at the gate. In a few

days Mr. and Mrs. Kay proceeded to Graham's Town, and eventually entered into the Kaffir Mission.

An English surgeon, resident in Graaff Reinett, saw me the morning after my arrival, and continued his professional attendance during my stay. He wondered how I had survived the severity of my disease, and attributed it, under God, to my good constitution, but could not conceal his apprehension of a fatal issue. One evening the crisis seemed to have come, and those about me thought that I could not survive another night, and some of the servants sat up, expecting that they would have to prepare my body for burial. My dear wife knelt at the bed side, watering it with her tears; but commending me to the grace of God, and imploring His protection and blessing in her widowed state, in a strange land. Then, I believe, He gave me back to her. What my attendants thought to be death, was a doze, in which I seemed to see bright spirits gliding to and fro, among whom I recognised several whom I had known in England, who had "died in the Lord." At length my consciousness returned, or I awoke from sleep, in a sweet calm and peace of mind. The report got out that I was dead; but I remember I fell into a train of reasoning to the effect that if the Lord pleased I would gladly join those happy spirits in Paradise; but if it were His will to spare me, as I was not yet thirty years of age, and permit me to labour in His work, and especially in the Mission field, I might spend forty years in that work before I should arrive at threescore years and ten. Such thoughts occupied my mind. I desired to live to preach the Gospel to the heathen, and, thank God, He permitted me to return to the native tribes in the Bechuana country!

The Missionary Notices for February, 1823, contain a letter from me to the Committee, dated August 20th, 1822, giving an account of partial recovery, and of the Rev. A. Faure's kindness to me, which they recorded in the following minute, a copy of which was sent by the Secretary to the Rev. W. Shaw, Chairman of the District. "Read

a letter from Mr. Broadbent, giving an account of his late sickness. He mentions particularly the kindness of the Rev. A. Faure, Dutch Minister of Graaff Reinett, at whose house he was entertained with his family, and nursed gratuitously four months.

"Resolved. That a letter of thanks be written to the Rev. A. Faure, for this very generous act of Christian kindness, and that Mr. William Shaw be requested to present him with twenty guineas from the Committee, or, if he should think that it would be more agreeable to Mr. Faure's feelings to receive presents to that amount, Mr. Shaw be authorized to present such articles as he may think most acceptable to a family living in South Africa."

This acknowledgment of the Committee was duly appreciated by myself and family. Mr. Shaw came over from Graham's Town to see us, and make his respects to my generous host. It is due to that excellent Minister to record also, that, in the spirit of his previous disinterestedness, he returned the twenty guineas in a donation to the Society.

Here, also, I was visited by another Christian brother, who had come from Albany on purpose to show his sympathy, and offer any assistance in his power. This was the late Rev. William Threlfall, the particulars of whose visit are published in his Memoirs,—"The Missionary Martyr of Namacqualand."

While we were in Graaff Reinett, a company of poor lepers, of both sexes, arrived, who had been collected by orders of the Government, from different parts, and were on their way to an institution prepared for them, medical attendance being provided, and a Missionary appointed to attend them. As they sat or lay round a fire kindled beneath some trees near the Sunday River, they exhibited all the horrible signs and ravages of their fearful disease, and made a group more utterly pitiable and wretched than any I had ever seen. It was humane and Christian to make provision for them.

As the Rev. A. Faure had received an appointment to Cape Town, before his departure from Graaff Reinett, I requested permission to make some remuneration for the expenses to which he must have been put on our account; but this in the most affectionate manner he firmly declined. Being quite overcome with tender and grateful emotions, I withdrew, and attempted to give some expression to my sense of obligation in a letter, which I put into the hand of Mrs. Faure on their leaving. I received a reply while they were on the road, breathing the same Christian charity which characterized Mr. Faure's previous conduct. He said, "I have only done what was my duty. Indeed, the obligation is on my part; I am grateful for the profitable conversations which I have had with my afflicted guest," &c., with many expressions of regard of which I felt quite unworthy.

Having been about six months in Graaff Reinett, my eyes and heart were gladdened by the sight of my brother, the Rev. T. L. Hodgson, and his excellent wife, who had come by way of Algoa Bay and Graham's Town, to be my associates to the Bechuana country.

My convalescence, though not perfect, was such that personally I felt no hesitation as to engaging in the enterprise. Mr. H. and myself consulted with the medical gentleman who had attended me while here. He expressed himself cautiously, said it was possible that a change of air, and the journey, if I did not exert myself too much, might conduce to perfect my recovery. However, my heart was in the work, and I counted not my life dear to me, if I might go, though but in the rough duty of a pioneer, into that country. I had obtained much information concerning the route, people, &c., and was as familiar with the Portuguese and Dutch languages as the English. So, hoping for the best, and trusting in God, we prepared for the journey.

CHAPTER III.

Leave Graaff Reinett—Sneewberg—Bushman Land—Philippolis—Craddock River—Madder River, and the Vaal, or Yellow River—Campbell Dorp—Griqua Town—Links Fountain and Tiger—Loss of Sheep.

We hired two half-castes as wagon drivers, and their wives to accompany us, together with people to lead and tend our oxen. These persons had entered into a written agreement in the presence of the Landrost, Sir. A. Stockelnstroom, who kindly addressed them on their duties. On November 1st, 1822, we left Graaff Reinett, with three wagons, one occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Hodgson, their little daughter and nurse; one by myself, wife, son, and a servant girl; and the third by the wives of our two principal drivers. Our party included in all sixteen persons. The first night we rested at the foot of Sneewberg; next day we ascended the mountain, and proceeded to the place of M. Van Heeran, one of the elders of the Dutch Church at Graaff Reinett, with whom, and his excellent wife and family, I became acquainted, while the guest of their Pastor, the Rev. A. Faure. Their manners, intelligence, and piety, were of a much higher standard than those exhibited by the generality of the Dutch farmers in this country. They kindly welcomed and hospitably entertained us at their house.

One of the days we spent here was Sunday, on which, at their request, I preached in the Dutch language to them, and a few other neighbouring families, and their servants, forming with our people a good congregation. My heart was glad at once more entering upon the work in which I had previously enjoyed so much spiritual good; it warmed also with the subject, founded on 1 John i. 9. So that I

exerted myself beyond my strength, and felt feverish and very unwell the rest of the day, but was better after a night's rest.

Graaff Reinett, where our friends went to public worship, being a great distance from their residence, they were obliged to leave home on Saturday, and spend the night in town, and return on the Sunday afternoon. This was the custom of the family when the weather permitted. Doubtless there were other families in the district, who would seldom incur so much trouble. On this account, they were desirous of getting a Minister among them, and of building a church. Before leaving them, I was asked, very respectfully, if I would consent to become their *Predikant*, Minister, and they would enter upon preliminary steps to secure what was necessary and desirable. I thanked them for this expression of their regard, and hoped ere long they would succeed in getting a Pastor located among them, but said that my call was to the heathen, in the regions beyond.

At this season of the year the air was pleasantly cool on the mountain, but was perceptibly warmer as we descended, and very warm in the plains. We purchased of Mr. Van Heeren a few sheep and goats, and two cows, for food by the way, then proceeded on our journey, followed by many good wishes and prayers for our welfare.

One morning, while in the Bushman flats, our men returning with the cattle brought also a young zebra, which must have been foaled during the night: we left it for its dam to find when we were gone.

On the 15th we forded the Cradock River, a fine broad stream, which joins with the Vaal and forms the Great Orange River, after which our oxen had hard work to draw the wagons through the deep sand.

Sunday, the 17th, we spent at Philippolis, a Mission Station connected with the London Society, so-named after Dr. Philip, general Superintendent of those Missions in South Africa. A Native Teacher, named Jan Goeman, was

stationed here. On the subject of "Native Teachers," having met with four or five of them on the Great River, and Griqua Land, in connexion with the London Society's Missions, I take the freedom to remark, that, while I believe that eventually the Gospel will be propagated by such in their own country; men who, in the first instance, have been converted to the faith of Christ, by God's blessing on the evangelical ministrations of European Missionaries; yet it is of the utmost importance, both to them, and to the great cause of Missions itself, that much care should be taken in their selection, "to lay hands suddenly on no man," that their personal piety should have attained maturity and stability; their natural and acquired gifts be respectable, and their knowledge of sacred Scripture be such that they can both teach and defend the truth. They will need also, for a long time, and some of them always, the fraternal oversight of European Pastors.

I may here remark, further, that extensive observation has confirmed my conviction that, for the most successful use of native agency, and for avoiding the scandal caused by frequent instances of Missionaries, as well as Native Teachers, forsaking their work to enter upon secular pursuits, there is needed an ecclesiastical system, which associates its ministers and churches in the closest fellowship, and provides for all an effective and acknowledged oversight.

Before leaving Philippolis, we engaged two more men, to assist in driving the loose cattle; one of them a half-breed, who became a great annoyance to us, until we were obliged to part with him. The other was a simple-hearted and cheerful Bushman; but his services we also lost through the misbehaviour of his fellow-servant.

Our route was along by the Modder river, which has many deep pools in its bed, and abounds with wild geese and other water-fowl. Leaving this to the north, we arrived on the 2nd of December at the Vaal, which we

found rolling a mighty and muddy stream of water. This river, though at the time deep, wide, and rapid, we were obliged to cross, as we were told that, owing to the rains in the interior, it would continue in its present state for two months, at least. We therefore set to work, and collected trunks and branches of trees, to construct a raft, by fastening them together with twisted willows. This raft was made sufficiently high to allow for the depth that it would sink in the water when loaded. We had obtained the assistance of several Griquas, kindly sent by the Rev. Mr. Sass from Campbell; and, all things being ready, myself, wife, child, and servant mounted the raft, taking with us a few light boxes containing necessary articles, and three of the wagon wheels. Ten or a dozen men shoved off the raft into deep water, pushing it before them with one hand as they swam. The stream carried us down, and when we came to the middle of the river, our raft began to rock, and the water to splash upon us far more than was either comfortable or safe. The swimmers shouted, and put forth their utmost strength; so that, after many fears, by God's mercy, this dangerous voyage was accomplished, and we reached the opposite bank of the river about two miles below the place whence we started.

This was exhausting work for our swimmers; and for their refreshment, some of our cattle having been made to swim over, I shot a fat ox; pieces of which were broiled on the coals, while Mrs. Broadbent prepared tea, of which these men are very fond. After regaling themselves, they pushed the raft up along the river bank in shallow water, and then across the current to the other side again, where Mr. and Mrs. Hodgson also had prepared food for them. This was done a few times the first day, when, night coming on, our party rested, some on the north, and the others on the south side of the river, and next morning our fatiguing and perilous work was resumed. We found what our people called "a river horse" a great help in swimming. This

is a light willow beam, about eight or ten feet long, with a peg at one end, which the swimmer lays hold of, and lying on the log launches forth. It requires care to keep the peg upright, or the swimmer will be unhorsed.

At the close of the second day of exhausting toil, the whole of our luggage and wagons being carried over, Mr. and Mrs. Hodgson came the last, with their daughter and servants. Our cattle were made to swim, except one ox, which refused to take the water, ran away, and was lost.

On December the 6th, having put our wagons together, and reloaded them, we again set forth, and the same evening were kindly welcomed to Campbell, (better known as *Groots Fontein,*) by the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Sass. The latter I found was a daughter of my old fellow-traveller across the deserts of Namacqualand, Paul Engelbrecht. During our first night's sojourn at Campbell we were disturbed and annoyed by a bold and ferocious wolf, which seemed determined to feast on one of our flock.

We had a free conversation with Mr. Sass and some of his people, on the subject of our future route, and our desire not to enter upon other men's labours, but to proceed to a region where no Missionary had been, and where Christ had not been named. The result was satisfactory to my colleague, fully confirming the views I had formed, and expressed to him, that we should take an easterly course on the north side of the Vaal River. However, we resolved to visit Griqua Town, and confer with the Rev. Mr. Helm, and Mr. Melville. Leaving, therefore, our wives and families at Campbell, Mr. Hodgson and myself travelled in a light wagon, and in about ten hours reached Griqua, where I found a warm welcome from my old friends.

On leaving this place for Graaff Reinett about seven months before, I left two horses in the care of the chief, Andreas Waterboer, to whom I now applied for them. He answered, that, hearing I was dead, he had disposed of them! I said, "You have now proof that I am yet alive,

and I require my horses." He said, they were gone away, and could not now be obtained. I then demanded the price for which he had sold them; which, after deducting his charge for the care of them, amounted to ten rix-dollars, or about fifteen shillings for two horses, which just now, with our journey before us, would have been invaluable. Neither could Mr. Melville nor Mr. Helm, though sorely grieved at the injustice, help me in the matter.

The brethren Helm and Melville also concurred in our views of leaving Griqualand altogether, and taking the route we indicated; and, from what they had heard, they believed that we should find in that direction a large population of Bechuanas.

Both here and at Campbell we heard a great deal about the wars and anarchy which existed among the different tribes further in the interior. Indeed, so general was the disorder among them, that one person expressed an opinion, that they would not be in a state fit for us to go among them for fifty years to come. Such remarks had no effect on our minds, except to strengthen our purpose that, God willing, we would set up the banner of the Prince of Peace, and call the contending tribes to repose around it. We were not insensible to the difficulties and perils of the enterprise; but, acting under the commission of Him who hath said, "Preach the Gospel to every creature," and encouraged by His declaration, "Lo, I am with you alway," we hesitated not for a moment respecting the path of duty. Being cheered also by the cordial approval of our respected brethren at Griqua Town and Campbell, we proceeded with our preparation for the journey.

We purchased a number of sheep for food, and endeavoured to obtain a person to accompany us who could speak Sichuana, that he might act as an interpreter when we came among any of the Bechuana people. The only person we could obtain for this purpose, was a youth about fourteen years of age, but he understood no English at all;

and what he knew even of the Dutch was so meagre, that he was of very little use to us, except in assisting to drive the sheep.

We departed from Griqua Town in the afternoon of the day, in order to have the benefit of the evening coolness, and to rest our sheep at night at Links Fountain.

The following incident is worth recording, to show what travellers in this country are liable to.

As we were slowly proceeding during the evening, the man who had charge of the sheep came, and said to me, "Sir, I think there is a tiger about us." I inquired, "Why do you think so?" He replied, "From the starting of the sheep every now and then, from which I think they have seen one creeping among the bushes." With this premonition, when we halted at a late hour, we adopted the best means our circumstances would allow for the protection of our flock. While some of the party kindled a fire to prepare supper, others of us drove the sheep close to the wagon, walking round them until they laid themselves down: we then partook of our supper, had our usual evening devotions, and not having been disturbed yet, concluded that our shepherd must have been mistaken, or that the tiger had not followed us to this place; we therefore laid ourselves down to rest on different sides of the flock. No sooner, however, were we all still, than suddenly up started the sheep and scampered away. I seized my gun, and, in the opposite direction to that which the sheep had taken, I caught a glance of two glaring eyes, almost like a pair of lamps, on which the blaze of our fire shone. I fired; but missed. Our men started after the sheep, and presently returned with most of them, which were driven to the wagon as before; and, as we remained for a considerable time undisturbed, we indulged the hope that our enemy would be satisfied with what he had got. So, being wearied with our journey, we lay down again. But again the foe showed himself, and allowed us no rest till morning. When it became fully light, we found eleven of our flock

which the tiger had killed by a bite on the neck of each, but had not torn them elsewhere.

The experience we afterwards had with lions gave us a more favourable opinion of the qualities of the monarch of the desert than of the treacherous and cruel tiger. The latter will kill, as Boors affirm, till his jaws are tired; but the lion feasts on his prey, and lets the remainder escape.

CHAPTER IV.

DEPARTURE from Campbell—Cross the Tracks of Rev. J. Campbell and Burchell the Botanist—Difficulties with our People—Part with two of them—Reports of Wars and Perils—Arrive at the Korana Place under Chudeep—His Request and Conduct—Keidebookei—Flight of the Koranas.

HAVING no specific directions, either respecting the route we should take, or in what locality we should commence our Missionary operations, but only in general terms that we must go to the Bechuana Country, we determined, from information previously referred to, and in accordance with the counsels of the Rev. Messrs. Helm and Sass, and as our way seemed open, to go to the eastward of Campbell, into a region where no Missionary had preceded us, nor any European or Colonist. Before entering upon this unknown land, we took from our wagons a few heavy boxes, in order to lighten them, and left the goods in the care of Mr. Sass, to be sent for if we should succeed in forming a station.

We went forth, having the river on our right, and keeping as near to it as practicable, that we might be sure of water. We arrived at the Hart river, or Malalareen, a periodical stream, on crossing which, we left the track of Mr. Campbell, on his return from Kurichane, also that of Mr. Burchell, the botanist, after which it was a *terra incognita*, except to a few marauding Griquas, and nomad Koranas, some of whom we now and then met, who reported nothing but evil tidings. They spoke of hordes of savages depopulating the country, and predicted inevitable destruction to our company if we had the temerity to proceed in that direction.

We supposed their reports might be exaggerated, and that

the peril was not so great as they represented it to be; but though we were not insensible to danger, yet we were unmoved in our purpose by their representations. We were messengers of the church, were going in the name of Christ, who had promised His presence with us, and, by His grace, were resolved to set up our banner in that land of darkness and war.

However, the persons whom we had hired to accompany us were not influenced by the same considerations; and, believing, or pretending to believe, the rumours about savages, wars, and desolations, which they had heard, evinced a spirit of cowardice and disaffection, which was the cause of much annoyance, as well as loss of time. The principal in this affair was the man we had hired at Philippolis since we left the Colony, who exerted a mischievous influence on others. When, within the colonial territory, any subject of altercation arises, the matter can be referred to a colonial functionary, and disaffected and turbulent spirits be kept under some restraint; but when remote from such authority, they can laugh at previous engagements and contracts. We had taken every possible precaution of the kind with those we had engaged at Graaff Reinett, and they knew that they would be amenable to the civil magistrate if they did not fulfil their engagement; but the man just referred to cared no more for colonial authorities than he did for us. On being reproved for disobedience, he manifested a violent and ungovernable temper, and had obtained so much influence over the others, that he withdrew them from us, with the exception of two boys of the Bushman class; and during one night we were left with no other protection or assistance to attend our sheep and cattle. The next morning the runaways returned, saying, they would conduct us till we should arrive at a Korana village, and then would positively return; and we were as positive in our determination to persevere, by the help of God. With much reasoning and expostulation we succeeded at length in recovering our people to a sense of

their duty; but the ringleader in the business, and a Bushman who had accompanied him, we parted with, and then went on our way rejoicing.

The further we proceeded to the east, the more the country improved in general appearance, especially in wood, water, and luxuriant grass, so that our oxen soon got into much better condition. We also were able occasionally to get some wild fowl, and we hoped, by economizing our sheep, to have ample provision until we arrived among the native tribes.

Having travelled nearly a fortnight in a kind of neutral territory, between Griqualand and the Bechuana Country, on the 9th of January, 1823, we saw, in the forenoon of the day, smoke rise into the air at some distance before us. This we knew was a sign of population of some sort. Soon after, we discerned a number of native huts; so we halted to let our cattle graze, and to get our own dinner, not knowing what kind of reception we might have.

Having rested a couple of hours, we again yoked our oxen, and set forward. As we drew near the houses, we observed their number far exceeded what we had first seen; but not a human being appeared. We drove up a gentle ascent to the site of the village, and, drawing the wagons near together, unyoked the oxen, and directed their keepers not to go far away.

Some gathered wood, and kindled a fire; one took a vessel to an adjacent fountain, and brought water; and our female servants set on the kettle. In the mean time, Mr. Hodgson and myself walked about unarmed, showing no apprehension or suspicion of danger.

The first of the natives who made their appearance were naked boys and girls, who, after approaching the wagons, ran off again, as sprightly as the wild ass; next some women came from their huts, and sat down in rows a short distance from us, but in silence; then a few men ventured out of their hiding-places, and sat down behind the women. By this time our wives had got the tea ready, of which we

partook in our usual way,—drinking out of a small basin, some sitting, and others standing. A venerable-looking old man was now seen approaching, wearing a mantle of jackal skins, hanging from his shoulder nearly to his feet, and holding in his hand the brush of one of those animals tied to a polished rod, which he used to wipe the perspiration from his forehead, and keep off the flies. A few other men attended him, on his right and left hand.

Taking him to be the Chief of the place, Mr. Hodgson and I went and met him near the wagons. He looked on us as we did on him; but as he did not speak any language with which we were acquainted, nor did any of our party understand his tongue, we were unable to communicate with him; but, turning to our wagon chest, we took out some bunches of beads, a knife, and a few other articles we had brought for such purposes, and offered them to him. He alternately cast his eyes on the presents, and on us, and shortly after receiving them withdrew. In about half an hour we saw him returning, with some of his people dragging a sheep by the horns, and others bearing wooden vessels containing milk, to present to us, which we cheerfully accepted. Now the aged Chief and his people cast off all appearance of reserve and fear, walked about the wagons, gazing with amazement, first at one thing and then another, until, evening drawing on, he and his people retired; and we also, after getting our cattle folded, laid us down to rest.

We did not fully understand, at the time, the meaning and importance attached by this people to the transaction of giving and receiving presents. In their view, it is the tender and acceptance of peace and friendship between the parties; and, in this instance, led to our being regarded and treated as mutual friends.

The ensuing morning he supplied us with abundance of new milk, enough to satisfy all our party; and his people thronged about us with freedom and confidence.

In the course of the day he brought with him a man

who had been among the Griquas, and spoke Dutch, who became an interpreter between us.

This man informed us that the Chief's name was Chudeep, and that he was glad to see us; and we informed him in what character, and with what object, we had come. He replied, "I hope you are come to teach me and my people; we often think about *the great word;* but do not know what it is."

"We are very glad to hear you say so," I replied; "but we are sent by our fathers to the Bechuanas, to whom we are going."

"Would not your fathers," said he, "be pleased if you stopped here with me and my people?"

I answered, "We cannot speak on that point without asking them, and they are a great distance from here."

This subject was resumed at different times during our stay. He did not fail to inform us of the distracted state of the Bechuana tribes, and the great peril we should be in if we went among them.

Having sufficiently rested ourselves and our cattle, we made preparation to resume our journey, which Chudeep evidently did not expect, or he would not have been absent at the time. However, information of our proceedings had been sent to him, and he speedily returned. When he arrived, he was almost breathless with running. As our wagons had to move over ground on which no wheel had ever revolved, which was in some parts soft, in others rocky, and generally covered with bushes or old stumps, there were yoked six pair of oxen to a wagon, which required a person to act as leader to the first pair, holding a long strap in his hand, which was fastened to their heads. This man had taken his position, to be ready for the command of the driver, when the Chief came, who instantly seized the strap, and stood himself before the oxen, if possible, to prevent their going. The driver uttered his usual word "*Trek,*" and cracked his long whip, and the team moved forward, when Chudeep was obliged to move also, to avoid

being trampled on by the oxen; but used his utmost effort to stop them, or turn them round. Afraid of his being hurt, I beckoned to the driver to stop them, and went to the Chief with a present in my hand, to signify that, though leaving him, we were still his friends; but he put my hand aside, refusing to accept what was offered. Mr. Hodgson then came from his wagon, we doubled our present, and jointly repeated the offer. He still refused it, and kept hold of the leader's strap.

We looked round, and inquired for the interpreter, who for a while was not forthcoming; when found at length, the following dialogue occurred:—

"Tell Chudeep, that he must please allow us to proceed on our journey; that we are leaving him in a friendly way, and as soon as possible will see him again, and also will do our best to get him a Teacher."

"I never saw such men before," was his answer. "We often think about the great word, but don't know what it is."

"We will send to our fathers, and request them to send a Teacher."

"I do not know," said the Chief, "whether your fathers will send one or not; and, if one comes, whether he will be my friend. You are here, my eyes see you, and we are friends."

"We must obey their instructions, and until they send you a teacher, when we have found a place where to reside, we will come ourselves to see you."

"Other Chiefs," he urged, "who are my friends, will come with their people to be instructed, if you will remain with us. If you do not like this place, we will remove to a better; we will give you ground on which to build your houses, and cows to supply milk for yourselves and families." Then, after a pause, he added, with great impressiveness and feeling, "*If, after all, you do leave me, I will lay me down, and sigh my life out!*"

How can such feeling, and the conduct and language it

prompted, be accounted for in a pagan Chief, born in the heart of Southern Africa, where his whole life had been spent? He had never seen Christian men before, had never seen a book, and had no knowledge of letters. Our conviction was then, and is now, that it was an evidence that the True Light that enlightens every man who comes into the world, had shone into his heart.

Perhaps some persons may think that, with such a call, and made in so urgent a manner, we should have been justified in departing from our instructions, and have remained with this Korana Chief and his people. To which I would answer, that as our destination was to the Bechuanas, we saw it was our duty to proceed until we reached them. If by continuing awhile with Chudeep we could have done anything towards the attainment of a knowledge of the Sichuana language, spoken by the Bechuanas, and thereby furthered the object of our mission to them, we might have been induced to comply with his entreaty; but there was no prospect of this; for the vernacular of the Koranas is a dialect spoken along the Orange River to Namacqualand. Moreover, we had no doubt that we might succeed—as we really did afterwards—in getting some of our converted Namacquas to come and instruct him. We parted good friends at last; he, on his part, receiving our present; and we promising to visit him when in circumstances to do so. Our wagons proceeded on their way, leaving our cattle-keepers to follow. When, however, we halted at another Korana Kraal, our cattle-people came and reported that Chudeep and his people would not allow the cattle to follow us; but had driven them in the opposite direction. This conduct surprised and annoyed us at the time; but we saw afterwards the hand of Providence therein. There was no design to deprive us of them, but to detain us with them.

The Chief Keidebookei, at whose place we halted, received our present, and supplied us with milk; and did not fail to represent to us the peril of our proceeding eastward, on

account of the numbers, ferocity, and ravages of the Mantatees; in fact, that nothing but war and destruction were going on among the Bechuanas. We had heard such statements before, and did not pay much heed to them.

Next morning we sent persons to Chudeep for our cattle, but they returned without them, saying he refused to give them up. Now another source of difficulty and unpleasantness arose by two of our men absconding, either from fear, or by persuasion, one of whom was the youth we had brought to be our interpreter with the Bechuanas, whose territories we were approaching, and whose services therefore might soon be necessary. We did not expect that he would be able to do more than answer questions which might arise respecting our object in coming into the country.

My esteemed colleague, who enjoyed excellent health, and had much more strength than I had, went after our men and cattle. In vain he expostulated, entreated, and offered rewards. After about a week's hindrance by this vexatious affair, one evening, while awaiting Mr. Hodgson's return, the Chief Keidebookei being at our wagons, our attention was called to the east, in the direction we wished to have been travelling, by men riding on oxen, who, as soon as they perceived the Korana huts and our wagons, shouted aloud, giving warning of danger. What they said we knew not, but the Chief and his people instantly left us, and the whole village was thrown into confusion, the men driving away their cattle and flocks, whilst a few, with the women, began to take down their huts, constructed of rods and mats; we, all the time, being in perplexity as to the cause of this sudden alarm. In a little while the village disappeared, and the people fled. I had no fear, but was concerned at the absence of Mr. Hodgson and most of our party. However, to our relief, he returned, and the cattle also; for Chudeep and his people, hastening to do the best they could to get away, delivered up our cattle which they had detained; but our two boys were not with them.

While in a state of suspense as to what was the cause, or what might be the consequence, of the flight of the Koranas, we saw clouds of dust ascend into the air, then heard the lowing of hundreds of cattle, bleating of flocks of sheep and goats, driven by a mixed multitude of men, women, and children, accompanied by a host of armed warriors.

These were a part of the tribe of Bechuanas, the Barolongs, to whom we were journeying.

CHAPTER V.

THE Meeting with Bechuanas—Sabbedere—Want of Interpreter—Subsequent Interviews—Retrograde Movement—Hyænas—Hippopotami—Sichuana Words—Lion—Cross the No—Accident to Mr. Hodgson's Wagon—Seen by the Mantatees—Alarm of our People—An old Mantatee—A Youth dying from a Wound in his Neck—Lions—Night Travelling—Arrive at a deserted Town by the River—The Sabbath—Walk among the Ruins—Discover a little Girl—New Axletree—New Guides—Lions again—Slaughter a Beast—Difficulties with our People—Cattle stolen.

IT was remarkable that the people of whom we were in search should, by the calamities of war, have been driven in such a direction that they actually met us; and in such numbers as I had never seen natives together in Africa before. Of course there was a great noise and confusion; each party which arrived attending to their special charge. We had heard before the name of Sabbedere, brother to Siffonello, the Chief of the Barolongs; and now learnt that he was the commander of this party. We were not a little embarrassed for want of an interpreter; and, consequently, grieved at the absence of the youth we had brought with us for that office. However, we occasionally, in an inquiring tone and manner, called the name of Sabbedere! On which the parties we addressed pointed towards the rear of the main body, where the Chief was with his warriors; no doubt, to protect, as far as they could, their people and cattle from the enemy, supposed to be in pursuit of them.

At length, about the evening twilight, there appeared a particular movement among the people; when an armed force of remarkably fine-looking men stepped forward, and, opening to the right and left, respectfully inclined forward

towards one in the centre between them, and several voices exclaimed, "Sabbedere! Sabbedere!" There stood before us a tall, muscular man, armed with shield, battle-axe, and a quiver of spears, attended by a body-guard similarly accoutred. Mr. Hodgson and I stood before him, unarmed, and gazed with astonishment at him and his people; but had no means of communicating with him or them. O, what would I have given for ability to address him in his own tongue! But, having acquired some knowledge of the light in which presents are regarded by African Chiefs, and observing his person and noble bearing, we turned to our wagons, and brought a present far surpassing any that we had given to the Korana Chiefs previously. He looked at the articles one after another, then at us, next on the wagons, in which our wives and families had continued hitherto; then, handing the articles to one of his attendants, he and his party left us; but in a short time returned, driving before them four large fat oxen, a beautiful heifer, and two sheep. These were a present to us, which we gladly accepted; and our men took charge of them. It soon became manifest that he likewise regarded this interchange of presents as a mutual offer and ratification of friendship; and, after resting a little while on the ground, he arose, and in the absence of language, by strikingly significant actions, gave us to understand how they had been attacked, had fought, and men had been slain.

During this time one or two alarms were given from the rear, which quickly took the attention of Sabbedere and his attendants; but, happily, nothing important took place, and the whole of this party, with their cattle, remained in our vicinity that night.

Mr. Hodgson and I conversed on the most likely means to succeed in recovering our Bechuana youth; for we had reason to believe that he was concealed among the Koranas. So next morning a Korana was induced, by the offer of a large gratuity, to bring him, and did so. On the interpreter's arrival we had a more formal inter-

view with Sabbedere and the subordinate Chiefs, to whom we communicated our object in coming into the country, and our desire to get to his brother Siffonello; when he informed us that, having been attacked by the vast horde of Mantatees, they had divided their forces, and his brother, with his son, Moroko, and the party with them, had taken another route; and that he and the party present were now attempting to join them. He could not properly understand our object, but was pleased to have our alliance, and was sure his brother Siffonello would welcome us to his country.

So far we were encouraged to prosecute our enterprise; and were gratified by the specimens we had seen of the Barolongs; though sorry that, owing to the invasion of their country, they were in such an unsettled condition.

Mr. Hodgson and myself conferred together on what would be the most prudent course for us to pursue in existing circumstances. We might join this party, and accompany them; the principal recommendation to do so was, that we might have the opportunity of learning their language. But, on the other hand, there was the possibility and danger of being involved in their wars, should the enemy overtake them. On prayerful deliberation, we concluded to retreat some distance, to a part of the country that was well wooded, and there remain, surrounded by the trees and bushes, as retired and quiet as possible; so that the Mantatees, following on the track of the Barolongs, would, we hoped, pass without observing us; after which we would proceed on our journey into the territory of the Barolongs. We engaged one young man from their party to remain with us as a guide and cattle-watcher, and took up a poor boy, reduced to a skeleton from want, and unable to travel any more. We had to lay him in one of the wagons, until we halted, and then to lift him out; but, when set on his feet, a light breeze would over-balance him, and he fell to the ground. By nourishment he gradually recovered, and became of service to us. His name was Eratsagai, of whom more will be said hereafter.

The evening after Sabbedere and his people left us, certain beasts of prey, following on their rear, fell upon our flock of sheep, sixteen in number, including the two Sabbedere had presented to us, which we were sparing as much as possible as our future supply of food, and devoured fourteen of them. This obliged us to slaughter the remaining two, lest we should be deprived of them also, by the same ferocious enemies. So ended our mutton for a long time; until a fresh supply of sheep was brought from Griqualand, after our settlement in the Bechuana Country.

January 15th, 1823.—Retracing our steps, we passed the site of a Korana village which had been abandoned by the terrified inhabitants, on the approach of the Barolongs, expecting the dreaded Mantatees were in close pursuit. This retrograde movement was necessary also in order to allay the apprehensions of our own people. We found a secluded spot, not far distant from the Vaal river, surrounded by trees and bushes that quite concealed our wagons from the view of persons at a distance from us.

Though not molested by men during this retreat, we were annoyed by hyænas, which in the evenings prowled about our encampment. One evening I tried to allure one within musket range, by lying down in the grass, being prepared to fire, should he come sufficiently near; but he walked round and round, smelling about at a respectful distance, and then slunk away. Another day, while I sat in the shade of some willow trees, a monstrous hippopotamus lifted his head above the water in the river. After gazing at me a short time he disappeared in deep water.

While at this place, I embraced the opportunity which the presence of the Bechuana boys left by Sabbedere gave me, to make the attempt to acquire a knowledge of some words and sentences of their language, carefully noting down every ascertained term. This was necessary, to prevent our forgetting them; for there were no books in the language.

I had not much difficulty in getting nouns substantive,

as they would readily tell me the name of any object at which I pointed; but it was not so easy to get verbs, or other parts of speech. The following incidents may show how they were sometimes acquired. We were thrown into some anxiety by our cattle being missing, not knowing whether they had strayed, or been driven away. Mr. Hodgson and some of our men were absent in search of them. I had learnt the word for cattle in Sichuana, "*komo*." So I made signs with my hand to the elder of the boys to go in a different direction to that Mr. Hodgson and those with him had taken, in search of the *komo*. We had already seen them at a distance coming toward us; but just then they were concealed from our view by an intervening hollow; so, looking at me pleasantly, he said, "*Komo grogha*." I repeated the words, in an inquiring tone, when he replied, "*Ehe komo grogha*," and pointed in the direction he had seen them; and they soon after made their appearance. It means, "The cattle are coming." I never forgot the word. Another time one of them was at a short distance, when the other called to him, making a sign with his hand. He said, "*Euklo quaan*," and the one at a distance came to him. I found it meant, "Come here." In this manner we added words to the vocabulary from time to time.

Having remained in our seclusion a full week, and supposing that by this time the pursuing enemy would have passed, we prepared to resume our journey into the interior, in order to be fully among the Barolongs. It is true, that, by taking the route proposed, we were cutting off our retreat to the colony; but we resolved, God permitting, that, as a forlorn hope, in the name of our God, we would set up our banner, though we should perish in the attempt.

When the oxen were yoked, and all ready for starting, a storm of thunder and rain detained us a little while; the same seemed also to have disturbed a lion in his lair, for he came out and roared, and then marched away

from our wagons, to our great astonishment and greater relief.

As we proceeded, we were gratified to find abundance of grass, and pools of water, with many water-fowl. Halting at one pool, we discerned the fresh track of lions, five or six in number. A large hyæna showed his head above the long grass, so broad that I mistook it for a lion until it moved, and then his limp, as if one of the hind legs was shorter than the other, showed the family to which he belonged. The report of a musket, heard by it for the first time, quickened the pace at which it fled.

On January 23rd we arrived at a brook, called the No, which flows into the Vaal. Having found a suitable place for crossing it, we went over; but in doing so one of the axle-trees of Mr. Hodgson's wagon got sprained, and had to be bound together with splinters and thongs, until we could get timber to replace it with a new one.

During the night we heard, or thought we heard, human voices at no great distance from us. We found it was necessary to turn toward the Vaal to cut down a tree to repair the wagon; and the afternoon of this day brought to our knowledge the fact, that the sounds heard during the previous night were not imaginary, and that only a low ridge separated us from the encampment of the Mantatees, who had not pursued the Barolongs, as we had supposed. Thus the accident to Mr. Hodgson's wagon had been the providential means of keeping us from going direct among them.

On the 24th we were proceeding at a slow pace, partly occasioned by the injured wagon, and partly by the softness of the wet ground, while all our party, male and female, were in the wagons sheltered from the rain, except a few who drove the loose cattle, or led the teams that were yoked. The loose cattle were first, Mr. Hodgson's wagon next, then mine, followed by the luggage wagon. Presently we discovered a company of armed men following us on the left; as they drew near, we observed black ostrich fea-

thers on their heads, and that their large shields were oval in form, whereas the Barolongs are square, hollowed on the two sides. In short, their general appearance left no doubt on our minds but they belonged to the horde of Mantatees. We thought it prudent to move on as we were, and all the parties continued in the wagons. My wagon driver would have fired a musket at them; but I peremptorily forbad him, knowing that we had no protection but that of Almighty God. About fourteen or fifteen had come so near to us, that they presented their shields, and the foremost of them—tall, fierce-looking men—raised their right arm to hurl their long javelin; when, looking out of the back part of the wagon, I beckoned with my hand, and used the words recently learnt, *Euklo quaan!* "Come here!"—whereupon they lowered their weapons, took a few steps backward, then suddenly turned round, and ran off at their utmost speed. Those who were behind them, as if moved by one impulse, also turned and fled. What occasioned their precipitate flight we did not know, though glad to see their backs turned on us. It must have been a terror from God which came upon them for our preservation. Our wagons moved on, until we arrived at an eminence, where we halted, and whence we could see the dark body of warriors, as if in consultation. As it was near evening, we should have rested here for the night, if these destroyers of people and of towns had not been so near. We allowed our oxen to graze, keeping them near to us, as there was abundance of grass. Our people kindled a fire, and made coffee, but were greatly alarmed. Some declared that some of the enemy were in ambush around us, &c., &c. Mr. Hodgson and myself walked about, not suffering a muscle of our faces to indicate any fear; our wives also were calm, and attended to the preparation of our food. A tall old man appeared, more like a moving skeleton than a living being; and on a piece of raw meat being given to him, he greedily devoured it like a dog, though there was a fire before him, where he might have

cooked it. His appearance did not allay, but greatly increased, the fears of our people, who repeatedly affirmed that they heard human voices from a thicket near to us. Mr. Hodgson and I went unarmed to it, walked round, entered into it, and satisfied ourselves that there was no enemy lurking there; but, on leaving the place, our attention was arrested by a cry of distress, and, turning aside a few paces, we discovered a fine-looking young man laid on the ground quite naked, with a deep wound in his neck, made, evidently, by a spear. He gazed on us, and tried to raise himself, but could not. We went to the wagon, and told our people that there was no ambush in the thicket, and that the voice they had heard proceeded from the wounded man. We could obtain no information from the old man, as our youth could not understand him. We then took some food to the poor fellow we had left lying in the grass; and the weather being cool, and rain falling, we kindled a fire for him on the lee-side of a bush, to which we moved him for shelter and warmth. He rolled his eyes and made sounds, which none of our party could interpret. The care he had taken of his armour excited our surprise. He had placed his spears and battle-axe on the dry ground, then his shield upon them, then his kaross or mantle, folded so as to cover the whole, and protected this with his naked body, which was wet with the falling rain. As his weapons were his means both of defence and to obtain subsistence, he had adopted the plan I have described to protect them, that they might be available if he recovered. We placed them near him by the fire, and left him in the evening twilight, expecting that he would only moan a few hours longer, when death would terminate his sufferings. As a measure of prudence, our oxen were yoked, and our repast being finished, we determined to travel during the night. When moving forward, a lion made the region reverberate with his terrible roar. After midnight, we halted in a plain, and at dawn of the 25th re-yoked; and, after about four hours' travelling, arrived at the river, at

which we aimed. The place we found to be the site of a large native town, lately deserted by its inhabitants, in consequence of the war. The situation was beautiful, on a bend of the river, which flowed at the bottom of a semi-circular slope, where the houses stood.

January 26th was the Sabbath, and we rested from travelling and from labour. In the forenoon we collected our families and people together for worship, and gave thanks to our merciful God for His preserving goodness, and prayed for His continued guidance and protection.

After the service, the members of the Mission families conversed about the Sabbaths, sanctuaries, and congregations of our fatherland, encouraging ourselves with the belief that we should not be forgotten on that sacred day by our friends at the throne of grace. It is a fact, however mysterious to us, that this was the first time that the voice of praise and prayer, or the name of the eternal God, had been heard in those regions.

Our wagons were placed together on an elevated bank of the river, where we had a good view of the amphitheatre of the forsaken town. In the afternoon of the day Mr. and Mrs. Hodgson and myself and wife took a walk among the deserted houses, where we had abundant evidence of the haste with which the late inhabitants had fled. In some parts, houses were partly broken and partly burnt. Here and there were strewn wooden utensils, and sometimes skeletons of persons who had been slain in the assault, or of children who had been left by their friends, and had been killed by the enemy, or perished from starvation. While passing from place to place, I saw the form of a living child, set upon its haunches near the door of a hut. I said, "Yonder is a child." Mrs. Hodgson instantly said, "Where? What, alive?" We went to the spot, and found a girl about seven years of age, seated as just described, with her hands drawn up to the shoulders. No part of her frightfully emaciated form moved but her eyes. There was a large wound on her left side, made, as we

afterwards learnt, by crows. A bare skeleton lay near her, —the bones of her sister, who had died from starvation. She had survived until we found her, contending with three hungry dogs and some crows picking the bones! As our wives lifted her, she made a faint cry. They carried her down to the wagons, and laid her near a fire, on which there was an iron pot, in which was a piece of flesh boiling. She attempted to put in her hands to get hold of it, but was prevented from so doing; and a little warm milk and water was given her. She continued for a long time a pitiful object; for her digestive powers were so far lost that, though greedy of solid food, she suffered considerably from the effects of it. She had been left at least eighteen days. Mr. Hodgson and I looked about to find other such objects, if there were any; but we found only skeletons. From the desolate condition in which the child was found, I called her Orphina, which thenceforward was her name. As we had Erafsagai, the poor boy before mentioned, Mr. and Mrs. Hodgson took charge of this poor outcast girl. Mrs. Hodgson nursed the foundling with maternal tenderness. These two were the first of the class of such children we met with; but afterwards such cases became of frequent occurrence in that country, not only arising from the frequent wars, but also from the absence of marriage among parents.

The same evening two men came to us, one of whom was a Bagoiya, and the other a Barolong; from whom we learnt that this was the place where Sabbedere and his people had been attacked. They professed not to know anything about Orphina; so it is probable she belonged to the Mantatees. They informed us of the direction in which Siffonello had fled; and that they had been separated from his people in the flight, and had concealed themselves near the river until then. As they knew the country, and were desirous of joining their Chief, we engaged them to be our guides to him. The name of the Barolong was Rampe Sampe.

Monday, 27th.—A tree was cut down, suitable for a new axletree for Mr. Hodgson's wagon; the iron of the old one served for the new, and in two days it was finished and adjusted in its place. Although none of our party had served an apprenticeship to the wheelwright business, the new axletree answered the purpose very well.

January 29th.—We set forth again, under the guidance of our new acquaintance; and, cheered with the hope of getting soon among the people to whom we were sent, we travelled nearly north, having the brook No on our right. In the evening, the fore wheels of my wagon sank in a bog, and remained fixed there for the night; during which the mosquitoes of the swamp were very troublesome, both to us and our cattle. Next morning we were obliged to unlade the wagon, dig a slope in front, and yoke twenty-four oxen; when, with great difficulty, it was drawn upon hard ground again.

The further we advanced, the more we were delighted with the beauty and fertility of the landscape; its undulating surface, abundant grass, and clumps of trees.

In the afternoon, a group of lions appeared on the opposite side of the stream. Our people said there were seven in number; but, while I was reaching my gun, some of them disappeared, so that I only saw three. These were a noble male, with black mane, and two females; the two latter lay on the ground, with their fore-feet extended, gazing at us. The lion seemed not to like our being too near, for he walked away slowly, turned toward the females, and then walked again, as if trying to decoy them after him. I thought to try my skill as a marksman, as I had shot many wild-bucks; so, hoping they would remain as they were, I took our two wagon-drivers, each armed with a gun, charging them not to fire until we reached an ant-hill I pointed to; but, before we arrived at the spot agreed upon, our dogs ran before, and roused the game. They rose, and moved toward the lion. The distance was too great for a good shot, with only a musket; but as they

were running off, I fired, the ball struck the ground about their feet, when they made a stand, fixing their eyes upon us, and probably would have resented the affront, had not their attention been arrested by one of my dogs, now at their heels. They turned upon these, and drove them away, then joined their sire, and all three entered a thicket of reeds, where they made a stand, and where we left them. During the ensuing night we often heard their roar, but had no trouble from them.

We rested on the 30th, in order to slaughter a beast, as a day was required to cut the flesh into slices, sprinkle them with salt, and then hang them on the bushes to dry. The bones being boiled made good broth, lacking vegetables and bread, of which we had none. This mode of preparing meat for a journey, we learned from the Dutch farmers in the colony, as both preserving it well, and being convenient for carriage; for, when so dried, it can be put into sacks, and laid on the wagons.

At this time our drivers, and their wives, and two or three more who had come with us from the colony, again manifested a spirit of disaffection, and expressed their determination to go no further; as they expected nothing but death if we went on. We used all the persuasion we could to induce them to accompany us, especially as we hoped soon to join the people we were seeking. This was no encouragement to them, as they were afraid of every body. We knew they dare not go back without us, and we were resolved not to return; so we journeyed on till the evening of the 31st, when they resolved not to proceed another step. They would listen to no more reasoning, persuasion, or promises; and, in this state of things, we lay down to rest for the night. The question of advancing or returning, was to be decided the next morning. They had no love for souls, no zeal for God; but accompanied us as hired servants. If we could have engaged pious persons, who would have sympathized with our views and feelings respecting the benighted Heathen we were seek-

ing, in order, instrumentally, to save them, it would have been for our comfort, and have facilitated our great design; but such companions could not then be obtained. Thank God, it is different now! for such assistants can now be obtained from the older Mission stations, to go with the messengers of the churches to "regions beyond," where Christ has not been named.

February 1st.—There was no discussion this morning respecting advance or retreat; for we could do neither. All our cattle were missing, with the exception of two calves that happened to be tied to the wagon. The men who went in search of them, returned without them, and reported that they had not strayed, but had been driven away; for they tracked men and dogs following the cattle. Another party was sent on the track, and came near them; but, on the appearance of a few armed natives, returned without them. From their own accounts we had proof that they had acted in a cowardly way.

Though there was an appearance at least of imprudence in Mr. Hodgson and myself separating, yet he volunteered to head another expedition, and they went to the place to which the previous party had traced the robbers; when they found some of the cattle had been slaughtered, and the others driven away in two divisions, and different directions, so they could not tell which to follow. They therefore returned to inform me, and our families at the wagons, that there seemed no probability that we should see our cattle any more!

CHAPTER VI.

DETENTION and Perplexity—Mr. Hodgson goes to Siffonello—Went out with Prince to shoot Game—Unexpected Success—Mr. Hodgson's Journey—Escape from eight Lions—Remarkable Dream of a Friend in England at the Time—Meet Natives who are friendly—Siffonello, the Chief—The Curiosity of the People—Untamed Oxen presented to ride on—Left them—Return.

IT is hardly possible to describe the circumstances of difficulty and apprehension in which we were now placed; for our oxen were not only necessary to draw the wagons, but the cows with them were the principal means of our subsistence.

Providentially I shot a fine koodoo, which afforded a timely supply of flesh for food at present. We were supposed to be a fortnight's journey from Campbell, the nearest station from which we could get relief; and we were surrounded by savage men and by beasts of prey.

"What shall we do?" said one to another. My wagon-driver proposed digging a large hole, to bury the boxes in the ground, and setting off in a body, on foot, towards the colony. I replied, "Then you must also bury me and my wife; for we cannot perform such a journey." We sought unto God in our trouble; and I gratefully record that, when retired among the bushes for meditation and prayer, I was kept from despondency, and cheered with the belief that we should not be left to perish. We were twenty in number, including our Bechuana guides; and how to obtain food for such a party was a question we could not answer.

We concluded that an attempt should be made to discover Siffonello, and make him acquainted with our circumstances, hoping to procure from him cattle for food, and a guard, until we could send to Campbell. This proposal

our people could not object to, seeing no other alternative; and the two wagon drivers, the two Bechuanas, and the interpreter, headed by Mr. Hodgson, set out on this expedition, while the four wives, our children, two female servants, a bush boy, the Bagoiya and myself, were left with the wagons. Our trust was in God.

On the 7th of February, before sunrise, the party left us, taking with them as much provision as could be spared from our scanty stock, and also a present of such articles as we had for Siffonello, if they found him. During their absence, I walked among the trees near the wagons, with my gun, hoping to obtain some game. We were quite easy in our minds on the subject of water; for, besides a pool of rain water near the wagons, from which we had hitherto obtained our supply, we saw, or believed we did, a large and beautiful lake in a valley not very distant.

One of these mornings, as we had only one day's provision left, I took Prince, the young Bushman, who came with us from Griqua, some distance from the wagons, in search of game. I was very feeble; and, since we had been reduced to short allowance—dried flesh and rain water—my ankles and legs became swollen. However, we moved slowly on, until we discovered a herd of the blue gnus, which appeared in fine condition, and very tempting to our hungry stomachs. We advanced toward them with the utmost possible caution, for fear of being discovered by them. When some of them raised their heads as if they heard us, we lay still in the grass, until they began to feed again: then crept on our hands and knees to get within range. Suddenly they started off. I fired among them, and one fell. Prince jumped for joy to see it down; but our hopes were soon disappointed; for it rose, and ran on three legs after the herd, the other leg dangling as if broken. Prince ran after; but returned to me, saying they were all out of sight.

I re-loaded the gun, and, seeing a hartebeest in a valley, we went a distance round, so as to approach it, if possible,

unperceived. Knowing how much depended on this fresh and, probably, last attempt, I sought unto God in prayer for success. After long delay and creeping in the grass very slowly, it either heard or scented us, and ran off. I fired after it, and thought I saw it kick with its hind legs, but it was soon out of sight. So I returned to the wagons in the evening, weary, hungry, and dejected. I found they had cooked the last of their meat, but had saved a little for Prince and me. I could not help taking thought for the morrow; and, after relating our day's adventure, and when Prince had eaten his portion, I suggested to him and the Bagoiya Bechuana, that they should go and follow the track of the wounded gnu, supposing that probably it might have fallen again from loss of blood. To our great joy and thankfulness they soon returned laden with flesh, not of the gnu, but of the hartebeest, which I feared I had not hit. It is remarkable that it had not only received its death wound, but, as long as it could keep on its feet, had run towards the wagons, not far from which they found it! Some may regard these circumstances as too trivial for record; but I think it due to a gracious Providence, who spread our table in the wilderness. This meat served us until Mr. Hodgson's return. The following account of his journey is copied from his journal:—

"February 7th, 1823.—I left my dear wife and child with Mr. Broadbent and his family, in a truly defenceless state; and, accompanied by the two wagon-drivers, two Bechuanas, and the interpreter, we set off on our journey, and, seeing a number of spring-bucks, or deer, at some distance, I sent one of my attendants to shoot one for food, and passed on to some reeds growing in the bed of a periodical river. The man who was with me proceeded a little up the river to seek water, and saw eight lions, six full grown and two cubs; and, when I was within sixty yards of the reeds in which the lions were concealed, he apprised me of my danger. I have been 'in deaths often,' but I cannot but

regard this as a special instance of providential interference in my preservation; for, had not the man changed his course in which he was first going, and thereby, in consequence of a bend in the river, reached a spot which gave him a sight of the lions, we must have both fallen a sacrifice! How good is the Lord! and how watchful over His servants! and how many circumstances, in themselves trifling, lead, in the order of His providence, to the deliverance of His people!"

I shall be excused for interrupting Mr. Hodgson's narrative, by interposing the relation of an interesting fact which has come to my knowledge since my return to England. My esteemed colleague had laboured very acceptably and usefully in the Retford Circuit, Nottinghamshire, in which, also, my lot has been cast, and where I found many truly pious and zealous Christians who were seals to his ministry; and by the congregations throughout the Circuit he was revered and loved. Among these was one named Willey, who showed a warm affection toward his pastor, and deep and lively interest in his welfare, both while he was in the Circuit and after his departure to South Africa. Mr. Willey was a man of earnest prayer, and was much respected by all who knew him. At the period referred to he was remarkably impressed by a dream that his friend in Africa was in some great peril. He could not account for this dream, and the impression it produced, and tried to compose himself again to sleep, but could get no rest. So he rose from his bed, and prayed, if his esteemed friend was in danger, that God would be his shield and protector. Several months after, when Mr. Hodgson's journal was published, it was found, on comparing dates, that the time of Mr. Willey's dream and solicitude was the same as that of Mr. Hodgson's danger and deliverance from the lions!

"February 9th.—This morning early, we passed a de-

serted village; which our guide having visited, it proved to be one lately left by Siffonello, one of whose men we also met with, having a small number of his cattle in charge, from whom we learnt that we might reach Siffonello's present residence about sunset. This man gave us a little milk, and appeared friendly; while his manly appearance, armed with his assagais and shield, indicated that he would act on the defensive should we prove enemies. We passed a large village, deserted by its inhabitants. Here the houses are built after the Bechuana manner, surrounded by a fence; and some of them have a small garden attached to them. From the broken pots lying about, and the holes out of which the clay had been taken from which they were made, I rejoiced in the hope that we were approaching a population usually stationary, in which I was more confirmed, when, after a quarter of an hour's walk, we reached a large quantity of Kaffir corn, in full bloom, with abundance of water-melons, growing most luxuriantly. Leaving the corn, we approached a small periodical river, where we met several natives attending their cattle to the water. These people appeared open and friendly, and free from all fear, after communicating with the guide; several of them accompanied us to the residence of those to whom the corn belonged. Here we rested a short time, and amused the natives with the sight of the few things we had with us, to gain their confidence and friendship; and, receiving from them a supply of milk, we went on our way. The man who brought us milk, upon giving me the bowl in which it was contained, hastily took it from me, as if he had neglected some part of etiquette; and, tasting the milk himself, returned it to me with a smile, designing, I presume, to intimate that I need not fear to drink that of which he had first partaken. Passing on, we passed another deserted village; and, ascending a hill, found Siffonello situated among the bushes, to whose residence we were conducted by one of his people, who joined us as we drew near.

"Though there was no cause for fear, I felt the situation I was in, approaching the residence of uncivilized men, whose minds were open to all the suspicions of a time of war, and in whose power I was about to place myself, in order to gain their friendship, with a view to the ultimate success of the Mission. I could, however, cheerfully rely upon Him who was able to protect in the wilderness, where, probably, no Europeans had been before; and amongst those who had, probably, never seen a white man. Siffonello was found near his house, sitting with several of his people on the ground, under the shade of a large tree, without any pomp or badge of distinction. Our guide approached, and spoke to him; and, sitting on the ground, in an open part of the area, we were soon joined by the Chief and his party. A conversation having passed between the Chief and our guide, Siffonello was informed of the object of our visit; when he stated the pleasure he had in receiving us, and that he had heard of us by his brother, whom we had seen at the Yellow River. A fire being made on the ground, and a circle formed around it, I had an opportunity of presenting the Chief with the presents I had brought consisting of beads, rings, snuff-box, mirror, knife, &c., &c., all which appeared to give him great pleasure, as well as his wife, who took the articles into her care. Tobacco was in great demand, and Siffonello was satisfied that he should have some when he visited our wagons; and, in signifying his approbation of the presents, he intimated the value of beads, and wished for more. Soon after this a fat sheep was presented to me, which, of course, was accepted; and, as it was designed for support, as well as an evidence of friendship, I requested it might be slaughtered in the morning. This present was succeeded by a supply of thick milk, in two wooden bowls, from which, with wooden spoons, we were desired to refresh ourselves. After this, a clean, dried ox-hide was brought, upon which it was intended I should sleep near a fire.

"February 10th.—At an early hour the people collected to see their new visitor, and never was I an object of stricter scrutiny; my face and hair, leather cap, coat, shoes, and every other visible part of my person and dress, became in turn the objects of attention; my pockets were ransacked to find articles of curiosity, and my watch, pocket telescope, knife, &c., &c., successively excited their astonishment. Siffonello sent me a bowl of new milk, which was indeed a treat; and, having ordered the sheep he had given me to be slaughtered, a large pot was prepared, to cook a part of it for further refreshment. In the mean time, I endeavoured to impress Siffonello and his people with a conviction that we sought their good; and, asking permission to reside at his stationary residence, when settled, received a strong expression of his wish that we should do so.

"After arranging what appeared necessary, I intimated a wish to return to my family; and solicited the loan of two oxen, to effect the journey with more expedition and less fatigue. To this, however, he objected; wishing me to remain, and accompany him and his people, who would remove from that place to-morrow. Three times I presented my petition, and each time he good-naturedly sought an excuse to detain me, though I promised that three of the people should conduct him to us, and urged that the wagons were left without protectors, and that my family would be anxious on my account. These reasons, however, appeared not to weigh much; and I almost expected, out of love, to be detained his prisoner at large. The meat being cooked, I invited Siffonello to accompany me to a tree at a short distance, that he might join us in partaking of his bounty, and where I thought we should be more retired. In this, however, I was disappointed, as we were followed by the multitude. While dining, it was reported that two oxen had arrived for me; and, hastening one of the men, we prepared for our journey, thankful that my wish had been so unexpectedly complied with. The

oxen being ready, we mounted, after taking leave of our friends; but, in a short time, we found our cattle to be the most untractable we had ever seen. The man was thrown from the ox on which he rode, and ourselves nearly so, more than once. After contending with them, and travelling about a mile, meeting with some natives, we sent the oxen back, and set forward on foot.

"February 11th.—We set off early, hoping to reach the wagons in the evening, in which, however, we were disappointed; as, after travelling over a country similar to that over which we had passed a few days before, towards evening we concluded we had missed our way, by having gone too much to the west. We therefore took an easterly course, to find a large collection of mountains, seen from the wagons; and which, to our great joy, we discovered a little after sunset. Having travelled twelve hours, we felt disposed to rest; and, cutting some long grass for a bed, I lay down in hopes of being refreshed by sleep.

"12th.—About noon we ascertained our probable distance from the wagons; at three o'clock saw the tent; and about six I was welcomed into the bosom of my family, with gratitude to our heavenly Father for all His mercies. This journey, while it has been attended with much mental anxiety, great waste of bodily strength, and not a little danger, will, I hope, tend to further the object of our Mission, as an intercourse is now open with the Chief with whom we wish to settle."

Here I will, for a brief space, again break off his narrative, to remark that Mr. Hodgson was absent from us about eight days, during which our minds were kept on the stretch of anxiety to know the results of his journey. We were in a defenceless state, as to any visible protection; but the angel of the Lord encamped around us. One night we heard many voices, and the morning light discovered to us a large party of natives travelling past us, with their cattle, at a short distance; but whether part of the Man-

tatee horde, or some other, we could not learn; for, when I went toward them, they fled from me.

I often examined the horizon with my telescope, to observe man or beast, if there should be any. On one of these occasions, I discovered a speck. It grew larger, and approached nearer. It was my beloved and longed-for colleague. I informed Mrs. Hodgson, but soon after I lost sight of him; for, when he discovered the wagons, he sat down to rest himself; but, when he again appeared emerging from a bush, I set off to meet him, followed by his wife, who soon left me behind, and reminded me of the disciple whom Jesus loved, who out-ran Peter; for she was the first to welcome the object of our desire.

But while we were grateful to God for our mutual preservation, I was deeply affected by his emaciated and exhausted appearance. His countenance was pale and thin, and his feet were blistered and much swollen. However, after a night's rest, with washing and change of apparel, he soon recovered his wonted looks, as he proceeded to inform us of his success in finding the Chief, and of his friendly reception.

CHAPTER VII.

Meeting with Siffonello and the Barolongs—Prepare to send to Campbell—Lions—Arrival of Siffonello and his Son Moroko at Detention—Unexpected Return of our Oxen—Providential Events—Mantatees and Griquas fight—Mirage—Journey resumed—Arrival with Siffonello and Moroko at their Place—Flood—Lion—Journey to Nalassi Mountains—Lions—Arrive at Maquassi—Dwelling-house built.

One immediate advantage resulting from Mr. Hodgson's interview with Siffonello was, that he would send us cattle for food, and armed men as a guard; but, as we had no expectation of being able to get our wagons drawn, until we could get fresh oxen from Griqualand, we were still in perplexity, not knowing how to send information of our condition and wants. It is true, our time was not wholly lost; for I was daily applying myself to acquire the language, as far as I could, by means of the few persons about us who spoke it. Seeing only one course open to us, which was to send messengers and letters to the Rev. Mr. Sass, of Campbell, to request him to engage men to come with trained oxen to our relief, we proposed to our wagon-drivers to undertake this journey, leaving their wives with us until their return; and, to induce them thereto, offered them a liberal reward, including a wagon, &c., to convey themselves and their families back to the colony, and releasing them from their engagement with us. After some hesitation, and, in fact, seeing no other alternative in the circumstances in which we were placed, they consented; and, after a day or two of rest, began their preparation for the proposed journey, by repairing their shoes, or making new ones, straps, knapsacks, &c.

An incident connected with this may be noticed. Two

beast-hides were put into the pool of water to soften, to be cut into straps for the several purposes required; but four lions came to the water, (I suppose, to drink,) and, scenting these hides, unceremoniously drew them out, and devoured them. This delayed our men until some other hides were softened for their purpose.

Siffonello deferred his coming longer than we expected, which was a trial to our patience. However, on the 17th of the month he came, with fourteen attendants, one of whom was his eldest son and heir, Moroko, who has since succeeded to the chieftainship of the tribe. They were noble figures, tall, and well proportioned. They brought bags of milk, and a fat cow for slaughter. After being introduced, the Chief asked for a vessel, into which some of the milk they had brought might be poured, and a large white bason was handed to him that seemed to attract his attention. When the milk was poured into it, he beckoned to us to sit down, which we did, with his men in a circle. After he had drunk of the milk, he handed the bason to us, and we also drank. I found they called this *mashee-lu-ees*, or sweet milk; not very sweet though, after having been exposed to heat, and churned on their heads or shoulders, during a journey of two days. But, notwithstanding, it was a luxury to us, after being so long deprived of milk. For their own sustenance, they had milk in sacks, called *mashee-boriloo*, of a consistence nearly resembling cream cheese.

In expectation of the departure of our messengers to Campbell, we were engaged in transcribing from our journals and writing letters; and, as we knew no name of the place where we were detained, we dated them at *Detention*, and described our position and circumstances.

On the 18th, while thus engaged, some of the people present discerned at a distance some cattle, or a herd of gnus or buffaloes. As an enemy was then in the land, Siffonello closely watched their movements. It soon became evident that they drew nearer to us, and were not wild beasts, but

cattle driven by men; but whether by friends or foes, we knew not. All eyes were directed toward them. I reached the telescope, and clearly ascertained that a number of cattle were being driven by only a few men toward us. I went to Mr. Hodgson, who was busy writing in his wagon, and said, "I think our oxen are coming." He quickly replied, "Impossible!" and took no further notice, plainly intimating that he did not wish to be interrupted in his writing. So I withdrew. Meanwhile, our wives were using the telescope on the same objects; for, owing to the form of the ground, they could be seen a great distance. They handed me the glass to look again; when, scanning them minutely, I first thought that I discovered one of our cows, and soon observed an ox with only one horn, and I knew that one of ours had a horn broken off. I went a second time to Mr. Hodgson, and said, "Come out of your wagon, and satisfy yourself; our cattle are come!" He came out, and saw, and exclaimed, "Why, this is miraculous!"

All we could learn about them was, that it seemed the party who had stolen them had abandoned them, from fear, as I suppose; and, some of the Barolongs, discovering them, and knowing from their Chief's visit to us our position, had conducted them to our wagons.

How wonderful are the ways of Providence! and how needful it often is for a Missionary to "stand still, and see the salvation of God!"

At this juncture of our affairs there are several points that merit special notice, as proofs of providential interposition. On these circumstances, Mr. Hodgson remarks in a letter to the Missionary Committee in London:—

"Had our oxen not been lost, most likely our people, in their then state of mind, would have compelled us to return to the colony; or, if the oxen had been found sooner, before the interview with Siffonello had been effected, we could not have prevailed with our hirelings to have travelled to the place where he was then residing. And, it is also worthy of remark, that some circumstances occurred

just at that time, which formed an inducement to our people, not only to bring us to Siffonello, but also to settle with us at his permanent town. Thus we were now delivered from our chief difficulties, and the door appeared fully open for the commencement of our Mission. Our detention was doubtless in mercy to ourselves, and to the people to whom we were bringing 'the Gospel of peace;' and, I trust, the remembrance of these things will ever fill our minds with gratitude."

There were likewise other circumstances, besides those mentioned by Mr. Hodgson, which must be ascribed to the same special and gracious providence, both as regards the time when our progress was stopped, and also when we were able to leave the place of our detention; for, owing to the movements of the invading Mantatees, Siffonello was not residing at his previous place; and, in counsel with his Chiefs, had determined to select a new site for their permanent abode, to which they would repair as soon as they could have rest from their enemies round about. Our guides did not know his whereabouts at the time, and from the route we were travelling when our oxen were taken away, we should, in all probability, have missed him, and have been obliged to turn towards the north, by which we should have come in the way of the host of Mantatees who then were in that direction, as discovered by George Thompson, Esq., and described in the volumes of his travels in that region; and were repulsed by the Griquas, who were mounted on horseback, and possessed fire-arms. The Mantatees were estimated at forty or fifty thousand. They had not seen horses before, and thought that the horse and the rider were one animal; neither had they previously been opposed with fire-arms. They evinced desperate boldness in the unequal contest, and made two or three attempts to surround these strange animals which "spit fire" at them; and, it was not until about five hundred had been shot, that they commenced their retreat from their assailants, whom they could not reach with their weapons; for the

Griquas galloped away to reload their guns, and then returned to fire.*

Our cattle had been missing seventeen days, during which time a poor calf, which was tied to one of the wagons when they were driven away, had subsisted on grass and water; but had become very lean. When they returned, it sought among them for its own mother, and we observed her incline hesitatingly towards it, but at length allow it to suck: by degrees her milk returned, and the calf recovered its flesh and vigour.

We rewarded the men who had brought the cattle, which we were ready on the following day to yoke once more, and, under the guidance of the Chief himself, to proceed to the place where the principal part of his tribe were located.

During our detention, we had been under no apprehension whatever, that any danger existed that we should suffer from want of water; for, although the pool from which we had been supplied hitherto was daily diminishing, and would not suffice for our cattle, now that they had come, more than one day, we had felt confident of abundance in the beautiful lake we had beheld every day since we came here, from which we expected an inexhaustible supply of that necessary element. Day after day I had gazed with satisfaction and thankfulness upon its water, saw it stirred into waves by the breeze, and now and then the wild bucks and other animals come to its border and drink, and sometimes stand in the water itself.

All this, however, proved to be an illusion,—the *mirage*, "waters that fail." (Jer. xv. 18.) Alas, for us, if deliverance had not come! For, when our wagons moved, as directed by our new guides, they went direct toward this supposed lake. I wondered how we should get over it; but thought it must be that our guides knew it to be sufficiently shallow for the oxen to wade through. But it turned out to be a dry, barren, flat piece of ground, alike

* See an account of this battle in Moffat's "Missionary Labours and Scenes in Southern Africa," chap. xxii.

destitute of moisture and vegetation, though surrounded by luxuriant verdure.

We saw the hand of God, first, in stopping our progress by permitting our cattle to be taken away, by which we found the people we were in search of; next, in restoring them in time to prevent our own people setting off for Campbell; in sending help, before all the water in the little pool was used, or dried up; and in keeping our minds from fear of drought, by the appearance of plenty not far distant. He led us a way we knew not: we trusted in Him, and were not confounded! Our night of anxiety was followed by a morning of bright prospects and hope.

As the evening of the day on which our cattle arrived drew on, Siffonello suggested that it would be prudent to make an enclosure for them during the night; as, besides strolling Mantatees and Bushmen, there were also many lions in that part. So his people and ours set to work, and made a fold of thorn bushes, which answered the purpose of keeping them together. We found on counting them that eight were missing, which we supposed had been slaughtered by those who had driven them away.

The following morning we once more put the yokes on their necks, and started afresh. Siffonello took his seat on my wagon, and Moroko, his son, on Mr. Hodgson's, their people running beside them, and directing the way. This mode of travelling was quite new to them, as they had never seen wagons before. In the evening we bivouacked at a place surrounded by trees, and the night was cold. Next morning we proceeded on our journey, travelling with unwonted speed, our oxen being in fine condition after their long rest from the yoke.

In the afternoon, Siffonello often looked before us with evident concern; and when he discovered at a distance their herds of cattle, grazing under the protection of their armed herdsmen, he pointed them out with evident satisfaction, and began humming one of their songs as we rode along.

No sooner were our wagons seen approaching their place, than numbers of their people came to meet us; among whom I recognised the Chief's brother, Sabbedere, and some of the warriors we had seen with him near the Vaal River. I could not but be gratified by observing the respectful manner in which they approached Siffonello, their Chief, by placing their hands on their breast, with an inclination of the head forward, saying, "*Rumela, Kossi.*" The last word means "Chief," or "King;" the other is a term of salutation.

We were soon astonished and delighted to behold a much larger number of houses than we had seen before, belonging to natives of Africa; and wept for joy, thanking God for having preserved us, and brought us in safety to this people. It was about a year and a half since I left Cape Town, with my wife and family, to enter upon this Mission; and I seemed to forget all the way we had come, the afflictions we had endured, and the trials and perils through which we had passed, counting them all as nothing, now that our object in coming was being attained. Wherefore, we thanked God, and took courage!

After looking around for a suitable place where to draw our wagons, and pitch our tent, we selected a ridge near a small river, called the Roralla, where was a plain lying parallel with the river, between our location and five hundred native houses, which were built on the slope on the other side of the plain. On the following days we were visited by crowds of people, all eager to gratify their curiosity, by gazing on our persons, wagons, and, in fact, everything about us.

Though we were endeavouring to learn words and sentences of their language, yet their talking so rapidly, and so many together, rendered this most difficult. The following incident will serve to show how one sentence was acquired. One day, Siffonello, observing how the people thronged us to our discomfort, said, in a commanding tone, "*Tsamai tahta;*" when they immediately withdrew.

Those words were too useful to be forgotten; so, on a subsequent occasion, in similar circumstances, I used them with the same result. They mean, "Go, quick!"

We had not been long at this place, before one morning we found ourselves upon an island. From heavy rain at a distance, the Roralla had overflowed its banks, and covered the plain on the other side of our wagons. Had the water risen much more, we should have been compelled to decamp as well as we could; but, happily, toward evening, the waters subsided. This flood furnished us with an illustration of Jeremiah xlix. 19, where Nebuchadnezzar is represented as coming against Judea, fierce as a lion, when driven from his lair in the thicket by "the swelling of Jordan:" for one of these royal beasts, unknown to us, was lurking in a thicket of the Roralla, near our wagons; but was forced out of his lair by the flowing water, and began to roar terrifically, as if irritated at being disturbed. The natives rushed to the assault; but he fled before such a host of men and dogs, frequently lifting up his voice, as if threatening to retaliate, if they did not cease to annoy him; for, having no fire-arms, they could only attack him with clubs and spears, but were afraid to approach near enough to do much execution. His voice gradually became less audible, as he receded from us.

We had not shown the people the use of fire-arms yet; but one evening, while Siffonello with some of his attendants stood at my wagon, a fine Guinea fowl came and perched in a tree, too high to be reached by their weapons. Having several times before treated myself and family with one of these birds, I was glad of the opportunity to do so again so conveniently; and so reached a fowling-piece, kept charged in the wagon, and quickly brought the bird down. Siffonello observed me in silence, and when he saw the instantaneous effect of the shot, he seemed as much delighted as he was astonished at it; and repeatedly tried to imitate the sound of the gun-lock, and the report it made, and the sudden fall of the bird.

As this locality was not intended to be the permanent residence of the tribe, we did not attempt the erection of any buildings here. However, in several respects, we were furthering the object of our Mission; by acquiring their language. Every well-ascertained word was added to our vocabulary, with as much care as a miser adds to his store. Sometimes we made mistakes in a word, or pronunciation, and got laughed at, yet always in good humour. If I had possessed books, and a living teacher, I should not have found much difficulty in acquiring the language, as I had learnt Portuguese and Dutch in a comparatively short time; but, in the absence of either, it was very difficult. We also were becoming acquainted with the people, and gaining their confidence; showing them an example of integrity and kindness, charging our people not to give any offence; to prevent which our constant vigilance, over some of them, was necessary.

After residing a few weeks near the Roralla, orders were issued to the people to prepare for removing. Early one morning the whole population was on the move; oxen packed, and women laden with heavy burdens on the head, and many of them also with a child on their back, or side; while the men, armed, drove the cattle. It was an interesting sight to behold an extensive tract of country covered with people and their cattle. During the after part of the day, we perceived a strong and not disagreeable aromatic odour; on examining into the cause of which, we found it arose from the spearmint, which covered many thousand acres of ground, and perfumed the air as it was bruised by the oxen and wagons. In the evening of a long day's journey, we halted for the night on the slopes of one side of the Nalassi mountains, where we found the remains of dwellings, and cattle-folds, very neatly built of stone. The next day we proceeded to a place beautifully wooded, and luxuriant with grass. On account of the excellent pasturage, the Chief and his people resolved to remain here awhile; which was by no means agreeable to us, as we

were becoming weary of this wandering mode of life, and were anxious to become settled, that we might set about the erection of houses in which to dwell.

While at this lovely place, a number of lions thought to feast themselves on some of the cattle, and boldly entered one of the folds. The evening was dark and wet, so that it was with no little peril that the people rushed to the defence of their cattle. For a considerable time, the noise of men shouting, lions roaring, and oxen lowing, was alarming, and great commotion prevailed; but, towards midnight, quiet was restored. In the morning Sabbedere approached our wagons with the skin of one of the lions in his hand, just taken from the carcase of one of our assailants, which had been slain by him in the conflict of last evening. His *sang-froid* was quite amusing; for if the Bechuana Chiefs pride themselves on one thing more than another, it is their valour. He said not a word respecting the night's conflict, or how he had killed the lion; but with an air of indifference held the skin in his hand, proof sufficient of the death of the ferocious beast, and asked if we would buy it. On inquiry, I found that he was the hero who had slain it with a spear. He had no intention, however, to sell it, for it was a trophy too valuable, in his estimation, to part with.

Soon after, he returned with a cow, having a horn broken off in the struggle of last night; she was bleeding profusely, and his apprehension was that it could not be staunched, and she would die. I gave him the price in beads that he asked for her, and our own men took her in hand, bound up the part whence the horn had been broken, and the bleeding was stopped. A few days after, when he saw the cow alive and well, he wanted a larger price for her; however, after a little reasoning and pleasantry about his offering for sale a dying animal, he allowed the matter to drop; but, as she turned out to be a very valuable cow, I afterwards made him a present. We could get no satisfactory information as to when the tribe intended to proceed to

the place of their permanent residence; so we applied to Siffonello to let us know where it would be, that we might go first, and prepare places for shelter before winter. Moreover, my dear wife was in a situation which made it necessary that we should get into a fixed habitation as soon as possible.

On a representation of these circumstances to Siffonello, he went with Mr. Hodgson to the site chosen for the new town intended for their settled abode. On their return we were delighted with Mr. Hodgson's description of it, as being a well selected and beautiful place called Maquassi. In a few days after we struck our tents, and went there. Having previously learnt the part on which the natives would build their houses, we selected a site on which to build ours, at a convenient distance from theirs, so as to be separate and yet accessible. We had some doubts respecting an adequate supply of water for so large a population, as the fountain which had been pointed out to us was not very copious. However, as there was a periodical river at a short distance, at which their cattle would drink, we supposed that the people would fetch water from it, or that they probably knew of other springs in the locality not yet seen by us.

Here, then, we set to work in earnest, first to collect material with which to construct our habitations. My case being urgent, induced me to cut down timber, of which there was a tolerable supply in the neighbourhood, to build a house in the manner of the natives, though of a different form. The width was limited by the length of beams we could get, and the length such as admitted of a division into three parts: one end for a lodging-room, the other end a room of equal size, which was divided into halves, one for a pantry, the other for books, implements, &c.; and the centre room, which was the largest, for our sitting and dining apartment. In building this house, we dug holes in the ground at proper distances, in which we set up perpendicular posts, well fastened by ramming the

earth in around them. We then placed horizontal beams along the top, and fastened these and the rafters with thongs cut from the hides of oxen, which, being used while soft, became, when dry, hard and firm.

The intermediate space between the main posts was filled with smaller spars, crossed with woodbines, and the squares filled up with clay, which, when dry, was whitewashed within and without. This kind of work the people performed under my direction; but I and my wagon-driver had to make the door and window frames, and fix them in the walls. The whole was covered with thatch made of long grass. For doors and window-shutters we nailed together the boards of packing cases. I had a view to this when I chose those cases for my goods when in the colony. Hinges, locks, door latches, &c., with nails and screws, we had taken with us.

The native women made for us an excellent floor of material from ant-hills, which they first pounded, then spread even, and sprinkled with water, after which they, in a kind of dance, stamped it with their feet, so that, when dry, it was both hard and smooth. Our lodging-room was first completed, that we might be ready for the expected addition to our family.

I made a bedstead of poles and leather straps, on which was laid our hair mattress, which had served first for our sea cot, then for our wagon bed. The house was consecrated to God by prayer and praise.

We were followed to this place in a few weeks by Siffonello and his people; first by a party who made folds for their cattle, then by the whole tribe; and in a short time a populous town was built.

CHAPTER VIII.

Birth of a Son—The Bechuanas build the Town—Mr. and Mrs. Hodgson leave for Griqualand—The Barolongs precipitately flee at the Approach of the Mantatees—Our Condition, and the Attempt of Siffonello to induce us also to flee—Left by our own People—Reflections—Passing of the dreaded Enemy—Mr. Hodgson's unexpected Arrival—His Account of the State of Things at Griqua Town—Battle at Latakoo—His Return for my Rescue—Extracts from his Journal—State of the defeated Army—Mr. Hodgson's return to Griqua, accompanied by Moroko—Murder of Rampe-Sampe, our Cattle-watcher—Our Cattle driven away—Their Return in a Fog—State of Native Children—Dig Wells.

On the 1st of July, 1823, my dear wife was safely delivered of a fine healthy son, and though suffering many privations, yet eventually, by the mercy of God, she happily recovered. We had for a long time been destitute of bread and vegetables; so the best substitute for her diet, in those circumstances, was milk and beef-tea; and, as a relish with the latter, I occasionally broiled on a gridiron small bits of salt meat.

A few weeks before this event, the Barolongs came and made folds for their cattle; then built houses for themselves. These erections requiring much wood, they cut down indiscriminately all the trees suitable for their purpose, even all that we left standing in the vicinity of our dwellings for shade and ornament; and so destroyed the park-like appearance of the landscape.

On the 9th of the month, my wife being judged sufficiently recovered to be left, after baptizing our child, Mr. and Mrs. Hodgson left us to go to Griqua Town, in order to send letters into the colony, and receive any that might have been sent there for us; also to bring the boxes we

had left there, and procure corn for bread, of which we had long been deprived.

We had not heard of the Mantatees for several months, and thought that both our wagons might be spared to go on the proposed journey, with only one of our families; while I and my family might with prudence and safety be left to prosecute the objects of the Mission, more especially by the study of the language, the attainment of a knowledge of which we deemed of paramount importance. In fact, my feeble state of health rendered much physical exertion impracticable, but did not hinder thought; indeed, my mind was so engaged with words and sentences of Sichuana, that frequently during the night I was kept from the sleep I so much needed, by the intensity of my desire to ascertain the meaning of words, and how to connect them together. This was my principal occupation at this period, and nothing remarkable occurred at the station, until about three weeks after Mr. Hodgson's departure, when we were disturbed before daylight, one morning, by a great noise in the town, of shouting among the people, and lowing of cattle, with barking of dogs. I rose, and, opening the window shutter of our lodging-room, saw in the twilight parties of armed men, driving herds of cattle, and followed by women and children laden with such things as they could carry. I hastily drew on my clothes, and went outside the house to inquire the reason of this commotion; but the noise and hurry were such that I could get no reply for a considerable time. At length I was told that the Mantatees were approaching, and also that they were not many hours distant. This information was certainly alarming; and it was evident the people believed it.

To my dear wife, who was in our lodging-room with the two children, I communicated the report. At once the difficulty and peril of our situation were apparent; both of us being in a very feeble state of health, with two children, one a baby, and having no wagon to convey us away. We

had no choice but to remain where we were, and put our trust in God.

The people and their flocks and herds being gone, Siffonello and a few of his chief men came to my house, and, addressing me in a quick and earnest manner, said, "Come, won't you flee?" I knew this was impossible; so I replied, rather coolly, "No." He rejoined, "You will be destroyed if you do not." I answered, "I hope not; I hope the Mantatees will not come here; and, if they do, I hope they will not destroy us." On hearing these words, the Chief and his men looked at each other in evident concern, and then endeavoured to impress me with the certainty of our destruction, if we did not accompany them. Though I did not state my reasons, as I could expect but little sympathy from them in the matter of my feebleness and my wife's unfitness to travel, I merely answered, "Well, I will venture that; we will not flee." Siffonello, in a somewhat vehement manner, replied, "I cannot remain to defend you; it would be madness to hazard a battle, they are too strong for us." Seeing that he had got the impression that I thought he ought to remain and defend us, I said, "Siffonello, Chief, understand me; if you judge it necessary for your safety, and that of your people and cattle, to flee, do so. I do not desire you to risk a battle. Never mind us, leave us, we will remain here."

This answer appeared to astonish and affect both the Chief and his attendants. Siffonello, in a softened voice, tried to persuade me; and expressed his sorrow to be obliged to leave us, and his apprehension of what would be the consequence of our remaining. Having stayed nearly two hours after his people had gone, being reluctant to leave us, he said, "I can stay no longer;" and then took a respectful leave, and with quick step went after the rest.

Siffonello's conduct on this occasion gave me great satisfaction, as showing the sincerity of his regard for us, which, indeed, he continued to manifest as long as the emergency lasted.

It will be stated by-and-by that though the dreaded Mantatees were actually in our vicinity, and were passing us at only a short distance during several days, yet they did not come to our place; I suppose, in ignorance of our position, and of our defenceless state. Mercifully, Divine Providence kept them from us. This fact, and my refusal to flee, obtained for me the credit of great courage, which, indeed, I did not possess; for I should certainly have fled with my family, if it had been possible. The Barolongs reported long afterwards that I would not flee from the whole army of the Mantatees, and that they dared not come to the Station while I was there!

There remained with us, after the Chief and those with him had left, the wives of our wagon-drivers, and a native boy and girl; but while myself and wife were taking some food in our room, these fled also, without letting us know of their intention to do so. And now we and our two children were left alone. A melancholy silence prevailed during the remainder of the afternoon. The evening drew on, and the usual sounds of men, flocks, and herds, were not heard around us. The sun set, and the shades of night mantled over us. I sat alone in the centre room of our dwelling, my wife and children in the adjoining lodging room. I was not without gloomy and depressing forebodings, as to what might be the events of that night; when, suddenly, it was spoken to me, as clearly as by a voice in the ear, "The name of the Lord is a strong tower; the righteous runneth into it, and is safe." I instantly closed the window-shutter,—for we had no glass,—went into the room with my wife and children, and in prayer and faith committed ourselves to the protection of that Name.

Strange as it may appear, yet it is a fact, we were sooner than usual wrapped in sleep, and rested better that night than we had been accustomed to do.

I arose the following morning, much refreshed with a good night's rest, and in great composure of spirit. After

listening in vain for the sound of many voices, from persons, who, I supposed, would be surrounding us, I cautiously opened the door, and looked out; but saw no one. I then stepped over the threshold, casting my looks right and left; still no one appeared. Next I went outside, and looked around; but not a human being could be seen, nor a human voice be heard. I returned into the house to inform my wife, and set to work to kindle a fire, and prepare for a breakfast of such eatables as we had.

On looking out about half an hour afterwards, I saw about half a dozen armed men walking quickly towards our dwelling, and waited their arrival; these were some of Siffonello's warriors, who had been dispatched by him to inform me of the movements of the enemy.

They reported that the Mantatees were travelling on the other side of a ridge to the east. During the day, other parties arrived, bringing similar information; and so likewise the second and third day: so well did Siffonello keep me informed of their position and movements. On this last day, they informed me that the main body had passed: but that there were still small parties and stragglers here and there, and that they appeared in a most wretched plight from want of food; so as to be eating dogs, cow-dung, and, in fact, their own dead! I gathered, also, that, though the Barolongs avoided a collision with the main body of them, yet they were cutting off scores of the poor stragglers.

While receiving the above information from Siffonello's scouts, our attention was suddenly called to the heights behind our houses, where the tilts of two waggons appeared. When they drew near, it turned out to be my colleague, Mr. Hodgson, who had learnt our peril before we knew it ourselves, and, heroically leaving his wife and child at Griqua Town, had come to our rescue. The following extracts from his published journal will explain the circumstances in which he left Griqualand, and also confirm the reports of the Barolongs respecting the famishing con-

dition of the Mantatees. Recording his journey to Griqualand, he writes:—

"July 19th.—We reached Campbell, and found that Mr. Sass, the Missionary, had left this station for Griqua Town, with his family and goods, in consequence of the invading enemy having advanced into the neighbourhood of the Kuruman.

"21st.—We reached Griqua Town, and met with a most kind reception from Messrs. Helm and Sass, also Hamilton and Moffatt, who had retired with their families to this place for greater security from the advancing enemy. The invading tribes are truly formidable, both as to their number and courage. About one hundred men, principally Griquas, on horseback, using guns, were only able, after several hours' conflict, to repulse them; and Mr. Melville, the Government agent, who was present, expressed himself astonished at the resolute ferocity of the foe. He also stated that the Bechuanas were but as children before them. To the efforts of those Griquas, and other natives, who have been raised into a state of comparative civilization by Missionary labours, and to the prudent and spirited measures of Mr. Melville, and the Missionaries of the London Society, the colony of the Cape of Good Hope is indebted for its preservation from the consequences of a terrible eruption of these barbarous tribes on the northern frontier, the half-caste tribes thus forming a barrier against the inroad of savage tribes upon the colony."

The approach of the Mantatees, and the proceedings of the Griquas thereon, with particulars of the fight referred to by Mr. Hodgson, are given by George Thompson, Esq., in his volumes of travels in that part of Africa. He was the first European that saw the advancing hordes, and gave the alarm at the Kuruman, and Griqua Town. The Journal of the Rev. R. Moffatt also recounts the same events. Before the arrival of Mr. Hodgson at Griqua

Town, the Missionaries there assembled and the Griqua Chiefs had held a consultation respecting us, whom they supposed, if not already destroyed, to be beyond all hope of escape. On their making inquiry of some of the prisoners who remained among them, whether they had seen us, their reply was, that several moons since, they saw walking houses, full of devils! I suppose this must have been when they fled so precipitately from our wagons; for that corresponds with the time indicated by them.

The Missionaries and Chiefs then offered a liberal reward to any of the Griquas who would go into the region where we were supposed to be, to ascertain whether we were yet living or not. At this juncture, they were agreeably surprised to observe the approach of our wagons. They went out to meet them, and one or two of their wives were so much overjoyed, that they outran their husbands, one of whom, with wonderful agility, sprang upon the footboard of the first wagon, without waiting for the oxen to be stopped. Their exuberant joy was soon turned into fear and apprehension, when they found that my wagon was empty; that I, and my wife, and family were in the interior, and there without a conveyance to remove us, or any other means of escape.

The noble conduct of my esteemed colleague in this emergency will be appreciated by all who read the following account, as it is by me to this day. Happily at the time, myself and wife were free from anxiety; being, in fact, totally ignorant of our peril. Mr. Hodgson writes:—

"The retreating enemy having taken the direction of Maquassi, where we had left Mr. Broadbent and his family, ignorant of their danger, and without the means of flight, it appeared at once a clear duty to relieve them from their most distressing situation.

"As, soon, therefore, as arrangements could be made, I hastened to return to Maquassi, leaving my dear wife and child at Griqua Town. In parting with them, I felt no

anxiety as to their safety and comfort, as I was leaving them under the protection of the London Society's Missionaries, from whom we always received the most brotherly affection; yet I could not regard the separation but with painful feelings, from the possibility that I might fall a sacrifice to the cruelty of the defeated invaders, while discharging my duty to a Missionary brother and his family. It was by no means certain, indeed, that I should not have to return with the distressing intelligence that they were all murdered, and thus my journey prove to be in vain; but I was, nevertheless, bound by duty to God, to the church, and to my colleague, to venture upon the perils obviously connected with it.

"August 3rd.—I set off for Maquassi, and, having travelled till a late hour to reach where were both grass and water, we wandered about in the dark for some time, having missed our path, resolved to rest in the plain adjoining a small bush that afforded us but little firewood, and less shelter from the wind, which was extremely cold.

"Next morning we rose early, and, pursuing our journey, we soon came to the place where we had designed to sleep. On approaching the wood, I was surprised to behold a fire, at which two females were occupied in cooking, while a man was laid, apparently asleep, near them. The two women attempted to conceal themselves under a bush, supposing, I presume, that we should pass them unobserved. Upon going near the fire, however, we found them employed in cooking the leg of a human being! We were now satisfied of this being a part of the retreating enemy, a division of whom had evidently rested in this place on the preceding day. Horror-struck at the scene before us, I was truly thankful that my dear wife was not present to behold it; and I gratefully acknowledged the kind providence of the Almighty in suffering us to miss our path the preceding evening; for thereby we escaped the misery of witnessing the disgusting proceedings of this people in the shades of night, apprehensive, as we should have been, of

the danger of being attacked by them, who would have rejoiced in our death, as furnishing them, by eating our flesh, with the means of continued existence. I hastened back to the wagons, to consider how to act; and, determining to leave the place as soon as possible, the necessary arrangements were made without delay. But, before our departure, I returned to the wretched beings near the wood, and now observed the skeleton of a full-grown man, part of the body of another, a leg and an arm having been cut off; the head was opened, and, the bowels being drawn out, the internal part of the body was exposed to view. One of the women was roasting part of the leg upon the coals, and the other was engaged with the man in eating with savage greediness the portion which had just been cooked. I was sick at the sight, and felt what I cannot describe, especially on seeing the man break the bones of the deceased with a stone, and suck them with apparent delight.

"My abhorrence of their employment, manifested in the most unequivocal manner, appeared to make no impression on them. The man scarcely regarded me, and the woman looked on the dead body before her, and pronounced the name of the deceased, who, I believe, had died from hunger or fatigue; and these three persons had probably remained behind their companions, to save themselves from a similar fate by preying on the dead.

"Not knowing but a division of the enemy might be advancing on the same track, we hastened from the spot, and were soon joined by four Koranas, who, having seen the wagons at a distance, came to inform us that the enemy was encamped upon the Vaal river, at no great distance from us, and near the ford which we had to cross.

"Approaching some trees in the evening, where we designed to rest for the night, the oxen took fright at a lion, which attempted to seize one of them in the yoke; the frightened animals overturned, and broke, one of the wagons, and greatly endangered our personal safety, while

galloping into the plain. After having with much difficulty succeeded in stopping them, we immediately made a fire, and set the dry grass on fire around to deter the lion from approaching; and then made our arrangements for the night as well as we could. One of our boys was nearly seized by another lion while gathering a little dry grass to make a fire; two oxen were killed, and we were all much disturbed during the night by the roar of wild beasts around us.

"5th.—We succeeded in the afternoon of this day in getting away from the disastrous spot. In the course of our journey we were joined by two of Siffonello's people, who had been watching the movements of the enemy, and who informed us that they were not far distant, in three divisions, but were retiring up the Vaal river.

"On the 6th we reached Maquassi, and found Mr. Broadbent as usual, and his family in health. While I rejoiced at their safety, they were filled with gratitude to God for bringing me to their relief; for the Chief and his people had left the station on hearing of the approach of the invading tribes. The hired servants of Mr. Broadbent's establishment left him without any intimation of their design, or any offer to assist him in his flight. He had no wagon in which to remove his family, and was unable from his weak state of health to retire on foot from the station, should he be threatened with an attack.

"The Lord, however, had graciously concealed from them the knowledge of their danger the greater part of the time I was absent; but brought me to their relief soon after they had become aware of its extent. Their faith in God was put to a most painful test, and it was only strong confidence in Him, and the sustaining power of Divine consolation, that enabled the whole family to maintain that calm and resigned state of mind in which we found them."

The above extract shows the kind of people by whom we were then surrounded, and the perils to which we were

exposed. It remains for me to state what had occurred at the station, and what we knew of our danger, prior to his arrival.

Respecting the cannibalism of the people he had fallen in with, I think their devouring human flesh arose from starvation; for, during my sojourn in that land, I never heard of an instance of the kind except from distress, and then not killing another in order to eat, but only eating of the dead. Of this I heard of many instances.

These retreating hordes, after their repulse by the fire-arms of the Griquas, who had horses, lost the bulk of their cattle, which were taken on that occasion by their conquerors and the Buttapees. Messrs. Thompson, Melville, and others, who had seen them, reported their warriors at between 40,000 and 50,000, besides a vast number of women and children. Mr. Melville stated to myself that, in reporting their numbers to the colonial authorities, they had underrated them, not to create more alarm in the colony than existed on their account; but that he was convinced their number was many more. No wonder, then, that such a multitude, deprived of their principal means of subsistence, should be in the greatest extremities from want.

Mr. Hodgson is quite correct in the statement which he has given, that we were grateful to God for his timely arrival; for we had been for several days and nights in a state of painful suspense and apprehension; but as I knew then that the three great divisions of the enemy had passed to the eastward, and that only famishing stragglers remained, I was not fearful of danger. I regretted that he had not brought Mrs. Hodgson and family with him, together with the whole of our luggage, as he would be under the necessity of leaving us again to go for them.

If the question be asked, Whence came these hosts of marauders? and what was the occasion of their rise and of the devastations they committed? it is not easy to give a definite answer, from the fact that amongst these bar-

barous people there were no records from which information could be obtained. Once, in a conversation with our Chief, Siffonello, and a few others of his principal men, I asked the questions, "Who are these enemies? and whence came they?" Siffonello entered upon the narration in an animated manner; but he was too rapid and vehement in his utterances for me, with my imperfect knowledge of the language, to understand him: however, I gathered this, that the principal disturbers of the country were called *Matabeli*, that they were numerous, powerful, and ferocious.

I did not at that time know that this dreadful people were the *Zulu-Kaffirs*, and what the Half-castes and Griquas called *Bloet*, or *Naked, Kaffirs*; but I learnt this afterwards, and that one of their savage and cruel Chiefs was named Chaka, who, on one occasion, being disturbed by the noise of some children when he desired to sleep, had a number of them—it was reported about thirty—killed. He was slain by his brother Dingaan, who succeeded him as Chief, and also imitated his ferocity; for it was by his treachery and cruelty that a number of the emigrant Boers and their families were massacred in the district of Natal, which was separated from the Bechuana country by the range of mountains called Malutis,—by the Kaffirs, Quathlamba.

From the same region and people also came the tyrant Mosilikatse, who has been a terror and a scourge to the inhabitants of the whole country for hundreds of miles around. He attacked and pursued a chief called Pakaliti, the remnant of whose tribe, called Fingoes, sought refuge in Kaffraria. Then both these invaded and terribly ravaged the country of the Mantatees, who, in turn, fell upon the Bataus, Barolongs, and Batlapees. They were repulsed by the fire-arms and horses of the Griquas, near Latakoo, and multitudes perished from starvation; so that, partly from this cause, and partly from the number slain in battle, the land was strewn with human bones.

There was only a short pause, after the battle at Latakoo, before the Bataus, under Milistani, their Chief, made a

fearful onslaught on the Barolongs under Siffonello. But more of this afterwards.

With regard to the question, What prompted them to these wars? it may be answered, In the first place, it seems to have been a restless and ambitious disposition; lust of cattle, in which their wealth consisted, and of dominion over every one whom a Chief thought his rival: afterwards, it was sheer hunger; for when a tribe was overcome, they were despoiled of their cattle, and thereby of their means of subsistence. These remnants of ruined tribes united to plunder the cattle of other tribes, and thus might prevailed over right, the weak fell before the more powerful, and there was no rest or security in the land: beautiful and fertile regions became depopulated. In travelling through the country we often arrived at towns and cattle-folds destitute of man or beast.

One fact I have observed, that one cruel tyrant after another, and one warlike tribe after another, have slain and been slain. Those who shed man's blood, by man was their blood shed, illustrating the saying of Christ: "For all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword."

It was when the people were thus disquieted and wasted that the ministers of peace entered upon their work. God in mercy sent them, or the people would have been exterminated.

The Missionaries of the London Missionary Society were first in the field, among the Batlapees, in the northern part of the Bechuana country. Then followed the Wesleyans, among the Barolongs; and very shortly afterwards the Paris Protestant Society, among the Basutos, under the powerful Chief, Moshesh.

To return to the narrative. My colleague, seeing our safety, prepared to go back to Griqua Town for his wife, family, and goods. Siffonello wished his son Moroko to accompany him. Mr. Hodgson was averse to this proposal on several accounts. However, as Siffonello urged it, on

the ground that he desired his son to obtain a knowledge of other people and places, Mr. Hodgson at length consented. This incident is worth noticing, as showing the confidence which the Barolong Chief and his son had in us at that time; accordingly, Moroko and a staff of attendants accompanied the Missionary to Griqua Town.

Thus we were again left alone with the natives, and no doubt many straggling foes around us. Nothing deserving particular notice occurred for some time. I was adding words of Sichuana to my vocabulary, and had frequent intercourse with the people and their Chiefs. On one evening, however, our responsible herdsman, Rampe-Sampe, who had joined us when entering the country, before we saw Siffonello, and had been a faithful and well-behaved servant throughout, did not return, as was usual, with his charge to their fold for the night. On search being made the following day, his body was found dead, horribly mutilated; and it appeared by the broken spears that lay about the place, that he must, for some time at least, have defended himself. No doubt could remain on our minds that some of the enemies before mentioned had perpetrated this deed of murder, and driven away our cattle.

Siffonello, on being informed of the case, promptly called a number of armed men together, to go in pursuit. They assembled on our place. Siffonello expressed a wish that I would join them, and, in some respects, it seemed reasonable that I should do so, as the cattle belonged to us. But not having physical strength to walk or run with such men, besides the impolicy of leaving my family, and my disinclination to be mixed up with war, even to recover my own property, I declined. Whereupon they also disbanded, and, as the day was far spent, went to their own homes; but with orders to assemble again in the morning, with all needful preparations for the pursuit. During the night a dense fog came on, so that when the morning dawned it was not possible to discern any object that was only a few yards distant. The people, however, assembled, prepared,

according to the order given them, for the expedition; but as the fog did not clear away, after waiting a great part of the forenoon, they were again dismissed. Providence, as on many other critical occasions, interposed on our behalf; for the thick fog which covered the land, and prevented the warriors from starting, had also favoured the escape of our cattle from their captors. As several of the cows had calves, which were kept at home, they, prompted instinctively, perhaps during the night, while the robbers slept, had found the means of getting from them. The oxen had followed the cows; and while we were yet in suspense what course to adopt, we heard them lowing aloud, the calves responded, and they were soon together. I was very thankful for their return; and the more so that no blood had been shed in the attempt to recover them, as most probably would have been the case if our people had gone after them.

CHAPTER IX.

Mr. Hodgson and Moroko return—Incidents of their Journey—Man lost in the Mud while drinking—Loss of Oxen by Lions—Extract from the Memoirs of Mrs. Hodgson—Circumstances of the Station—Mission Work—Spiritual Darkness of the Barolongs—Examples—Submission to the Authority of God's Word—On the Subject of human Life—On Marriage—On the Lord's Day.

On September 24th, Mr. Hodgson returned to Maquassi with his family, bringing with him an excellent and valuable man, Peter Links, who had come from Khamies Berg, in Namacqualand, and joined him at Griqua Town. Peter was one of the converted Half-castes who was designed to act as a native agent among the Koranas, for which he was well qualified by his piety, prudence, Christian zeal, and knowledge of their language.

Their return was much sooner than I expected. This arose from their having discovered the shortest route, and from having no enemy to obstruct them on their journey. They had also hastened as much as they could in order to put a termination to our state of suspense and anxiety: and right thankful and glad we were to enjoy once more the comfort of their society; but most so for the cherished hope of prosecuting our Mission work without further interruption. Our late cattle-watcher, Rampe-Sampe, had won the esteem of Mr. and Mrs. Hodgson, and they heard of his untimely end with deep regret.

Two or three incidents which occurred on the journey of Mr. Hodgson's party from Griqualand deserve notice. One day, as they were getting ready to leave the place where they had passed the preceding night, one of Moroko's men, who had gone to the river to drink, did not join them

when called; some of them went to see what hindered him, when they found that the poor fellow, in stooping to drink at the river, had sunk with his hands and knees into the soft mud, until he was unable to lift his face from the water, and was suffocated. This event, however, was no occasion of grief to his companions. On the contrary, with their characteristic indifference to human life, it was the subject of merriment and laughter during the remainder of the journey, and afterwards. Those who had seen the position of the deceased would make representations of it in a ludicrous manner to the amusement of others!

During the same journey which supplied this instance of inhuman apathy, there was furnished a touching illustration of the strength of motherly love among beasts. My wagon-driver, seeing some giraffes, went and shot a young one. Though the others fled, yet its dam followed the wagons three days, out of gun range. The flesh of this young one was like veal.

When only a few days from our Station, as the wagons were being drawn to the lee-side of a thicket for shelter from the wind, the party intending to rest there for the night; the team of the first wagon was led by Eratsagai. A lion, having suffered him to pass, sprang upon the oxen he was leading. The whole team instantly turned round, upset the wagon, and galloped away as fast as they could, leaving behind them one piece after another of the wagon and its contents strewed over a space of some miles. The other wagon, containing Mr. and Mrs. Hodgson and their family, being at the time behind, they witnessed the scene, and their team was startled; but the driver dexterously turned them aside so as to prevent his wagon being upset. As soon as these oxen were quieted, the people that could be spared set off after the first team; but darkness coming on, they were obliged to return with some of the oxen, leaving the broken wagon and goods scattered over the country. Four of the team were irrecoverably lost, no doubt devoured by the lions.

Next morning the people collected the parts of the broken wagon, and what it had contained. A leathern sack of wheat had been torn and dragged by a hyæna during the night. It was tracked by the wheat strewn on the ground for the space of about a couple of miles. The people gathered as much as they could, and put the broken wagon together, and so resumed their journey, minus four oxen, and a great part of the wheat, which had been procured in Griqualand, and intended for my family use.

Mr. Hodgson had hired at Griqua Town a Bechuana woman who could speak the Dutch language, hoping that she might be of some service to us in the acquisition of the Sichuana; but she was very ignorant, conceited, and of a capricious temper, so that we derived very little advantage from her.

The following extract from the Memoirs of Mrs. Hodgson, since published, refers to this period, and may be properly introduced in this place.

September 24th, 1823.—"We reached Maquassi, and were glad at the prospect of sitting down to our regular missionary work, which had been interrupted by so many mysterious and distressing circumstances. From this time we proceeded steadily in our Mission, both as to the necessary external arrangements, and in our endeavours to promote the spiritual benefit of the people."

The external arrangements referred to, were the completion of our dwelling-houses, cattle-folds, and the cultivation of our gardens. The remains of the wheat which Mr. Hodgson had brought were ground by a handmill; but we had been so long a time without bread that when we began to eat it again, it seemed too rich for us, and, for a time, disagreed with us. It was no small luxury to eat a few vegetables from our gardens, along with the animal food, on which alone we had subsisted so long.

Our work was yet restricted chiefly to our own families, and hired servants, who spoke the Dutch language; for though I continued to give all my time and attention to

the acquisition of Sichuana, as far as my state of health would admit, and could converse with them on secular and common topics, I was not able to teach them the subjects of Divine revelation. Their own gross ignorance of spiritual subjects was one cause of difficulty.

Take the following examples. Having at length written a version of the Lord's Prayer in their tongue, I one day read it to a company of the more intelligent of the natives. Having done this, I requested them to repeat it after me, as I read, sentence by sentence, with which they complied. Having repeated the first sentence, "*Hara a chona ye le mo gudeemo*," "Our Father who art above," I asked, "Who is this Father above?" None could answer. No one knew. I then addressed one of the party, who had been some time in our employ, and had occasionally observed our worship conducted in Dutch. I said, "Boboque, don't you know to whom we speak in these words?" He replied, "No, I do not know; I have no Father above." I paused a moment, feeling the difficulty of gaining access to their dark minds; for, unlike most other heathen people, they had literally no God; and, having had no intercourse with the colony, they had no knowledge of God. I then said to them, "But you know we exist; your cattle exist; and the world exists: there must have been a beginning and a cause. Who was the first?" Several together answered, "Madeemo," giving a soft sound to the *d*, somewhat between that consonant and *r*. I replied, "Well, that is our heavenly Father whom we address in these words."

But they had no idea of a spiritual, invisible, and infinite Being, or that He took any cognizance of us. Their Chief, Siffonello, had given us many proofs of his intelligence; but on spiritual subjects he was as dark as his people; for, after hearing from us numerous references to God, as Creator, Sovereign, &c., he asked, "When will you teach us?" I replied, "As soon as we are able to speak Sichuana." He then asked, "Where is God? How big is He?" Putting his hand to his head, he asked, "Has He hair?

Have you seen Him?" This Chief was in the prime of life, shrewd and courageous, and had great influence in the country, both as political Chief and professed rain-maker.

Next to him in authority and influence was his brother, Sabbedere, commander of his warriors. Finding that there existed among them a vague idea of an evil being, as well as Modeemo, the Creator, I questioned Sabbedere very closely on this subject one day, in order to elicit what they knew, or thought, about him. The substance of Sabbedere's reply was: "We do not know who or what he is, but we suppose it is he who sends lightning and thunder to frighten and kill us."

Though they had never seen or heard of a book before we went among them, yet when we showed the Bible, and said it was the word of Modeemo, we were often surprised and gratified by the deference they paid to what God said. For instance: the Chief's power over the personal freedom, or even the life, of his subjects was not questioned, and summary executions now and then took place by stabbing or drowning. Thus, a man who had been cognizant of some movement of Mantatees, and had not given satisfaction by his conduct, was speared through the body by Sabbedere. A poor woman, who had stolen a sheep or goat, was drowned in the river. It was on these points that we came, for the first time, into collision with Siffonello, and witnessed a display of rage that placed our lives in jeopardy for several days. It was as follows: A strange youth had stolen a kid from our fold, gone into a hill, and, concealed by shrubs and trees, was found cooking and eating parts of it. The boy was apprehended, and the skin of the kid brought to us; we not only missed the kid, but at once recognised the skin. With this indisputable evidence of the youth's guilt, Siffonello gave orders that he should be put to death, and that two sons of the Chief, about thirteen or fourteen years of age, who had been recently circumcised, (*boguera,*) and allowed to carry arms as men, were to execute the sentence of their father by throwing spears at

the culprit from a certain distance; Siffonello remarking that now these sons of his, being men, must learn to kill a man without fear! We certainly did not fully understand, at the time, the full import of the relation in which these interesting youths were now regarded by their father and his people. However, we considered the penalty far too great for the offence, and also deprecated the training of the Chief's sons to such cruel habits. There was a small room at the end of my house set apart for cooking purposes: I got the boy into it, and, in the absence of lock and key, made it fast with the chain of our wagon; Mr. Hodgson concurring with me in what we regarded as a merciful act.

When the youth was demanded by order of the Chief, we declined to deliver him up. This was reported, when Siffonello himself came, with his usual retinue, and required the culprit to be brought out. We replied in a gentle but firm tone that the penalty exceeded the offence, that the stolen kid was our property, and, though the youth had done wrong in stealing it, we hoped after admonition he would not repeat the crime; and that if he, the Chief, had ordered some other punishment, as flogging, we would not have interfered; but to order the youth to be put to death for taking our kid was a penalty we could not consent to.

This was language, and these were sentiments, which a powerful and despotic Chief in the interior of South Africa never heard before. He and his attendants were armed, and we were in their power. It was evident from his quivering lips and the expression of his countenance that he was greatly excited and angry. For a moment there was a pause, then he vociferated, "Are you Kings? Is not this my land? Are not these cattle mine? Are not these my people? Are not these my sons? Can I not command them what I please? Did I not say I would protect your property?" and much more to the same effect. His people stood by in silence, no doubt prepared to execute his orders. His rage was so furious that some time elapsed before we

could get an opportunity to make any reply. However, we stood calmly before him, and as it appeared that the secret of all this ire was jealousy of our interference with his authority, I said, "Siffonello, *Kossi*, (Chief,) hear me. We are not Kings; you are King here; this land is yours, these cattle are yours, and these people are your subjects, not your property. There is a King of Kings, Modeema, to whom all Kings and people must hereafter give an account of their conduct; human life is at His disposal only." I then referred to His word in Gen. ix. 5, 6.

This reference to the Supreme authority appeared to strike him with a degree of awe, and he withdrew, leaving the youth still with us. In a day or two after he returned, but was much calmer, and asked several questions, such as, "If you are not Kings, where is your King?" His son Moroko having been with Mr. Hodgson at Griqua Town, and seen the colonial Government Resident there, inquired, "Was he a King? Or was the chief man in the district or colony a King?" We replied, "No, they were only captains of out-stations." Then, after a few more inquiries respecting the power of Kings over the life of their people, referring to what had been quoted from the word of God, he consented to a compromise with respect to the youth, about whom all this discussion had arisen, namely, that we should deliver him up, and he should be banished their territory.

We were glad to terminate the matter in this manner. The effect of our leniency soon became manifest. We had often expressed our wonder at the honesty of this people; as we had been among them nearly two years, but missed no article that belonged to us, though many had lain about our premises which might easily have been taken away; so that if we had known no more of them than up to this period, we might have reported that they were strictly honest, though pagans. Such is the value of mere travellers' testimony to the character of a people among whom they have but for a short time sojourned.

But it soon appeared that some dread of us had been the means of deterring them from pilfering; for after this time we could leave nothing out of our sight, but it was soon gone. Our gardens were robbed as soon as the fruit ripened, and our cows were milked before we were stirring in the morning. Indeed, these depredations became so frequent that it seemed as if at once the people had turned to be thieves; so that we were under the necessity of appealing to the Chief on the subject; and one young man who was detected milking our cows was publicly flogged, his own few things confiscated, and he ordered to leave the place, and never show himself there again.

Another instance of submission to the authority of the Bible was in Sabbedere, the brother of Siffonello. He came into my house one day in a somewhat pensive mood, and sat down. Persently he said, "Give me some tobacco for my wife, who is very ill." I said, Which of your wives is ill? He named her. I knew she was a favourite with him, and had often accompanied him to our house; and, to give another view of their social customs, I may state that she had been previously a principal wife of Siffonello, to whom she had borne Moroko, the acknowledged heir and successor of the Chief. For what reason and in what circumstances she had been transferred to the next brother I am not able to state, except that they were particular in guarding the succession, the chieftainship being hereditary, and that there should be no other one of the same parentage and rank to dispute the office with the proper heir. Moroko, indeed, had no rival. I will not affirm that this was the reason; but, from such information as I could gain on the subject, I have been led to the conclusion that it was so.

I said, "Sabbedere, how many wives have you?" He held up one hand, opening the fingers, to denote five. We had previously had discussions on the subject of polygamy, in which the advantages, according to their ideas, of several wives over only one would be set forth by them in a tri-

umphant tone. Waiving all these considerations *pro* and *con* on the present occasion, I shook my head, and said, That is not good; and putting my hand upon the Bible, which lay on the table, I added, Look here; this is God's word, in which we are informed that He created one man and one woman, and no more; and made that man the husband of that woman, and that woman the wife of that man. Sabbedere said, "Well, and what then?" I answered, From that fact we are taught that He who made us designed only one woman to one man, and no more. He said, "That is news; we never heard that. Then do you so in your country?" Yes, I replied, and hence you see Mr. Hodgson and I have only one wife each. Then, with animation, he said, "But if she die, how then?" I replied, In that case we may take another; but never more than one at a time. "That 's news, that 's news; we never heard that." So to end the matter, he said eagerly, *Mootchookoò koodoo*, "Give me tobacco." His request was granted, and he rose and went away, having not a word to say against the institution of God.

Another instance of the kind was with regard to the Lord's day. Every day was alike to these people. We told them that God had appointed one day in seven to be kept holy by refraining from worldly occupations, except works of necessity and mercy; and that we must spend it in religious worship. Hence, on Sunday morning, we put on our Sunday dress, laid aside all business in our gardens, and on our premises, except having the cows milked and let out to pasture. This was the first example of the kind they had seen or heard of. We also in the forenoon held a meeting with our own people in one of our houses, for worship, conducted in the Dutch language. This being quite new to them, frequent instances of forgetfulness of the day occurred, and persons would bring things for sale or barter; but when we told them that we did not transact such business on that day, as it was the Lord's day, they would immediately apologize, and say they did not know,

or had forgotten. Many times I have observed persons come, and when they heard our singing, or perceived some other sign that it was the Sunday, try to conceal the object for which they had come, and turn aside as if ashamed. Indeed, in less than twelve months from the time of our settling at Maquassi, there was a quietness and stillness on that day which served to remind us of the Lord's day in our native land.

Whether it arose, in part, from the habit of subjection to constituted authority, as existing in the tribe, or not; I have often been reminded of the centurion, whose reasoning and faith were so commended by Christ; (Matt. viii. 5–10;) for when we told them that it was the authority of God, or that God had commanded so and so, I never witnessed an instance of their raising any objection. We invariably assumed the Divine authority of the Scriptures, and testified what God had said in them, and I believe the Divine Spirit spoke by them to the hearts of the people.

On mentioning the fact just stated in conversation with the Rev. Mr. Shaw, he remarked that, generally speaking, the same was true of the Kaffir tribes when he first went among them. The only exception to this, up to that period, was of an individual Kaffir, one day saying, "How do we know that is the word of God?" The question was instantly answered by a reference to internal evidence supplied by the nature of its contents, and illustrated by a circumstance which had just occurred. A messenger had arrived, bringing a letter from Colonel Somerset, the military commandant of the frontier. Mr. Shaw held up the document, and informed the man, and others present who had heard the question, from whom it had come, and then said, "How do we know it is Colonel Somerset's communication? Well, first, there was the messenger who brought it; there is next Colonel Somerset's handwriting and the style of the letter, corresponding with previous letters known to have come from him; and it bears his signature and seal. This is external

proof. Now let us appeal to its contents. Considering the character, profession, and official relation in which he stands to them, what is likely to be the nature of the communication that he would send? Let us read it, and see if it be such." Mr. Shaw read the letter; and all who heard it admitted that there was internal evidence that Colonel Somerset was the author of it. The application was easy to the subject before them, and was admitted to be satisfactory.

Yes, the word of God is quick and powerful; the sword of the Spirit which penetrates the mind and heart, and brings to light the things of darkness. The Rev. R. Moffat relates that a native asked him how the writers of the New Testament came to know them; "for they describe the evil of our hearts so exactly that they must have known us." Yes; they describe human nature, and, as in a mirror, man sees himself in this the word of God.

CHAPTER X.

Visit of Chudeep to Maquassi—Mr. Hodgson's Visit to the Vaal River.

About this period we were visited by our old friend, Chudeep, the Koranna Chief, who treated us with so much hospitality when we first entered the country, and had been so anxious for us to settle with him and his people.

He came to urge the fulfilment of a promise we had made to get him a teacher, or that one of ourselves should come and reside with him. He evinced the same desire for instruction as he had expressed at the time referred to; and though he did not understand the Dutch language, in which we conducted our family worship, yet he daily attended at it so long as he continued at Maquassi, which was about a week. Having become settled, and peace reigning around us, as far as we knew, an arrangement was made with him that he and his people should come as near to us as possible, in order to facilitate our intercourse with them. Accordingly, Mr. Hodgson records in his journal, under date December 22nd, 1823: "Having finished, as far as was necessary, attending to outward matters at the Station, Brother Broadbent and I thinking it proper to ascertain more correctly the situation of the Korannas upon the banks of the Vaal River, with a view to recommending them to the attention of the Committee, and of obtaining the Gospel for a people who now had no Missionary to labour for their spiritual benefit; I left Maquassi this morning about four o'clock, accompanied by Peter Links, the interpreter to this people. Arriving at the river about noon, and designing to rest the oxen, as well as to take refreshment ourselves, Peter and I walked up the bed of a periodical river, and found water in a hole which was almost inaccessible to the oxen on account of its depth."

This was one of the tributary streams to the Vaal. While they were in search of the water, near a thicket of reeds, Peter hastily called Mr. Hodgson's attention to the fresh foot-marks of a lion, which he had observed in the sand. On seeing these, they paused to look around them, and beheld the monarch of the desert lying at his ease in the shade of the reeds, from which he might have pounced upon them in an instant; but he remained still, and they promptly withdrew, and left him in his cool retreat.

"On the morning of this day," he continues, "we were joined by six Korannas, who remained with us until we arrived at their village. Here we were informed that two lions had approached during the night, probably those we had seen.

"I felt on account of the moral darkness which beclouds the minds of this people, and had pleasure in conversing with them on the things of God. In about three hours more we arrived at the villages of Chudeep and Bantze, two Koranna Chiefs. The former soon joined us, and furnished us with a good supply of milk, for which, however, he expected a little tobacco.

"24th.—This morning we were visited by the two Chiefs and two or three hundred people. We embraced the opportunity of speaking on the subject of our residence in the country, and of our intention of visiting them occasionally, with a view to their spiritual benefit. After Peter had given them an account of the former state of the people of Khamies Berg, the manner of their receiving the Gospel, and the advantages they had derived from it, we held religious service with them.

"Leaving this place, and passing two small villages, we arrived at the residence of Chuboo, another Koranna Chief. Here we were visited by Keidebookei, whose present residence is on the south side of the Great River.

"25th.—Much rain fell last night. Chuboo received us yesterday with much shyness, and his conduct this morning continued to be very distant, as if he harboured

suspicions as to the design of our visit. Preparing to travel, most of the people crowded around us, when we embraced the opportunity of holding our accustomed religious service, and addressed them on the first principles of Christianity, and upon the object of our visit and residence in this part of the country. As soon, however, as we began to speak, all the women and children went to their habitations. Soon after many of the men followed, and our congregation was reduced to twenty-six men; but these heard with attention, and perhaps upon our next visit many more may be disposed to hear for themselves that which may be the subject of conversation in our absence. We left the place at one o'clock, and rested for the night upon the banks of the Great River, on a spot where there had been, some time ago, a great population; the situation was delightful, and the country abounded with grass.

"26th.—I slept safely under the protection of Him who slumbereth not, neither sleepeth; though not only far from civilized life, but in a part not visited before by any European. We travelled an hour upon the banks of the river, which inclines much to the north; after which we directed our course to Maquassi, where we arrived in the evening, after travelling about eight hours more, and found our families well."

The design of the above extract is to give some view of a country, at that period a *terra incognita* to Europeans, and also of the people who inhabit it. Our Mission was, indeed, to the Bechuanas, a more numerous and greatly superior class of people, and speaking a different language to that of the Korannas. But having come into contact with the latter during our journey along the banks of the Vaal River, and having received from some of them an earnest request for instruction, we could not refuse to give them all the help in our power. They are of the Hottentot tribe of Africans, moving about along the banks of the Great Orange River and its tributaries, so familiar with

the water as to be almost amphibious, too easy and indolent to cultivate the soil or attempt any improvements in the construction of their habitations. Even their few domestic utensils, as milk-bowls, &c., they seem to have obtained from the Bechuanas. Their language is a dialect of the Namacqua, abounding with the clicks which occur therein; and as they could understand our people from Namacqualand, we had no doubt that we could obtain instructors for them from our Khamies Berg Station.

This was done, and a Station begun at a place lower down, called Moos, where Chudeep and his people settled, until disturbed again by the hordes from the interior, who returned after a year or two, and threw the whole country into disorder again. We had subsequently very gratifying evidence of the sincerity of Chudeep's love for the truth of God.

After this digression respecting the Korannas, the next chapter returns to the Bechuanas, and our proceedings and prospects among them.

CHAPTER XI.

A REMNANT of the Baquaians—Apply to the Barolongs for Help—A *Pietcho*—Debates on the Subject—A questionable Proposal—Siffonello receives a Present from the Barootse—Degradation of Women and Female Children—Project of an Orphan Institution—Profitable Employment found—Siffonello's Gravity—Important Results.

DURING Mr. Hodgson's absence with the Korannas, a number of strangers passed in front of our dwelling: they were Baquaians who had been attacked by a powerful tribe called Matabele; and most of their people destroyed, their cattle taken, and their land left desolate. This remnant of them had escaped by flight, and now sought refuge with the Barolongs.

When I gazed on them, I could not but be deeply affected at the sight of their forlorn, haggard, and wretched plight; and was forcibly reminded of the appearance made by the Gibeonites, when they imposed upon the people of Israel in the days of Joshua. (Joshua ix.) This distress of the Baquaians, however, was a painful reality.

Siffonello and his Chiefs gave them a hospitable reception; and in a few days a *pietcho*, or council, was held on their case. Mr. Hodgson and I attended, not to take any part in the proceedings, but merely as spectators. We took our place near Siffonello, at the foot of a tree, where we could see the whole assembly. The Chief himself did not enter into the debates, but occasionally and in a suppressed voice said to us, "Do you hear that? What think you of that?" &c. Into the place of council, which was a large enclosure fenced round, none but Chiefs and warriors were admitted, except privileged persons like ourselves. The common people were assembled in great numbers

outside. The council sat in a crescent or nearly circular form; there being a narrow entrance opposite the Chief. Each man was fully armed. It was manifest that there was a war party among them; while another, from prudential motives, advocated peace. Sabbedere appeared to be of the former class, and addressed the assembly in an animated and very exciting tone and manner. He described the destitute and distressed condition of the Baquaians, in consequence of the losses they had sustained by the assault of their common foe. He said they were their brethren; and appealed to the hearts of his auditors, whether they did not pity, and would not assist them? &c. This address was cheered by striking the arms, and some of them rising to the feet, and pointing their spears as if running them through the body of the enemy. Others of the war party accused the peace party of cowardice, called them women and children, &c. The people outside evinced their sympathy with the speakers by shouts and clapping of hands.

Having witnessed this, to us, novel spectacle, Mr. Hodgson and I withdrew. On the whole, the debate was conducted with a degree of order and decorum that would have been no discredit to similar assemblies in civilized countries. Being most familiar with Sabbedere's mode of expression, I could understand him better than the others. He stated in a very affecting and impressive manner the case of the Baquaians, and the circumstances in which they sought succour and help from the Barolongs, and then urged compliance with their application, appealing to the courage and interests of his hearers, asking the respective parties by the name of their Chiefs one after another, whether they would not espouse the cause, and defend the rights, of their brothers,—the Baquaians. Whereupon each company who were favourable to his views, rattled their spears, striking them against their shields, and shook their battle-axes, as if threatening death to their foes.

The general meeting was adjourned to another day; and in the mean while a sort of cabinet council was held, when Siffonello conferred with other Chiefs on the subject. The result, after several *pietchos*, was, that they would receive the Baquaians who had come to them; and watch their opportunity to take active proceedings against their enemies; but they did not think it prudent just then to declare war.

We were not applied to in any respect to co-operate with either party, from the fact, I suppose, of our having invariably and unequivocally declared that we should take no part in their wars, but do our best to promote peace in the land; as the enemies of none, and the friends of all.

For instance, one day Siffonello and a few of his principal men came to me, and said, "Come, will you go with us, and *ghappa komo*, get cattle?" I asked, What cattle? "O, any we can get." Affecting ignorance of their meaning, I said, Do you wish to purchase some? With apparent impatience at my stupidity, several of them answered, "No, not to buy; but to catch them." I then told them plainly that I understood them; and added, The cattle to which you refer are not mine, nor yours; and was about to add more, but was interrupted by several of them saying, "They are ours, if we can take them." No, I answered, they are not yours, unless you pay for them. You know that when we want a beast for slaughter, and any of you are disposed to sell one, we pay you its value; and you have no right to your neighbour's cattle, except with his consent, and you pay him for them. They looked at each other as if disappointed, and partly ashamed; then walked away, and never made a similar proposal to us afterwards. One of the principal causes of their frequent wars is this cattle-lifting.

To prevent as much as possible the suspicion that we were influenced by selfish motives, we were careful to

return a full equivalent for any beast that either our own people or strangers might present to us.

The two subjects were practically so closely connected amongst these people as to make the transition easy and natural between treating of the possession of cattle, and that of wives. The Barolongs could hardly be said to practise polygamy; for they had no notion, as far as I could discover, of marriage as implying any moral obligation to be faithful one to another. Those men who were rich in cattle could barter them for whom they pleased; or could exchange one woman for another, or make presents of them.

Mrs. Hodgson had hired a healthy coloured woman in the colony as a nurse. Sabbedere noticed her; and drove two oxen before him to Mr. Hodgson's house, and gravely offered them in exchange for the nurse: and appeared astonished that Mr. Hodgson should refuse to listen to such a proposal.

Another day, Siffonello said to me that he had received a present from the Barootse. Supposing it to consist of a fine ox or beautiful heifer, I expressed my pleasure; for I knew there had been some jealousy between the tribes, and took this as a friendly overture on the part of the Barootse; and as he had accepted the present, peace was thereby confirmed between them. The principal town of the Barootse, called Kurrichane, was situate about five or six days' journey to the north of Maquassi; and had been nearly destroyed by the Mantatees. During the afternoon of the same day, while walking outside the town, Siffonello drew near; and passing a new and very neatly constructed house, and its enclosure, he said, "Here is the present sent me by the Barootse; come, see it!" Now my suspicions awoke, that it was not what I had supposed. I followed him within the fence of the new house, outside the door of which sat a beautiful young woman, one of the finest specimens of the human form I had seen. A female attendant was with her. "That," he said, "is the present

I have received!" I found on inquiry that five men had conducted this female a week's journey; and after feasting a few days had returned, leaving her behind. She appeared cheerful, and as if she was honoured by her position. How long this young woman might continue in favour, or what became of her afterwards, I have no means of knowing; but I have known some adorned with their ornaments in profusion, and evidently proud of being acknowledged as favourites of some leading man of the tribe, and have seen them afterwards divested of every ornament, and going about in mean apparel, and very little of that, looking dejected and abandoned.

When thus discarded, from whatever cause,—perhaps, mere caprice, or scarcity of food, or some trifling altercation,—this same girl would be sent off without any provision for her support; and if she had borne children, the daughters would be considered as hers, while the sons, if any, would remain with, and be maintained by, their father.

When Chudeep, the Koranna Chief, was with us, a Barolong, whom we had often seen going about, followed by his little girl, about six years old, whose mother was dead, sold the poor child to some of the Korannas for a few pounds weight of the flesh of an antelope; and she was taken away with these strangers, whose language she could not understand.

Soon after this, a woman came to me with her son, a boy who appeared to be about seven years of age, but was very lean and feeble. She wanted me to buy him. Before giving her a direct answer, I inquired whose boy he was. She said, his father was dead. "Are you his mother?" "Yes." "Don't you love your son?" "His father is dead; I cannot keep him!" After a little expostulation with her, I inquired his name. She replied, "It is Mahalavela;" and, seeing no prospect that she would take any care of him, I said, "What do you ask for him?" She looked around, and observing a few kids, she said, "Give me one of those kids;" but proposed no stipulation about

his food or treatment. After reproaching her for not having more affection for her own son, I said, "No, I will not buy him of you; but you may leave him here, and when you come to see him, I will give you something to eat!" I said this as an inducement to her to show some regard for her child. It was some time before he gained much strength. I set him to look after the kids, and occasionally to assist me in the garden. She came a few times, and received some food; but was without natural affection.

These facts serve to show the state of children in those lands where there is no real marriage relation. Indeed, we often fell in with poor mothers, with one or more daughters, who subsisted on wild fruit, or roots, or locusts, or lizards, or any garbage they could find. Sometimes parties of them have crawled to our wagons in a state of exhaustion from hunger; and, in more instances than one, on our giving them a little flesh, perhaps the only kind of food we had, after they had greedily devoured it, the mother would appear drowsy, lie down, as if to rest, and die!

On account of this state of things, Mr. Hodgson and I projected an orphan institution for outcast children. We hoped thereby a number of them under our care might be trained up in the habits of civilized life, and in the principles of Christianity. For their support we purposed to appropriate certain cattle, which we would commit to their care, under our supervision. We also hoped to obtain special help from friends at home, on their hearing a statement of our enterprise.

With this object in contemplation, we set apart some cattle, and received a number of children on our premises. I had three youths, Ranchoo, Eratsaga, and Mahalavela, and eight girls, varying in age from six or seven into the teens. Mr. Hodgson also had a number under his care.

One useful and important end was hereby secured. By hearing them talk together, and by asking questions of them, I was able to collect many words and sentences of

their language; the only way in which, at that time, we could acquire a knowledge of it.

As the girls occasionally got into little squabbles and mischief, it was very desirable to find some employment for them, to engage their attention, and occupy their time. Accordingly, as there was a large and irregular kind of hole in the ground I had enclosed for a garden, formed by getting the clay used in the erection of our first dwelling-house, it occurred to me that some of the stronger girls might be occupied, under my direction, in digging deeper for water; or, should they fail in this, there would still be the employment of filling the hole again. In this work I assisted when necessary, and also put in a few words when I had an opportunity. It was my study! When we had got to the depth of nearly ten feet, some of the natives came, and, looking down, said one to another, "He is making this to catch game!" I said, "No; it is for water." They said, "He means to catch as much in the rainy season as to serve in the dry one." I replied, "Not that either; it is not for rain-water, but that which will rise from the bottom at all seasons." This they could not understand.

One day Siffonello came to see our doings. He said to me, "What is this for?" I answered, "For water." He replied in a rather sarcastic tone, "You will never find water there; water comes from the clouds." I replied, coolly, "You will see by-and-bye. So long as these girls do what I tell them to do, they shall have their food." And he left us. At about twelve feet deep we came upon shelving stones, not easy to be penetrated with the means at our command. One of the strongest girls was hammering at them, in no very good humour at her apparently useless labour, when a little moisture appeared;—then water. She turned pale with surprise and fear, ceased working, and cast her eyes upwards at me. I said, "Don't fear," and went down to assist. The water appeared in two places, but in small quantity. Having removed several

stones, we opened a fine spring of water, rising in a vein of blue clay. Having no windlass, nor other apparatus suitable for such an emergency, I went to my colleague, Mr. Hodgson, and requested him and our wagon-drivers to come to our aid. They promptly complied; bringing with them pickaxes, spades, buckets, &c. So we all set to work in the stones, mud, and water, to dig as deep as possible before the flow of the spring should render further excavation impracticable.

Thus, at a depth of fourteen or fifteen feet, we were rewarded with a well of excellent water. Our next work was to build a wall round the upper part, and cover it in with poles, leaving only an opening for the bucket; which was a painted canvass bag, and had once contained nails and hinges. For a rope, we used a thong of ox-hide. Mr. Hodgson, with his men, dug in his ground, and found water at thirteen feet deep.

This new supply of water, independent of rain or stream, became the subject of general conversation among the people, and numbers of them came to see and drink of it.

Siffonello, the Chief, kept away from my house much longer than usual. Indeed, he had been wont to come, especially at dinner-time, oftener than he was welcome. It was not until after the lapse of two full weeks that he made his appearance; and then he came accompanied by Moroko, his son and heir, his brothers, Sabbedere and Maquarie, and several other Chiefs, all fully armed, as on a public occasion.

With an air of remarkable gravity, quite in contrast with the scornful look with which he had said I should never find water in that dry ground, he asked to see the well. Taking the tarpaulin bucket and strap, I walked into the garden, followed by the Chief and his attendants. When I had drawn up a bucket of water, I offered it to Siffonello, inviting him to drink. He took the vessel in his hands, cast a look on his attendants, then at me, and said, "Is it good?" "Yes," was my prompt reply. A second time

he said, "It is good, is it?" "Yes," I again replied; "taste." A third time he asked the same question, the rest looking on in silence. I perceived that he was afraid to drink, and desired him to return the vessel to me. He did so. I drank of the water, and then offered it to him again; when he also ventured to taste, and handed it to the person who stood next to him, and so it passed round from one to another, each taking a drink, and exclaiming, "How cool!" I then let down the bucket, and drew it up again full of water; and, holding it as high as I could, poured out the water gradually, when they all, with evident admiration, exclaimed, "*Linkle! linkle! linkle!* Pure! pure! pure!"

During this proceeding, Siffonello evinced the greatest seriousness, at which I was surprised. After a pause, addressing me, he said, "Now I am sure you have an acquaintance with God, and He has told you this, or you could never have found it out." I answered, "God is the Giver of all good; He sends rain from heaven, and gives springs of water in the earth. *You* also will find it, if you will dig, as you see Mr. Hodgson and I have done." Several of the party instantly responded, "Should *we?*" Turning towards a plot of ground, occupied by Sabbedere, I said, "I think you will soon find water if you will dig *there*,"—pointing to a gentle slope, green with moisture, evidently not far beneath the surface. He requested me to dig for him; as thinking the result depended on some peculiar influence of mine. This, of course, I declined to do; but advised him and his servants to try for themselves.

I then informed them that in many countries the population of large towns was supplied with water out of such wells, and that parties besieged in a place had been able to hold out against the besiegers by such means. This fact appeared to strike them with much force, for they were warriors, and they began an earnest conversation among themselves.

Siffonello and some others withdrew. Sabbedere and his party went to the green spot I had pointed out, where they began to dig with their weapons of war, and eventually, at the base of a rock, obtained water. Others followed the example, and in about two months from that time there were at least eight wells in different parts of the town and its neighbourhood, opened by the natives themselves. I have seen parties sitting by them from morning to evening, frequently tasting the cool water.

It was not until some time afterwards that I found the reason of the Chief's singular behaviour about my well-digging. The fact was, that, in addition to his rank as Chief of the tribe, Siffonello held the important office of professed "rain-maker," which gave him great influence. Water was often much needed, and a short time before this date, there being a drought at the time, cattle had been slaughtered on a hill in the vicinity, when the people joined in the cry, "*Poola! Poola!*" "Rain! Rain!" Moroko, the Chief's son, had applied to me to go with them to the mountain top for this purpose; but now that springs of water were opened in the earth, the rain-maker's credit was imperilled. And, in fact, after this the people ceased to have any confidence in this pretence of their Chief, and it will be shown hereafter that the so-called rain-making custom ceased entirely.

It is scarcely necessary to add that hereby an incalculable benefit was opened to the people; and it was likewise of great advantage to us, as it obtained for us the respect and gratitude of those by whom the immediate object of our Mission could not be clearly apprehended. Moreover, a vile imposture was eventually abolished, which had been, both in that region and in Kaffraria, an occasion of much oppression and cruelty. A remarkable proof of the benefit resulting to the people from this example will be related hereafter.

The water in the locality becoming scarce for the cattle Mr. Hodgson and I, with a few of our people, went to

inspect the bed of a river where they had been wont to drink. We found that the stream had ceased to flow; but here and there were pools of water. We observed a ripple on the surface of one of these for which we could not account, as there was no breeze at the time to ruffle it; but on looking closely we discovered that it was occasioned by fish, so close together that they seemed as a covering to the pool. With a boy's cap I drew out three of them at one haul, and repeated the dip a few times, until they descended deeper in the water. Then one of our men got a reed with a barbed bit fastened to one end of it, by which he jerked out several more. By-and-bye they ceased to appear on the surface, except one now and then, when our bushboy and another shot them with a small barbed arrow, which was fastened to the bow with a light string. By this method they succeeded in drawing out several more.

CHAPTER XII.

FURTHER incidental Results—Corn grown and sold to Boors—Altercation respecting the Sale of Children—Interval of Peace—Traffic with Tribes at a Distance—Visit of Bataus—Mare, and ludicrous Mistake.

OUR gardening operations produced a strong and favourable impression on the people. I and my colleague had each enclosed a plot of ground, which we had, of course, in English fashion, broken up and cleared of the roots of weeds, and then sown with Kaffir corn, which we had obtained from the natives, and with the sweet cane and various kinds of beans, also melons and pumpkins. These they were familiar with; but what became the subject of wonder and remark was the notorious fact that these and other vegetables grew much more luxuriantly, and were more productive, in our grounds than in theirs. One day a number of respectable natives came to me to ask the reason of this difference. They said that the soil and climate were the same as theirs, and that some of the seeds we had obtained of them. What, then, made them grow so much better in our ground than in theirs?

My first answer was, "Your idleness." "How so?" they inquired. I said, "You have seen that we have dug the ground ourselves; you leave it to your women. We dig deep into the soil; they only scratch the surface. You have observed there is moisture in the earth, and even water is obtained at a certain depth. Our seed, therefore, is protected from the sun and nourished by the moisture in the ground; but yours is parched with the heat of the sun, and, therefore, not so productive as ours." I added "Work yourselves, as you see we do, and dig the ground properly, and your seed will flourish as well as ours." They

readily assented to all that I said, except to the part about digging themselves, instead of leaving that to their women, as such a practice would be so much opposed to their ideas and habits.

On our first going among them, we found their diet consisted almost wholly of milk and flesh; for, owing to the Mantatee invasion, the cultivation of their own corn, beans, and pumpkins had been omitted. Occasionally, they could get a little game, and a few ground nuts, but in many cases great distress was suffered from want of food.

On our leaving the colony we took with us a quantity of sea biscuit, and some wheat, with a portable mill to grind it; but both biscuit and wheat were consumed long before we got settled at Maquassi; and for many months our food consisted, like that of the natives, of flesh and milk.

When Mr. Hodgson returned from Griqualand, as before stated, he brought with him some wheat, three bushels of which were contained in the leathern sack which was gnawed and dragged along by a hyæna when the wagon was upset. However, a great part was gathered up, and brought to the Station. Some of this was sown, and soon sprang up; but ripened into straw without grain in the ear. By way of experiment, we divided a plot of ground into small square patches, and sowed one square one month and another the next, and so on, in order to discover which would be the best month in the year, in that soil and climate, for sowing wheat.

These agricultural experiments were interrupted by an attack on the place by the Bataus, who destroyed our property, and caused a great deal of trouble among the people, who had to flee from the place, and the Mission was for a considerable time broken up. Further particulars on this painful subject will be given hereafter. But it may be stated here, that in the time of my successor, the Rev. James Archbell, who, in consequence of the total failure of my health, took my place in that field of Missionary toil, the cultivation of wheat was resumed with most beneficial

results, and became an article of food to thousands who previously knew nothing about it.

On this subject, I will quote from a communication of the Rev. John Ayliff, dated April 1st, 1844, published in the "Missionary Notices" for September of that year. He had just returned from a visit to the district, and writes: "With one circumstance I was struck, and greatly pleased; it was this: that the Dutch farmers living near the Orange River had passed out of the colony with wagons into the Bechuana country, *to purchase wheat of the Bechuanas.* Christianity and civilization are steadily pacing through the land. At present, there is peace. Schools and churches are prospering, the land is being *highly cultivated,* and all this among a people who, prior to the introduction of Christianity, were ruined and destroyed by intestine wars. Of the Bechuanas, I heard but one statement amongst the Boors; namely, that *they were civil, industrious, and honest.*" The italics are Mr. Ayliff's.

These public benefits were so obvious, and acknowledged by the Chiefs and people, that they served to win their regard; so much so, that if the restless tribes around would have left us alone, we might have prosecuted our Missionary project with every hope of success. We invariably told them that our object in coming among them was to teach them the knowledge of God, and His will concerning them; and they were not disinclined to listen, but occasionally expressed a desire to be taught.

Even on subjects in which we came into collision with them, leading to serious altercation, we calmly, but firmly, held to our views, giving them reasons for them. Though they seemed angry at the time, yet they respected our firmness, and, in the end, acknowledged the kindliness of our intentions.

I have already mentioned our contention with Siffonello, on the occasion of our protecting the youth whose execution he had ordered, for stealing our kid. I will now state another instance of a similar altercation on another subject.

Sabbedere offered a child to me for a price, which gave rise to a conversation on the subject of their selling children,—a general practice among them. I spoke of its injustice and cruelty; for they made no stipulation with the purchasers as to their treatment of them; but these would sell them again when they saw an opportunity to gain something thereby, until, in all probability, the children would come into the hands of the Portuguese slave-dealers on the east coast.

Sabbedere said the child had no parents, and it was better to sell him to somebody, than leave him to perish. This was plausible in a Pagan; but on this, as on other subjects, I told him what God had said in His word with respect to orphans, and referred to the number of them whom Mr. Hodgson and I were feeding daily. He made no reply; but he wished to leave the child, a boy about five or six years of age. I allowed him to do so; but soon after found that what I had said to him had been communicated to his brother Siffonello, for he came and introduced the matter in a tolerably good mood; but soon betrayed his jealousy, and showed some anger at our interference with what he deemed their rights.

I took the Scripture ground, as before; told him that God, the great King over all, to whom he and all earthly Kings were responsible, required him to be a father to his people, and especially to children bereft of their parents; and that he ought to protect their personal freedom, as well as their lives.

He could neither reply to my reasoning, nor control his rage, which broke out furiously. As soon as he could speak, he began a series of questions, as on the former occasion, not for an instant pausing for an answer, until he was quite out of breath. To the question, "Are not these people mine?" I said, "They are your subjects, not your property. You may sell and buy cattle, but not God's creatures." He asked some other questions about subjects and property; but before I could give an answer

he walked away. He remained absent nearly a fortnight, then came again with an air of frankness and good temper, and said he would no more buy or sell children; and I have reason to believe he kept his word in that respect, for I never heard of a case of the kind afterwards, during my stay in the country.

I have long been of opinion that if Protestant Missionaries were generally stationed throughout the continent of Africa, their influence with native Chiefs would soon, and in the most pacific manner, put an end to the atrocious slave trade.

The interval of quiet which we now enjoyed, was in several respects favourable to the Mission. We gained information respecting other tribes in the interior of this vast continent, from natives who came from distant parts, to traffic with the Barolongs. Some brought iron, of which were made hoes, axes, spears, and knives. Others brought brass rings, and copper beads and wire; some of which are now in my possession. Some of the iron I submitted to the examination of blacksmiths in the colony, who pronounced it equal to the best Swedish metal. They also trade in the hides and skins of all kinds of animals found in the country; and some brought a dark mineral powder, with which, mixed with fresh butter, they anointed their heads.

A party of the Barolongs went on a journey to the north-east, and were several weeks absent on a similar errand; returning with a number of calves, which they had bought with beads, &c.

We generally embraced such opportunities, to send a small present of beads or seeds—tobacco-seed being esteemed specially valuable—to the Chief of the tribe from which a party of strangers had come, as a token of respect and good-will, and in order to gain their regard, and so open the way to subsequent intercourse with them. In several instances, we learnt afterwards, that this had been done with good effect; for some sent us a present of a

heifer, or other animal. The Rev. R. Moffatt, in his travels, fell in with a Chief who had received one of our presents, who expressed his surprise and gratification that men he had never seen should send him a gift!

At this period came a party of eight or ten of the Bataus, and remained a short distance from the town. Some of the Barolongs had intercourse with them; but we found they were regarded with suspicion. Mr. Hodgson and I were requested to go and see them; and Sabbedere and a small party went with us, I riding our mare. We spent a short time with them. They were fine-looking men, and appeared friendly, and so we parted with them. This notice of them may account for what will be stated hereafter respecting their tribe and the Barolongs.

Having mentioned our mare,—for she was our joint property, for the use of the Mission,—I may as well relate an amusing incident, which gave rise to a joke among the people. Mr. Hodgson had brought her from Griqualand, not knowing that she was in foal, which was the case; and in due time a fine little colt was added to our stock. These were the first animals of the species that were seen in that country. From the number of beasts of prey prowling about, it was deemed necessary, for the safety of our mare and foal, that they, as well as the oxen, cows, and sheep, should be folded every evening. One evening, however, the youth who had charge of the mare and foal came and reported that he could not find them. The twilight being short in this latitude, and darkness having already come, it was too late to attempt another search for them at that hour; and I feared that the foal, at least, if not both, would be devoured before the next morning. However, after asking him divers questions, where he last saw them, and where he had been in search of them, I urged him to set off on the first appearance of light in the morning. I knew the language only very imperfectly, and, I have no doubt, made many blunders, both in words and in pronunciation. There are two words which I had occasion to

use in my address to the youth, having a slight resemblance to each other, in syllables and sound, but of different meanings. They are, *motlala*, "track," and *moghatla*, "tail." In speaking to the boy, I said, "Go to the place where the mare usually drinks; then look carefully round for the track; and, when you have discovered that, follow it, and trace her out until you find her." I observed that the lad could hardly suppress a smile. There was a man laid on the ground near, who I thought was asleep; but he heard our conversation, and, rising up, repeated some words I had used, in a tone which made the boy laugh out. I had been employing the word *moghatla*, when I should have said *motlala;* and this man, as he rose up, said, *Chora moghatla, okla bonyapietsi!* which is, "Get hold of the tail, and you will find the mare!" I meant to have said, "Get the track, and you will find the mare." I instantly saw the mistake, and the youth set off quite in a merry mood, to get hold of the tail, that he might find the mare. To our great joy, he returned in about three hours, with both mare and foal, and told people very pleasantly the instruction I had given him, how to find a stray animal. And for a time it became a jocose way with them, to tell a person going after stray cattle to get hold of the tail, and they would find the animal; reminding us of the school boy joke, about putting salt on birds' tails in order to catch them.

CHAPTER XIII.

Ophthalmia—Arrival of Mr. Edwards, and Letters—Mr. Hodgson returns to Cape Town—Visit from Sabbedere, and from Siffonello and Moroko—Their Views of the Importance of our Presence—Increased Affliction—Dropsy—Night Impressions—Prepare for a Journey to Griqua Town.

The language was still the principal subject of my waking thoughts, day and night; for my mind was so much taken up with it, that it often kept me awake in bed, when both mind and body ought to have been refreshed with sleep; and I have no doubt that this constant application and want of rest tended to aggravate the affliction from which I suffered. I was engaged in preparing an elementary work in Sichuana, containing the alphabet, monosyllables, and easy sentences, together with the Lord's Prayer, Ten Commandments, and the Apostles' Creed; but at the time a new and painful affliction came upon me, and many others on the station, in the form of ophthalmia, which began with an acute pain in the upper part of the eye, followed by a discharge of humour, which sealed up the eye-lids for three weeks, part of which time I lay on my back in a darkened room, with cloths, wet with tepid water and laudanum, upon them. When the first symptoms abated, there still remained a weakness in the eyes, which could not bear the light, nor admit of any application for either reading or writing. My kind colleague, who I think was the only one in our families that wholly escaped it, occasionally came and read for me.

I do not know what was the occasion of this attack, for I had never suffered anything like it before, nor have I since; but I think it must have arisen from some peculiarity in the atmosphere in that region; for I have often

observed a scarred swelling on the temples of the natives, and, on inquiring the cause, found that it arose from frequent scarifying and cupping, on account of inflammation of the eyes. They make incisions with a knife, or the point of a spear, and then apply the open end of a horn, sucking at the other, or pointed, end; in fact, a rude cupping process.

Soon after my recovery from this ophthalmic attack, some of the Barolongs reported the approach of a wagon. As we had received no information from the colony, we could not conjecture who should be coming; but it turned out to be the Rev. E. Edwards, from Namacqualand, who was accompanied by some converted Namacquas, being engaged in an attempt to benefit the Korannas on the banks of the Vaal, and other rivers.

Mr. Edwards brought letters and newspapers, which had accumulated at Griqua Town, from the colony, and some from England, as there had been no opportunity of forwarding them until now.

One of the letters was from my honoured and beloved father, nearly two years after date; another was from my sister, giving information that my dear father had been dead nineteen months when I received his letter. This fact shows how long we had been separated from intercourse with our friends.

The natives who thronged around us on this new arrival saw with what interest we perused our letters, understanding that we had thereby received intelligence from our native land. Siffonello came, attended as usual by several of his chief men; but they remained outside while he entered the house. The documents I had received were laid on the table, near which I sat. I had been weeping on account of the intelligence of my father's death, and sat with my head leaning on my hand, and my elbow resting on the table, being at the moment pensive and very sad. The Chief abruptly inquired, "What news? what news?" I replied, "My father is dead;" and, not being inclined for

conversation, added no more. After a pause, he said, "Your father is dead?" "Yes," I answered; "and the two letters lying before me are his and my sister's." Touching his letter with my finger, "This is from him." He seemed surprised, and turning to his attendants at the door, he exclaimed, in an elevated tone of voice, "Hey! hey! hear what he says! He says his father is dead; and that this," pointing to the letter, "is from him!" I instantly perceived the point of difficulty at which his mind had seized, and, raising my head, called his attention to the two letters before me, and said, "Look, here are two letters; this one was written by my father before his death, and this one by my sister after, and she informs me that he is dead." That explanation ended the conversation. He communicated it to his people, and they all withdrew. He came again a few days after, and asked further particulars; for by this time they clearly comprehended that we could send and receive news by writing, and were anxious to be taught the art.

The news now arrived that Mr. Hodgson was to leave. There was a communication from the Missionary Committee, in London, through the Rev. B. Shaw, to the effect that Mr. Hodgson must go and take charge of the Station in Cape Town, that the Rev. J. Archbell would come to join me, and that Mr. Edwards must remain here until Mr. Archbell's arrival. That Mr. Hodgson was the most suitable man among us, at that period, in South Africa, for the Cape Town Station and its onerous duties, I readily allowed; but to remove him from the important Mission to the Bechuanas at that juncture did not accord with either his or my views. He had won the confidence and respect of the Barolongs by his uniform firmness, kindness, and indefatigable efforts to promote their welfare. He had been more than a colleague and friend to me,—a brother beloved. Since we entered on this arduous Mission, I had scarcely a day without bodily suffering; and he had cheerfully taken upon himself the most laborious duties.

both to spare me, and to leave me to give my attention to the language.

But we had learned to obey those who were over us in the Lord. While he made preparation for the journey, I transcribed my elementary work for instructing the natives in reading, that he might take it with him, and get it printed in Cape Town. Eventually this was accomplished. This fact, of the preparation of a first school-book for the press, is published by the Society, on the information of Mr. Hodgson, in the *Quarterly Paper*, No. lxi., September, 1835. But I had not to wait for this; for, by the kindness of Mr. Joseph Levick, from Sheffield, who had a large store in Cape Town of Sheffield and Birmingham ware, I obtained a case of type, a canister of printing ink, two small printing balls, and a composing stick; and by these I printed alphabets and words of two and three letters, with which I had begun to teach.

Mr. Archbell had a printing press with him, with which, at a subsequent period, he printed school books, catechisms, &c., and also prepared a grammar of the Sichuana, which was printed in 8vo., 82 pp., at Graham's Town in 1837. (See Buxton's "Slave Trade," p. 499.)

To return for a short time to Mr. and Mrs. Hodgson's departure. The wagon being in readiness, and the oxen yoked, Mr. and Mrs. Hodgson entered my dwelling, where my dear wife and myself, with our two sons, sat in tears. They took an affectionate leave of us, and withdrew. We could not accompany them to their wagon, nor see them depart; but sat, weeping with grief, feeling all the reality of sore bereavement, and mourned as though all our earthly sources of happiness had been removed from us.

It was not until they had been a long time gone, that we rallied from our depression, encouraged ourselves in the Lord our God, and rose from our place to our respective duties.

Siffonello also was grieved at the change, and supposing that I should soon follow, in a day or two after sent his

brother, Sabbedere, and several other of his principal men, to talk with me on the subject. Sabbedere began by expressing his brother's regret at Mr. Hodgson's leaving; then his desire and hope that I would remain. I heard what he said, but remained silent; when he said, with emphasis, "*Siffonello va ratho tatha*," "Siffonello loves you much," or, "is much attached to you." The others then spoke in corroboration of the same, and added that they hoped I would not leave them.

I made no direct reply; but referred to the frequent robberies which, of late, had been committed in our gardens, &c. To which, Sabbedere, rather excited, said, "Shoot them! kill them!" I spoke of the value of human life, and that they knew that we did not wish any one to be destroyed on our account, but that they ought to respect our property without having recourse to any such violence. They answered, that they would defend it, if I would remain with them.

I then told them frankly, that I had no intention to leave, unless my affliction should render it necessary. At this declaration, they expressed great satisfaction, and rose to depart, saying they would tell Siffonello, to whom they were sure it would be very agreeable.

The day following Siffonello himself came, accompanied by his son Moroko and several others, and reiterated what his brother had said the day before; and, requesting me to accompany him outside the house, pointed to a beautiful young black cow in charge of some young men, saying, it was brought for me as a proof of his love to me. Of course, I accepted this present, both on account of its real and relative value; and repeated to him my intention to continue with them, if possible. It was to me very gratifying to receive such proofs of their confidence and respect.

My new colleague, and the people who had accompanied him from Khamies Berg, not being so familiar with rumours of wars as we were, allowed themselves to be disquieted thereby; for, indeed, there were such revived

again, which, I suspect, from a jealousy of the Bechuanas, the Korannas had either originated, or much aggravated, so as to alarm the Hottentots from Namacqualand, who understood their language. In consequence, they began to express a desire to return to the Korannas, in the way towards Griqualand. I had no objections to their doing so, providing Mr. Archbell had arrived. I cheerfully consented to their going to the Vaal river on a visit of inspection and inquiry. However, as they delayed their return, and Siffonello heard of their intercourse with Koranna Chiefs, he became displeased.

At length they returned; but only to pack up and remove altogether, expressing their apprehension that we should all be murdered if we continued there. No doubt the Koranna Chiefs had said what they could to produce that apprehension. It was, indeed, in accordance with the intention of forming a station among the Korannas, that Mr. Hodgson and I had requested, and Mr. B. Shaw had arranged for them to come. But in the circumstances of the tribes around, and of my feeble state of health, to say the least, it was premature. They went first to a Koranna Chief named Bautze, a man who I soon found was not in favour with Siffonello, who was not a little displeased that Mr. Edwards should have preferred Bautze to himself. He ascribed his removal to pusillanimity; said he had only a "little heart," and gave him the name of *Muttu rata Bautze*, ("the man who loves Bautze,") and ever after, when speaking of him, called him by that name.

Mr. Edwards and party, however, did not remain with Bautze, but joined our old friend Chudeep, at a place some days' journey farther down the river, called Moos. With the aid of the people from Khamies Berg, they built a house of stones, and entered upon missionary labours with very encouraging prospects. Indeed, both then and afterwards, Chudeep showed evidence of the sincerity of his desire to know and worship God.

Siffonello became solicitous to know when Mr. Archbell

would come, and what kind of disposition he was of; so he came to my house, attended as usual by a number of his confidential head men, and, in an earnest tone and manner, inquired whether the person I was expecting was a man of a "little or great heart;" meaning, was he a timid or a courageous man?

I replied, "I have not yet met with him, but heard much about him, from which I was sure he had a strong heart."

Siffonello repeated my words to his attendants; on hearing which they expressed great satisfaction, then walked away, and informed others they met with, what I had said.

The Barolongs had an idea, right or not, that while we were with them their enemies would not dare to attack them; and they were in the habit of telling strangers who visited Maquassi when we were there, that though we would not be the assailants, yet woe to any parties who should assail us!

I shall record hereafter the necessity which arose for my leaving the place before the arrival of Mr. Archbell, and the disasters which speedily followed, owing to a sudden and fierce attack made upon the Barolongs by the Bataus, under Milistani; which, the former afterwards declared, would not have occurred if we had been there. We, on the other hand, had many proofs of the merciful providence of God displayed in our escape.

As far as we could judge, there seemed, in the state of our people, nothing to damp the ardour of our expectations of peace and success in our missionary efforts; nor were we apprehensive of any interruption or disturbance from other tribes.

Our dwelling-houses had been finished, our gardens were fruitful, and contributed not a little to our personal comforts. Our flock of sheep and goats served us with meat, and our cows with abundance of milk. We made our own candles and soap. In a word, we had every temporal comfort that we could desire, with the exception of Christian society, and, as far as I was concerned, of good health.

The former we were expecting soon to enjoy in the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Archbell, of whom we had received information that they were on the way. Thus, had my health and strength improved, so as to admit of my prosecuting my studies in Sichuana, and labouring among the people, my happiness, with my new colleague and his wife once arrived, would have been complete.

It pleased God, however, to permit severe trials of our faith and patience to come upon us, which eventually resulted in my removal from that promising field of labour. If He said, "Thou shalt not build Me a house," I trust He approved of the intention and desire to do so, and said, "It was well that it was in thine heart."

Having mentioned our fruitful gardens, I will add that, as the autumnal season arrived, we gathered the produce; especially pumpkins, melons, and cucumbers, making wholesome and agreeable vegetables for the table; also divers kinds of beans, pease, and maize, which, with other dried stores, were laid up for winter provision. We had planted fruit trees also, but they had not yet produced fruit.

As the autumnal nights were cold, we became much annoyed by swarms of flies rushing into the house during the evenings in such vast numbers, that they literally blackened the walls, roof, and most of the furniture; and when the morning light appeared, and the milk from the cows was brought in, or our breakfast set on the table, it was impossible to keep them out of our food, and it is well they were not unwholesome, as frequently many would come on our food while passing from the dish to our mouth! Even during the night we were often disturbed by their lighting on our faces. We felt one of the "plagues of Egypt." These, and other small insects and reptiles, were sources of more annoyance to us than wild beasts of the field; for the latter we could in some manner guard against, but there was no escape from the former.

Left alone with my family, I still attended to my chief business at this time, of attempts to improve my knowledge

of Sichuana by intercourse with the people, and then writing what I had learnt, and particularly words that I could place along with other words of the same meaning in our Dictionary; but my infirm state of health rendered my intercourse with the people more and more difficult every succeeding week.

It must not be supposed from this statement, that the climate was insalubrious; for it was remarkably healthy. My affliction arose from the blow received in my chest in Namacqualand years before; no doubt aggravated by divers circumstances inseparable from the mode of life we had been subjected to, and the diet on which for many months together we subsisted.

The disease rapidly grew worse, and all the symptoms were of the most alarming kind. I was comforted by the grace of God, and resigned to His will; but, on thinking of my dear wife and children,—then at least seven hundred miles from Cape Town, and full two hundred from the Colonial border,—to abide in the flesh seemed needful for them.

I was also fully aware of the difficulty my wife would be in, with regard to the interment of my body, among a people who were accustomed to give their dead to be devoured by hyænas, except chiefs, who were usually buried in the cattle-fold. I thought it very doubtful whether she would be able to induce them to dig a grave; and as for a coffin, that was out of the question. Such were the thoughts that occupied my mind at the time.

One day, when very ill, I requested my wife to take down the volume of the Encyclopedia, containing the article on Medicine, and read to me what was said on the subject of dropsy. From this I learned that certain drinks were recommended to assuage the burning thirst attendant on this disease. Of these, whey was the only one we could obtain. So, forthwith, a pan of milk was set on the fire, and curdled with vinegar. This was a pleasant beverage, and I drank very freely of it day and night. The effect

was very beneficial, leading to so speedy an abatement of the worst symptoms, that in ten days the dropsy had disappeared, and I was reduced to a mere skeleton.

The improvement in my health encouraged the hope that I should now be permitted to remain, and continue my work among these people. But He, whose goodness had raised me from sickness had otherwise ordained.

One night I could get no rest; again and again, it was powerfully impressed on my mind that we must leave Maquassi, and proceed to Griqua Town. I endeavoured to turn from this subject, and compose myself to sleep, but in vain. In the morning I told my wife of my thoughts during the night. She replied, "We cannot go at present; I should need a fortnight, at least, to prepare for the journey, and make clothes for the children." I answered, "I do not know why, but something forcibly says that we must set off for Griqua, and we must go soon." I was not then, nor am I now, superstitious about impressions of the kind, the origin of which cannot be traced; yet neither do I think it prudent altogether to disregard them.

On further conversation on the subject, we agreed that a change of locality and of air might be useful in regard to my health. A short time back I could not have removed, and, should the dropsy return, my journeying might again become impracticable. Moreover, at Griqua we could procure corn, of which we were greatly in need, and could despatch letters to the colony, and, probably, might meet Mr. Archbell there, and so accompany him when we returned. These considerations moved us to begin preparing for the proposed journey.

I informed Siffonello, Sabbedere, and Moroko, of our intentions, who very reluctantly consented that I should leave them; but only on condition that, if spared, I should return to them. In proof of my sincerity, I delivered to their care all my cattle, sheep, and goats, except such as we required for the journey, together with their keepers, Boboque, and the boy Mahalavela. I also left behind my garden

produce, furniture, books, and other goods. Indeed, we were resolved to go as light as possible, that we might be able to bring a better load of necessary things back.

Siffonello and his Chiefs, though sorry that we had come to the conclusion to undertake the journey, yet admitted I had been *bucklooku tahta*, ("very sick,") and assented to the reasons I had given for my proceeding.

Another link in the chain of that Providence which hastened our departure, appeared at this juncture, in the unexpected arrival from Moos of Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, of whom we had not heard since their leaving Bautze. And though our preparations for the journey were not yet complete, this led us to decide at once to accompany them. He had come for a few things they had left at Maquassi, and was in haste to return to his charge at Moos. They lent us what assistance they could, so that in a few days we were ready to leave.

Scores of the Barolongs, both male and female, accompanied our wagon, until toward the decline of the day, when they began to run before the oxen, to get a sight of us in the wagon, saying, *Rumela Koshi, Rumela Ma Sammy*, that is, "Farewell, Chief; Farewell, mother of Sammy."

I would have taken leave of them in a more formal manner, if I had been able, and my feelings would have permitted; for I was much affected at parting with them, though, as I then hoped, our separation would be for only a short period. I believed that a bright day had begun to dawn on that region, and saw buds of promise, the fruit of which I hoped to reap. God, however, saw good that it should be otherwise, and, blessed be His name! others have entered into our labours, and are now reaping the harvest.

CHAPTER XIV.

JOURNEY from Maquassi—Arrival at the Rivulet Pogholla—Rain—Cattle disturbed in the Night—Lioness and Whelp—Proceed with only four Oxen—Disappointed of a Buck for Dinner—Five Lions—Arrive at Moos—Mr. Edwards's House—Prospects of Usefulness—Dog and Hyæna—Journey to Campbell—Sufferings on the Road—Book of Job—Arrival at Griqua Town—Kind Reception by the Rev. H. Helm and his Wife.

THE first evening after our departure from Maquassi we halted on the banks of a rivulet, called Pogholla. Heavy rain had been falling, so that the ground had become soft with water, and all the bushes so wet that we had much difficulty in kindling a fire to cook our supper.

On account of the moisture of the ground, and the continuous rain, I slept on the wagon with my family, and our people huddled together as well as they could beneath it for shelter. The night was pitch dark, and we several times heard a commotion among our cattle; but owing to the rain and darkness, no one left his place to ascertain the cause; indeed, it could have answered no end, except to expose us to danger. Next morning we found all the cattle dispersed, except a few that were tied to the wagon. A valuable young cow had been killed, and lay in front of my wagon. As I sat on the chest, one of my little boys, being awake, came to me, and sat on my knee. I was condoling him on the loss of new milk for his breakfast, as the lions had torn the poor cow, when there appeared a noble lioness, walking through the grass, bringing a whelp with her. At the same time my favourite dog, Malbrook, was feasting on the carcase of the cow; on seeing the lioness approach, he barked at her angrily. She paused a moment, raised her head, and lashed her

tail about, then furiously sprang upon him. By a nimble leap and rush towards us, he barely escaped her claws and teeth. Just at the pole of the wagon, close to which I sat, with my eldest boy on my knee, and my wife, the next boy, and a servant girl inside, she turned away; whether the sight of the wagon, or the springing forth of another black dog, or what had been the means of checking her, I know not; but no doubt it was a merciful providence that no one was injured by the savage and infuriated animal.

The two dogs followed her a short distance, for she fled as fast from us as she had come. In the mean time, some of our young men had caught the young one and brought it to us. Our dogs returned, when mine, who was irritated by the attack on him, flew at and worried the young one at my feet; nor did we attempt to hinder him; for though we might have taken it with us, we had no desire to be troubled with guarding and feeding it.

We had scarcely sufficient oxen left to draw our wagon; but being lightly laden with only half a team for each, we thought it prudent to decamp; and sent part of our men armed after the dispersed cattle. Before we started, however, we cut off a joint from the cow, slaughtered by the lioness, and had roast beef for dinner that day. The rain continued, and the ground had become so soft that travelling was difficult, especially as we had only half the usual complement of draught oxen. Our men, who had gone after the frightened cattle, followed us with the whole, except one heifer, which had been killed.

The following night was also wet and cold; beasts of prey were in great numbers prowling about our encampment. Our people, who slept under the wagons, declared in the morning that several large lions had walked round us.

The next day was fine, and the travelling pleasant. About mid-day, as we approached a place where there was water, and at which we intended halting to rest the oxen,

and get our dinner, we caught sight of a buck. Whereupon Mr. Edwards seized his gun, and ran before the wagons, hoping to get a supply of venison for our repast. He fired, and the report of his gun roused five lions, which emerged from the tall reeds by the water towards which we were directing our course. We therefore turned the heads of our oxen another way; for we had found by experience, that they became so alarmed at the appearance of lions, as to be uncontrollable. Having gone about a mile, and the lions showing no disposition to molest us, we halted and unyoked, taking care to drive our cattle for pasturage in the opposite direction to the lions.

Here we prepared and ate our dinner; the lions slowly moving to a greater distance, occasionally rising on their hind legs, playing with each other like dogs. Here we rested two or three hours, then yoked our oxen again, and travelled until evening.

On the next day we discovered, at the pool of water near us, the fresh foot-prints of lions and other animals. During the day we arrived at the Vaal river, and found a Koranna village, where we purchased two sheep and milk; and about eight o'clock in the evening arrived at Moos, where Mr. Edwards and his people had built a stone house, within which we were accommodated with comfortable lodging.

Here we again met our old friend Chudeep, and were glad to find that he was giving earnest heed to the things that were spoken by the Missionary, and evidently growing in the knowledge of Scripture facts and doctrines.

Sunday, May 3rd, 1824, was spent at Moos. Mr. Edwards conducted public worship with the Korannas in the open air. Our families assembled in the evening in Mr. Edwards's house.

From my extreme debility I was not able to inspect the locality, as a site for a Mission station, so thoroughly as I wished. There appeared, however, to be abundance of good water, and rich pasturage, and the position seemed

suitable as a midway station between Campbell and Maquassi, and as having many villages of the Korannas within a manageable distance.

The Vaal river flowing past, not far from the house, I went down to the bank, when I saw a female hippopotamus walking against the stream in the bottom of the river, followed by a young one, as sometimes we see a calf follow the cow.

I find the following entry in my journal under this date:—"We have had much rain, and I think I have caught cold; or else the jolting of the wagon over tufts of grass roots and stones has aggravated my complaint; for I am very ill and feeble. Be Thou, O Lord, my support and comfort!"

Friday, 14th.—Arrived at Campbell; the preceding evening I lay on the ground, as if life was ebbing out. I read with unwonted interest some portions of the Book of Job, and felt I could sympathize with him in his afflictions in a degree I had not previously done, and prayed that like him I might be able to exclaim, "Though He slay me, I will trust in Him;" as I could say, "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

We found the Rev. Mr. Sass and family had removed to Griqua Town; so we remained here only during the heat of the day, and, feeling somewhat revived, went on in the evening to Links' Fountain.

15th.—Arrived at Griqua Town, where we met with the Rev. Messrs. Robert Moffatt, Sass, Helm, and Hughes, and their wives; also Mr. Melville, Government Resident, and family. From these brethren I received much Christian sympathy and brotherly kindness. Our tried friends, Mr. and Mrs. Helm, gave us an apartment in their dwelling-house, and did what was in their power to alleviate my affliction.

I have before mentioned having perused the Book of Job, on the way from Maquassi: it was only a small portion that I could read at a time; but I meditated the more upon

its contents on that account; and for the instruction and spiritual profit I received to my humbled soul, I am, and trust ever shall be, grateful to my heavenly Father; and especially when, in conclusion, I read that, having tried His servant, "The Lord blessed his latter end more than his beginning," I resigned myself to the Divine will, and indulged the hope that I also, by God's mercy, might yet see better times.

Sunday, 16th.—The preceding night was very cold, and the morning found me very unwell; yet by the aid of my dear wife on one side, and a walking stick on the other, I managed to get into the chapel in the afternoon, and heard Mr. Moffatt preach; and once more enjoyed the privilege of joining with Christian brethren in the public worship of God; but got back to the house with much difficulty.

Tuesday, 25th.—Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, having accompanied us to this place, took leave of us, to return to their station. I would gladly have gone with them on the way to mine, but was quite unfit from illness, and confined to bed most of the day. Therefore, by the advice of my Missionary friends, seeing no probability of recovering my health at present, I sent my wagon to bring some things I left at Maquassi. My intention was to remain here until the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Archbell, who were expected to take charge of the station I had just left; or until warm weather, when I hoped to be able to return to my post, and, if not, then go into the colony to try if anything could be done for me by medical skill. Though I suffered much pain and sickness, yet, God be thanked! He leaveth me not alone.

June 2nd.—Though somewhat better, and able to sit up a little, yet my disorder continued the same. Having received letters, magazines, &c., from England, I was much profited by their perusal. Some of my acquaintance in England had been called to their eternal rest. The Lord saw good to prolong my days, though He was pleased to

chasten and discipline me. So it seemeth good in His sight. The cup my Father giveth me, shall I not drink it? His will be done. I will sing of judgment and of mercy; unto Thee, O Lord, will I sing.

June 6th.—I was enabled to attend the chapel, and with the church in this place partook of the sacrament of the Lord's supper, a privilege of which I had long been deprived. I find in my journal at the time, there is recorded an act of renewed self-dedication to God, to be His, living or dying; and prayer that He would graciously accept and seal me His own.

CHAPTER XV.

Rumours of Wars—Siffonello applies to the Griquas for Aid—A Commando under Waterboer—Messrs. Melville and Edwards follow.

During our stay at Griqua Town, we heard various reports of war in the part of the country from which we had lately come. Letters were brought to us from Messrs. Moffatt and Hamilton at the Kooroomen, informing us that Siffonello had been attacked, and the Barolongs had lost their cattle and goods. This news darkened our prospects in that quarter; but we expected to hear in a short time, by the return of my wagon, the true state of the case. A few days later I received a letter from Mr. Edwards, containing information that an attack had been made on Maquassi, by the combined force of five tribes; surprising the inhabitants by forced marches, and making their assault just before day-break. Siffonello was not prepared to resist them effectually; but he and his people fought bravely, and secured most of their cattle. Some of mine were lost, with the sheep and goats.

The enemy retained possession of the place, the Barolongs being forced to flee. The invaders entered our houses, broke open the boxes, and took out the various articles contained in them, and, ignorant of their use, destroyed them.

On the next day my wagon returned, bringing a remnant of the property which had been gathered up after the battle by some of Siffonello's people, and brought on the back of an ox, driven by Moroko, and a party with him, to Mr. Edwards at Moose, and by him sent on to me in the chest of the wagon. It consisted of articles of wearing apparel, much dirtied, and some torn to pieces. A volume of the plates of the "Encyclopædia Perthensis," much

soiled, the back gone, and many leaves torn; and part of a valuable telescope made by Dillon. All my library, household furniture, and my wife's and children's apparel, many articles of food, gathered from our garden, besides rice, tea, coffee, sugar, &c.; cattle, mare and colt, goats, and sheep, —all were lost. But what are these? I could not forbear exclaiming, "Never mind the things;" and, looking at my wife and children, "Thank God we are here!"

I now saw the hand of God in sending us away from Maquassi as He did. This is the third time we have been preserved, as by miracle, from ferocious heathen! We prayed the more that the Gospel of Christ might soon obtain an entrance among them, and, by the operation of the Holy Spirit, impart to them the true principles of order and peace. My case was not singular; for the loss of the Missionary's goods is no uncommon event in new Missions to barbarous people. Mr. Albrecht, of the London Missionary Society, had his property destroyed at the Warm Bath, in Namacqualand. He had notice of the danger, and dug a large hole in the ground, and buried what he could not remove; but it was discovered by means of the wires of a piano sounding when the wild people stamped on the ground beneath which it was laid. Mr. Sydenham, Missionary at Pella, suffered a similar loss. Mr. Monro, on his road to Bethelsdorp, had his wagon set on fire during the night, and lost all; his wife and children escaped, almost naked, to a farm-house. The settlement of the Moravians at Witte-Riviere was totally destroyed by the Kaffirs; and many such tales might be told.

On the following Monday we received letters from Mr. Edwards, at Campbell, reporting that the Korannas had been attacked, and had lost most of their cattle.

On the next day, the brethren, Sass, Helm, Hughes, and myself, with our wives, held a prayer-meeting, to implore God's protection and blessing, beseeching Him to still the raging of the heathen, and over-rule the troubles around us to the furtherance of the Gospel.

Friday, July 2nd.—Mr. and Mrs. Edwards have arrived. The people here are much disturbed by reports that the enemy is coming down the river, and are preparing to resist them. Some have left to-day to join others at Campbell, the place of rendezvous.

Sunday, 3rd.—Messengers arrived with horses for Messrs. Melville and Edwards to accompany the expedition. They have consented to do so with a view to endeavour to get an interview with the Chiefs of the enemy to urge them to peace; or, if war be unavoidable, to endeavour to save as many lives as possible, particularly of captives, women, and children.

Wednesday, 6th.—This evening letters were brought from. Messrs. Melville and Edwards, informing us that the Griqua expedition left Campbell on Monday. They report that the Barolongs and Korannas were fleeing before the enemy, and that the Korannas will unite with the Griquas in an attack upon the invaders, whom they expect to encounter in three days.

Friday, 16th.—We have been kept in a state of painful suspense respecting our friends and the Griquas, until this evening, when a letter was brought from Mr. Edwards, who also came himself shortly after it, having ridden in two days from the place where the Griquas were wasting their time, by hunting, &c., instead of proceeding to learn from their own observation what were the facts of the case, and watching the enemy. Not troubling themselves to ascertain the actual facts, they began, without any ground of suspicion, to accuse Siffonello and his people of having destroyed the Mission property, and now wishing to hide his own treachery by charging the mischief upon reported invaders.

I could not give credit to such a suspicion, as I knew Siffonello could have no motive to act such a part, and his whole previous conduct discredited it; but I was now most of the day confined to my bed, and helpless. If the Griquas under Waterboer could have convicted Siffonello of what they insinuated, they would have been justified in making him pay the damage and the expense of their expedition.

During the altercation on this subject, Mr. Edwards left them and Mr. Melville, the Government Resident and Agent, to investigate the matter.

Wednesday, 21st.—Last evening Mr. Melville arrived at home, and called on me this morning, and gave me an account of what the Griqua Chiefs regarded as Siffonello's complicity in the plunder of my house. He stated that, on their meeting with him, and announcing that they had come to his help at his request, inquiring where the enemy was, instead of replying, he requested them to unsaddle, saying that he would have cattle slain for them to eat with him, and then they would talk over the matter.

This proposal, which was according to the custom of the Barolongs, and creditable to Siffonello, they declined, and continued to interrogate him respecting the army in question, and the destruction of the Mission property, until, at length, they accused him of the robbery. At this he became angry, and said, "Am not I a King? What would other Chiefs say of me? Would I do such a thing?" They attempted by intimidation, and then by promise of sparing his life, to lead him to confess. The interpreter said to them, "He is a King, and will rather die than confess." They next made a feint of taking him and the party with him prisoners. Then, seeing that they were in the power of this party, having horses and firearms, Sabbedere interposed, and said, "What is the use of contending, brother? If paying a fine will free you, I will give all my cattle." This was construed to be an indirect acknowledgment of guilt. They, therefore, pretending lenity and generosity, said they would not take any for themselves; but, to defray the cost of the expedition, imposed upon him a fine of six hundred head of cattle, and thirty for me, in compensation for the property destroyed.

To this, it is said, Siffonello did not object; but sent for a large drove of cattle, which, as it was near sunset, were driven to the camp of the Griquas for the night, Siffonello arranging to send his brother in the morning, when they

were to count out the number specified, and return the rest. On the following morning, Siffonello's uncle, a venerable Chief, came with my cattle, sheep, and goats, that had been secured at the time of the attack, and delivered them up. Mr. Melville stated that it was his opinion that the Barolongs did not believe that any of their cattle would be returned. However, to their astonishment, the Griquas gave back all which remained above the six hundred and thirty head specified. Mr. Melville also said to me that he suggested to the Griqua Chiefs that it might have a good effect on the Barolongs, if the thirty head of cattle which had been imposed on them for the destruction of the Mission property, were also returned to them, and said he was sure that neither I nor the Society would object. This was done, and the uncle returned with eighty head of cattle.

Mr. Melville informed Siffonello that Mr. Hodgson had been called away to another station, and that I was very ill, but that other Missionaries would come; at which Siffonello expressed much satisfaction, saying he had lived in great peace with us, and hoped more would come.

The above is the substance of what was related to me of these transations; for I have abridged my journal, written at the time. But the statement was far from convincing me that Siffonello was guilty of the charge made against them. I perceived several discrepancies in their account of the matter. His submission to pay the heavy fine laid upon him was, doubtless, because he could not help himself, and, probably, in the belief that time and events would vindicate his character.

I did not question the sincerity and good intentions of Mr. Melville; but he was ignorant of the Sichuana, and no doubt his concurrence in the proceeding was influenced by the representations of the Griqua Chiefs. Time would show.

I beheld the six hundred head of Siffonello's fine cattle driven into Griqua Town, and my heart was much distressed at the sight. I feared also, what might be the effect of this proceeding on the people, concerning

whom we had cherished such sanguine hopes. But I was dumb: I could not disprove the allegations against the Barolong Chief: I was unable to go to the parties, to ascertain the true facts of the case; neither could I fully believe them.

I shall hereafter be able to show clearly the innocence of Siffonello in the matter laid to his charge by the Griquas, who were compelled by the Colonial Government to restore the six hundred head of cattle.

I have pleasure in transcribing the following kind and sympathizing letter received at this time, addressed to my wife, from the wife of the Rev. R. Moffatt.

"LATTAKOON, *May 24th*, 1824.

"MY DEAR MRS. BROADBENT,

....." MR. MOFFATT and myself are extremely anxious to hear how it is with Mr. Broadbent, and shall be till we receive some intelligence whether his health improves or declines.

"Your situation is a very trying one at present; but I have ever regarded it as an honourable post to attend the sick bed of a Missionary. Doubtless your faith is often put to the test, with painful prospects for yourself and poor babes; but, my sister, ever keep in mind the promise, 'Leave thy fatherless children, I will keep them alive, and let thy widows trust in Me.' No one ever trusted the promise in vain; but unbelief deprives us of much of our happiness. Should your stay in Griqua Town be protracted, and Mr. Broadbent's health sufficiently recruit, it will gratify us very much to receive a visit from you when convenient. In the mean time if we can serve you with any little thing which you may require, do let us know, and we shall be happy to do it. Wishing you and your dear partner all that consolation which your trying circumstances require,

"I remain, dear Mrs. Broadbent,

"Yours very sincerely,

"MARY MOFFAT."

CHAPTER XVI.

Troubled State of the Griquas—Leave Griqua Town—Sunday at Hardcastle—Cross the Orange River—Boors—Joined by Mr. Helm and Family—Lion—Graaf Reinett—Hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Müller—and the Rev. Mr. Murray—Depart from Graaf Reinett to Kruid Fountain—Somerset—Kindly received by Mr. and Mrs. Hart—Conduct Public Worship—Sunday School—Mr. Ayliff—Leave Somerset—Sore Calamity on the Road—Graham's Town.

During the month of July the population of Griqua Town, and of the surrounding region, was in a state of excitement, unrest, and apprehension; not so much from the proximity of the marauding Mantatees, Bataus, and other tribes of the interior, as from the so-called Bergenaars. It was evident that Waterboer had been reserving his strength and ammunition, collected professedly to resist the spoilers of Siffonello, in order to make an assault on the Griquas located at the Berg, whom he regarded as rebellious. That assault was made, but not very successfully. Now, in turn, these Bergenaars were preparing to attack Griqua Town. Personally, I had no fear of them! for they had nothing against me or the other Missionaries; but as both parties fought with fire-arms, none of us would be safe from the balls of the attacking force; and as, furthermore, there was no hope of my resuming the Mission work at present, it was agreed that we should leave Griqua until there should be a prospect of peace.

Messrs. Melville and Edwards removed their families near to Mr. Helm's, at the Mission House, that we might be together, fearing an attack in the night, and intending to leave as soon as we could be ready to start.

Friday, August 6th.—Messrs. Melville, Edwards, and

myself, with our wives and families, set off in our wagons, and travelled until evening, when we arrived at the place called Whitewaters, with part of my wagon broken.

Saturday, 7th.—Having got my wagon repaired, we resumed our journey at mid-day. In the afternoon the Griqua Chief, and a few of his principal men, came after us on horseback. After some conversation with Mr. Melville, they returned, and we journeyed on to Hardcastle.

Sunday, 8th.—Mr. Edwards preached to the people in the forenoon. On Monday, the 9th, I had further repairs done to my wagon. While staying here a piece of asbestos was brought to me, of which there is a good deal reported to be in this part. To day letters were brought to Mr. Melville from the Rev. Mr. Hambleton, at the Kooroomen, informing him of a large army called the Matabele, approaching to attack them, and requesting immediate help from the Griquas. The latter sent word that they must remain to defend their own place, and recommended the Kooroomen Missionaries to flee to Griqua, and they would do what they could to protect them. Out of the pan into the fire!

Here I left some spare cattle, sheep, and goats, in charge of one Jacobus Links, on what is called half-entail, until some of our party should return to that region. Of these I have heard no more.

Tuesday, 10th.—Crossed the great river at what is called English Ford; the water was so low that the wagons were drawn through without much difficulty. The stream is divided at this place by a bank in the middle. My two Barolong boys, Ranchoo and Eratsagai, rode on the wagon through the first branch of the river, and, having reached the bank, sprang off, supposing we had crossed the whole river. Here they stopped, amusing themselves by throwing flat stones into the water, until the wagons had entered so far into the next stream as to be out of their reach. Knowing that they were not swimmers, I looked to see how they would act on finding themselves thus separated from the

land on both sides, and was amused at the expedient to which they had recourse. First one, and then the other, as the cattle were driven across, seized hold of a cow's tail with both hands, and held fast till dragged through the strong and rapid stream.

Having parted with the men, who came from Hardcastle to show the Ford, and assist us in crossing the river, we proceeded on our journey towards the borders of the colony, until we arrived at a place where we found some Boors, with their herds and flocks. Soon after our arrival they buried an infant, aged five months. They had no religious service, and the father assisted in filling the grave. They invited us to dine with them; but showed no signs of mourning on account of the death of their child. The water here was brackish and disagreeable to the taste, and my illness returned upon me very severely.

Sunday, 15th.—Mr. Edwards conducted public worship with the Boors and their families. I fear there would have been no recognition of the Lord's day, if we had not proposed worship. Many of the South African Boers, though nominally belonging to the Dutch Reformed Church, have little more of Christianity than the name. I attribute this to the distance many of these border families reside from any place of worship, or means of instruction.

Monday, 16th.—Most of our party became ill; probably from the effects of the water.

Saturday, 21st.—The Rev. H. Helm and family, having followed in our track, came up with us, guarded by eight armed men. Mr. Helm had been induced to take this step, partly on account of the distracted state of Griqualand, and partly on account of the delicate health of Mrs. Helm and one of their children. Here our company were to be divided. Messrs. Melville and Edwards, with their wives and families, would remain near the border, to watch the course of events among the Griquas, and return as soon as it should

seem prudent and safe to do so. Mr. Helm and myself, with our families, would proceed toward Graaf Reinett.

Tuesday, 22nd.—Mr. Helm's guard returned, and we left our friends in the circumstances before stated, and travelled until sunset. We halted for the night on the lee side of a small hill, which was picturesque with mingled rocks, and shrubs, and grass, and where we found shelter from the strong breeze that was blowing at the time.

We had taken our evening meal, and, as was our custom, whenever practicable, were holding a religious service with our people, Mr. Helm conducting the worship, when, as we were all kneeling on the ground, suddenly our cattle became frightened, and ran off. The men sprang to their feet, and, shouting, ran after them. Our dogs barked, nor could we quiet them during the rest of the night; so that they deprived us of the sleep we much needed.

The morning discovered to us the cause of our disturbance. A large lion had seized one of Mr. Helm's cows, and spent the night upon our hill-screen, feasting on its prey. As the sun arose, the lion walked down in front of our wagons, and proceeded leisurely toward a thicket of reeds, where was water; and there we left him to repose. In his absence, however, our men went and cut off a few of the best pieces of the cow which he had left, so that at noon we had *our* feast.

We began to arrive at Boors' places as we travelled, showing that we had entered the colonial border. The Boors and their families treated us with great hospitality and kindness. Mr. Helm conducted religious worship, and preached a short sermon, at nearly every place where we stopped. One of his texts was, "Blessed are they that sow beside all waters." May the Lord cause the seed thus sown to produce much fruit for His own glory! It was gratifying to find among the Dutch farmers, generally graziers, on this part of the colonial borders, a reverence for God, and a desire to hear His Holy Word.

While crossing over Sneewberg, we passed farmers' places daily. These have been much benefitted by the faithful evangelical ministry of the Rev. A. Faure, of Graaf Reinett, where they frequently attend on the Lord's day.

Monday, Sept. 5th.—The wind was so strong on the high land that it was difficult to stand; but in the evening we descended to low ground on the Graaf Reinett side, where we arrived on Tuesday, the 6th. Mr. and Mrs. Müller and their family, whom I had previously been acquainted with, very kindly welcomed me to their house; all were astonished at my meagre and sallow appearance. Mr. Perry, surgeon, whose patient I had been when in this town before, said my only chance of life would be by going into the sea air, and to my native country.

The Rev. A. Murray, who had succeeded the Rev. A. Faure at this place, called on me; he then went to Mr. Helm's wagon, and invited him and his family to the manse. These examples of Christian hospitality to Missionaries and their families, in affliction,—and I have met with many such,—are an honour to those who have shown such kindness, and to the Christianity which brings forth such good fruit.

After spending a full month in Graaf Reinett, and being so far improved in health that I was able several times to conduct public worship in the house of my host, at which many of their neighbours also attended, I was thankful to God for His goodness, and cherished the hope that I might yet be spared to return to the work in the interior.

Wednesday, November 17th.—Took leave of our kind friends at Graaf Reinett, accompanied, in Mr. Müller's wagon, by Miss A. Müller, Mrs. Perry, and others, as far as Kruid Fountain, a mineral spring, about ten miles from the town. Here we parted with them; they returning home, and we prosecuting our journey towards Somerset, where we were kindly received, on the following Saturday, by Mr. and Mrs. Hart, at the Government farm.

Sunday, 21st.—Public worship was held in the hall of Mr. Hart's house, which I was delighted to see well filled with a congregation composed of English, Scotch, Dutch, and Hottentots. I preached, and baptized three children. An old farmer wept much; and I also could not repress tears of joy.

Here I found a young man, who was a Local Preacher, from among the emigrants who came from England in 1819. He had been faithful to the grace of God; obtained the confidence and respect of Mr. and Mrs. Hart and others; had formed a Sunday school, and preached to the Hottentots who were employed on the farm. I heard him preach in the evening, with pleasure and profit. He was subsequently employed in the Mission work. It was John Ayliff, who, after many years of most faithful and successful service, has since died in great triumph, surrounded by the abundant fruit of his labours.

Sunday, December 5th.—I ventured once more to preach in English, at the request of a few of my countrymen who reside at this place, and baptized a child. In the afternoon, Mr. and Mrs. Hart, Mr. and Mrs. Ayliff, my wife, and myself partook of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper,—a privilege these friends could seldom enjoy. It was a profitable season; but the exertion on my part produced much exhaustion, with strong pain in the back and head.

Sunday, 12th.—I was very ill; but having consented to preach in English, I was obliged to try to fulfil my engagement: it was hard work, for I was unequal to the duty. In the afternoon, having rested, I was a little better, and visited Mr. Ayliff's Sunday school. I was much gratified to behold upwards of fifty Hottentot children assembled, in a state of cleanliness and order beyond anything of the kind I had met with before in Africa.

Tuesday, 14th.—We left Somerset, and our kind friends there, and proceeded on our way towards Graham's Town; Mr. Hart's wagon accompanying ours to fetch home their boys from school at Salem for the Christmas holidays.

Thursday, 16th.—Here I must record an event which caused me exquisite sorrow. Travelling over hard ground, at quick pace for oxen, and intending, if possible, to get to Graham's Town that evening, a cry arose inside the wagon, "Sammy is fallen!" Turning round, I saw the hind wheel run over his body, and, feeble as I was, sprang to the ground, took up my first-born, then nearly five years old, apparently dying, with blood frothing at his mouth. As the wind was strong at the time, I carried him to the lee-side of a bush for shelter; and, at the same moment, saw the Bechuana girl who accompanied us, laid on her back on the ground, with both arms extended. She had either fallen from the wagon, or, in her haste to get to the child, had dropped under the wheel on the other side. As soon as the oxen could be stopped, my wife ran to me to see our child; then came a woman from the other wagon, and said the girl was dead. Our dear boy seemed to be breathing his last. I moistened his mouth with a little water, and left him with his mother, while I went to look after the girl. I got some vinegar from the wagon, and after rubbing her temples, and giving it to her to smell, saw her revive, complaining of pain.

On returning to my son, I perceived that he was seriously injured internally, as blood rose to his mouth, and we thought his life ebbing out. God alone knows the anguish of my heart in that sad hour.

We placed both the sufferers in the wagon, and drove on, with sorrowful hearts, towards Graham's Town, in order to get surgical aid as soon as possible. But it was a tedious journey of nearly six hours before we reached it, and then it was late in the evening, cold, and dark; we were all strangers, and did not know where to find the Mission House, where we judged it necessary to go, that we might get shelter and hear of a surgeon. Towards midnight, after much difficulty, we found it, aroused its inmates, and anxiously requested that a surgeon might be called immediately. The resident Missionary put on his

clothes and went for one, who very promptly attended. On examining my poor boy, he ascertained that four of his ribs were broken, the points of which had perforated the diaphragm and lacerated his lungs; his legs and one arm were also much bruised, and he was in great danger. He next examined the girl; but though he could not discover much external injury, he could scarcely perceive any pulse. He remained with them until two A.M., and returned after break of day on the following morning. The girl appeared to be rather better, spoke several times, got up, and walked; but soon after expired. The cause of death was afterwards ascertained to have been an internal injury. I feared my dear boy also would not survive.

My own feeble health received such a shock from this painful event, together with that night's exposure, fatigue, and anxiety, that I lay on the same bed with my suffering child, doubtful which would die first.

Sunday, 19th.—The first utterance my child made this morning was, "Mamma, I am better." And so he was. He had slept during the night, except when the cough disturbed him. The surgeon had taken blood from the arm, and used every precaution to prevent inflammation.

Friday, 24th.—Thank God! my dear boy continues to improve, even more than could have been expected. I am very unwell and feeble. A tepid bath induced a little perspiration, and has relieved me.

Monday, January 3rd, 1825.—My boy is pronounced out of danger, and allowed to play with his brother Lewis. Blessed be the Lord for ever! May my child, almost miraculously preserved, glorify God eternally!

CHAPTER XVII.

Rest at Green Fountain—A Picnic to the Fish River—A Pelican Shot—Ranchoo bit by an Adder—Tame Ostrich—Visit the Kowies and Theopolis—Preach at Port Frances—New Chapel—Relapse—Sail out of the Sunday River—Storm at Sea—Arrive at Algoa Bay—Further Storms—Short of Provision—Run into Breede River.

The Missionary brethren in the Albany District held their annual meeting at this time, the Rev. W. Shaw being Chairman. At this meeting, as I was quite unfit for public work, they put me down as a Supernumerary to reside at a place on the coast called Green Fountain, where I should have the benefit of the sea air, and be able to officiate occasionally at a small chapel, where some families of emigrants met to worship God.

Monday, January 24th, 1825.—Entered upon the journey to our new abode, where we arrived on the evening of the following day. In a short time I rallied from the fatigue of the journey, enjoying the reviving breeze from the Southern Ocean.

Tuesday, February 21st.—Rode to the Kowie, about two miles distant from my dwelling, and was kindly welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Thornhill and their family.

The Kowie packet was at anchor in the river, and another vessel lay in the offing. Our two Bechuana boys, Ranchoo and Eratsagai, who were with me, and had never before beheld the ocean, with others of their countrymen, had often expressed their wonder at our statement, that we had come from our native land on water; unable to conceive how conveyances could float, and move along without being drawn by oxen. I now pointed to these vessels,

and explained their use, and the way in which they are propelled by the wind, and steered by the man at the helm. We went on board the packet, which lay at anchor in the mouth of the river. The sailors began to pump out the bilge-water, when Ranchoo went eagerly to drink of it; but quickly drew back, with an unmistakeable expression of disgust, to the great amusement of the seamen.

Saturday, 14th.—At the request of a wedding party we accompanied them on an excursion, to the mouth of a river between the Kowie and the Great Fish River, a few miles distant from our habitation, and had our feast under a delightful sylvan shade. While here a pelican from the interior came to a large pool in the bed of the river, and was filling its pouch with water and fish, to convey, as we supposed, to its young. However, a young man, in wanton cruelty, seized his gun, and shot it; and, of course, the young must suffer from the want of food .When the dead bird was brought to our wagons, we found by experiments that its pouch would extend to hold two pails of water; though probably it would not carry so much.

The young man Ranchoo was tending our oxen, a short distance from us, when he came, pointing to his foot, which was bleeding, saying, a serpent had bitten him. A gentleman named Mr. Bowker, who had joined us, inquired what kind of a serpent it was. The boy said he had killed it near a tree, which he pointed at. Some of our party went and brought it. As soon as Mr. Bowker saw it, he fell upon his knees, and began to suck the orifices of the wound, spitting out the saliva and blood. In the mean time one of his sons sprang upon a horse, without bridle or saddle ; and, guiding it with his hands, plunged across the river, and galloped three or four miles to their house, to fetch some antidotes, with which he returned as rapidly as the horse could carry him. The boy's leg and thigh became much swollen, and he looked wild and distressed in his face. We conveyed him home in the wagon, and he became rather

delirious and restless during the night. A Mr. Long, who had had experience in such cases, visited, and ministered to him, and in a few days the swelling abated, and he recovered;—no doubt, in great measure, owing to the promptitude and kind attentions of Messrs Bowker and Long.

On our return in the evening, we had to pass Mr. Long's place, where we saw a very tall ostrich, quite tame. As we halted for a moment before his door, this bird came near our cattle, and began to relieve them of flies which had lighted on them; but a young horse, ridden by a young lady, did not appreciate this kindness, and ran off with its rider; the ostrich followed at its heels, and the horse, finding itself pursued, started violently, and soon left the rider on the ground; but, we were glad to find, less hurt than frightened.

Monday, 28th.—The Rev. James and Mrs. Whitworth arrived at my residence, from Kaffirland. Mr. Whitworth is a native of Sowerby, Yorkshire, and has been a useful Missionary in the West India Islands eleven or twelve years.

Tuesday, March 1st.—Mr. Whitworth and I rode to the Kowie, and there we were joined by the Rev. W. Shepstone; and proceeded together on a visit to the Rev. Mr. Barker, at Theopolis.

Mr. Whitworth's general health was good; but he was suffering from a throat affection and loss of voice; so we were invalids together, though from very different causes. Thinking that a short sea voyage would be of service to us both, and wishing to obtain some information respecting Port Natal and the Zulus residing there, under the Chief Chaka, we projected a voyage to that harbour, with a view to Missionary objects; and rode to the Kowie, to inquire if we could get a passage in a schooner, called the "Bridekirk," the master of which was a Wesleyan friend of ours, whose wife and family resided at the Kowie. He was quite willing to take us, providing we obtained

permission from the Colonial Government, to which the vessel belonged, and of which he was a servant; and, learning that Sir R. Plasket, Colonial Secretary, was then at Bathurst, we concluded to wait upon him on the subject, and prepared a memorial to the Governor, Lord Charles Somerset, to that effect.

4th.—Suffering from a relapse, I was too ill to accompany Mr. Whitworth to Bathurst; so, lest we should by delay lose the opportunity of seeing the Secretary, Mr. Whitworth went alone; had an interview with Sir Richard who was very affable, approved of our object, and kindly offered to present our memorial to His Excellency the Governor, and also forward and promote our object to the best of his ability. We corresponded with the Chairman of the District, the Rev. William Shaw, and other brethren, on the subject; all of whom expressed their concurrence and approval. About two months elapsed before we received an answer to our memorial. The following is a copy.

"Colonial Office, *April 12th*, 1825.

"Sir,

"In reply to your letter of the 4th ult., concerning a Memorial addressed by yourself and Mr. Broadbent to His Excellency the Governor, applying for the use of the 'Bridekirk' schooner to convey you to Port Natal and back, for the purpose of ascertaining the facilities of that place for a Missionary station, I am directed, by His Excellency, to acquaint you that he will consider the subject of your request, but that he cannot comply with it at the present moment.

"I have the honour to be, &c.,
Richard Plasket,
Secretary to Government."

"*Mr. James Whitworth, Port Frances.*"

We received this communication as a courteous refusal of our application; though we were told that the schooner would be at our service on a subsequent application, if we should make one. We informed our brethren in the district of our disappointment; but I fear we did not submit to it with the meekness we ought to have felt However, we have since seen the wisdom and goodness of God in the event.

The "Bridekirk" sailed along the coast without us, and was never heard of afterwards! She must have foundered at sea, and all hands perished. Mr. Davies, the captain, left a widow, and four or five young children. If our desires and intention had not been frustrated, our wives, also, might have become widows, and our children fatherless. "I will sing of mercy and of judgment. Unto Thee, O Lord, will I sing."

Previous to our hearing from the Governor respecting the "Bridekirk," good Mrs. Thornhill of the Kowie, henceforward called Port Frances, said to her husband, "I wish you would go over and see that sick Missionary at Green Fountain, and ask him to come over, and help us to hold religious service at least on Easter Sunday." Mr. Thornhill accordingly came over, and made the request; and I engaged, providing I was well enough, to comply with it.

April 3rd.—Easter Sunday. The morning being fine, I rode to Port Frances. The most eligible place they could obtain in which to hold service, was an oblong wooden building, which had been cleaned, the floor sprinkled over with sawdust; and for seats, to accommodate sixty or seventy persons, planks had been placed across the room on the ends of small barrels. I had an attentive congregation, consisting of settlers from England, to whom I preached on the resurrection of Christ from the dead: but while we were on our knees at the last prayer, a hen, either leaving her nest, or going to it, cackled so loud that I was obliged abruptly

to conclude. This last incident is not worth notice, except for what followed, in great measure, as a consequence.

After resting a short time we left the place, and proceeded toward Mr. Thornhill's residence. A Mr. Gilfillan kindly lent me his arm. On the way, we met a gentleman of the name of Mr. Moodey, recently appointed Government Resident; to whom Mr. Thornhill spoke, and introduced Mrs. Thornhill and myself; and to whom Mrs. Thornhill, in an earnest manner, said, "What a pity there is no place of worship here! What a sad thing it would be if we should become heathen in this country! We have been hearing a sermon; but while Mr. Broadbent was at prayer, one of Mr. Grant's hens made such a noise that he was obliged to conclude." The gentleman listened to her very respectfully; and replied, bowing, "I hope, ma'am, there is no danger of our turning heathen in this land; I regret with you that we have not a place for public worship;" and was proceeding, when Mrs. Thornhill said, "O, Sir, what are those wooden buildings on that hill?" He replied, "Indeed, Ma'am, I cannot tell you, having so recently come here; but I will inquire to-morrow." This dialogue resulted in his ascertaining that the building referred to was a temporary barrack, now disused; and after conferring with some other resident gentlemen, they agreed with a builder to remove the material to an eligible site, and subscribed among themselves to defray the expense. And on Saturday, 9th, I received the following note.

"PORT FRANCES, *Saturday,*

"DEAR SIR,

"As the new house intended for the Wesleyans is now up, and will be ready for the accommodation of the inhabitants, I hope you will be well enough to favour us with your presence to-morrow morning.

"I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

C. T. THORNHILL.

"*Rev. S. Broadbent, Green Fountain.*"

Sunday, 10th.—I rode over, and found a comfortable place fitted up to accommodate a hundred or more persons. So I conducted public worship with some eighty British immigrants, who listened attentively while I preached from Rom. i. 16. On the whole I was much gratified with the congregation and the service. So, from the hen's interruption in the other place has arisen a commodious chapel, which was afterwards superseded by a permanent brick building. It was taken on the Graham's Town Circuit plan, and became a part of that Circuit.

About this time my illness increased so much that Mr. Whitworth wrote to Dr. Mayer of Kaffir-Drift, who came to see me. He wrote a certificate, stating that it was expedient that I should go to sea as soon as possible, as the only chance, in his opinion, of prolonging my life.

Wednesday, 18th.—Dr. Mayer came again, and found me so feeble that he feared, if I embarked for Cape Town, where it was proposed I should go, that I should not survive to accomplish the voyage; and expressed a wish that Dr. Cowie of Graham's Town should be sent for, as he feared to let me sail on his own responsibility.

The Rev. W. Shaw and Mr. Ayliff came, and consulted another medical gentleman on my case, who agreed with the previous one, as to the propriety of my going to sea, observing that he had known instances of persons who appeared at the last extremity in such cases, deriving great benefit from so doing.

This being the concurrent opinion of medical gentlemen, and of my Missionary brethren, I resigned myself to what appeared to be the path of duty; though I had indulged the hope that, with God's blessing, I might recover and return to the Mission work among the Bechuanas; but now that hope failed me; so I let my brethren dispose of me as they saw best. Accordingly Mr. Whitworth engaged for me and my family a passage on board the Kowie packet to Table Bay. And he and the Rev. S. Young accompanied us to the vessel, and took an affectionate leave of us.

Thank God for kind and sympathizing brethren; for such they were.

The packet was not able to get over the bar at the mouth of the river before spring-tide. On one of the days on which we were so detained, we had a sail on the river by boat. We saw a net drawn containing fish; the good were preserved, but they cast the bad away, and among the rest, a torpedo. I had seen several instances of the electrifying power of these creatures. One was of a man who had got out of the boat in a shallow, who set his foot on one of these fish in the bottom, when he was like a man shot in his leg, and was only prevented falling by holding to the boat.

On Tuesday, May 31st, with a full tide and fair wind, our vessel got over the bar. The next two days and nights the wind was boisterous, and the sea ran high. On the third night a Cape storm raged, and our small craft was in much peril. The captain, a Dane, had thrown himself down in his berth to get a little rest. I was laid in mine, awake; I supposed my dear wife and family were asleep. The entrance into the cabin was open for the admission of air, and I could hear the conversation of the man at the helm and the mate. One said, "Do you see that black cloud?" "Yes," the other answered; and was saying, "We shall have" —— but before the words he intended to follow could be uttered, the vessel was overwhelmed with a huge wave, which they had mistaken for a dark cloud.

The water rushed down the companion; the captain, awakened by the noise, thrust his way on deck. All was silent, except the rush of water. I concluded we were swamped; and lifted up my heart in prayer to God, commending our souls to Him, and expected the vessel was our coffin in the ocean. By and bye, I perceived there was a little motion; at length I heard the voice of the chief mate, saying, "By ——, if you do, you will lose the ship!" From which I inferred that he and the captain differed in their judgment what course to adopt in the emergency. Whose opinion was acted upon I never inquired, but we escaped.

Providentially, the hatches were fastened down, and, like a barrel in the water, our vessel, which was in ballast, rose to the surface. I thought at the time that my wife and children were asleep, and as nothing could be done, I would not disturb them; but I afterwards found my wife was awake, and, like myself, thinking we were going down in deep water, commended our souls to the Saviour.

I suppose it had been some such swell of the ocean off this Cape of Storms that had engulfed the "Bridekirk." "In perils in the sea;" "in deaths oft."

Friday, 17th.—The wind became fair, and we ran to Algoa Bay. Here I and my family went on shore, and took lodgings, as the packet was to go to Bird Island, and would return to this port.

While at this place, I had an interview with a man who had been at Port Natal, from whom I learnt that the population there was sparse near the port, but more numerous in the interior; that a Mr. Hine is there with Chaka, the Zulu Chief, and also a Mr. Farewell, who resides at Port Natal, and that he would welcome a Missionary.

While at Algoa Bay, I wished to visit Bethelsdorp, but was too feeble; and Dr. Mayer, who was here,—the same who came to see me at Green Fountain,—advised me not to attempt the journey, though I was much better, and, he thought, in a fair way of recovery. Perceiving the benefit I had derived from the voyage here, he advised me to proceed to England, to insure restoration to health and vigour.

Saturday, 24th.—The packet having returned from Bird Island, we re-embarked, to proceed to Table Bay. We had light and variable winds, until we reached Cape Aguhlas, when north-west gales set in, and we were after that driven about, until Friday, July 28th, when we were obliged to run into Plettenburg Bay for provisions and fuel. Every piece of wood that could be spared had been used for cooking, until we had neither food nor fuel left. Captain Morche had gone on shore, and was unable to return, as by some mismanagement the boat had drifted

out to sea during the night, and was lost. Much discontent was manifest among the crew, some of whom came with angry complaint to me. I replied, "You see I and my family are in the same condition as yourselves." However, we shared the little food we had left with them, even to a loaf reserved for my boys.

Saturday, August 9th.—The men got up the anchor, with the intent, if possible, to run through the breakers on the bar of the Breede Riviere. The hatches were all fastened down, and all who were not required to work the vessel were below, except myself; for I was too anxious about the result not to see what it would be; and as the waves often washed over the deck, I was lashed to the mast for personal safety. One man stood on the bowsprit, and one went to the foretop, to look out for the channel of the river. The first mate stood at the helm, and with a good breeze, after many turns and much tossing, we got into the river and cast anchor.

From want of proper diet,—for one or two days we had dined on Penguin eggs,—exposure, and wetting, my health broke down again, and was worse than when we arrived at Algoa Bay. I was assisted by two of the men to get on shore, for I could not walk alone. Bread, mutton, &c., were procured, but I had no appetite; yet I was thankful for food for my family and for the crew.

Friday, 15th.—Having obtained provision, and taken in a cargo of wheat, we dropped down the river, to take the first opportunity of wind and tide to get over the bar at the entrance.

Monday, 25th.—Last night came to anchor in Table Bay, having been sixty-two days in that small vessel, tossed with tempest alternately from south-west and north-east. But God has preserved us. To his name be praise!

Sent a note to the Rev. Mr. Snowdall, who came to us with a boat, and took us on shore, and procured a conveyance to the Mission House.

Monday, September 8th.—Consulted Dr. Murray,

physician to the forces here, who prescribed for me, and gave directions respecting diet, &c. He gives me encouragement; but I am very feeble, and my ankles and legs are much swollen, as they were at Maquassi before my attack of dropsy.

Saturday, 27th.—Riding out to day, and seeing a number of persons standing near the place where criminals are usually punished, I drew near, and found preparation made for executing a poor slave, who was under sentence of death for having threatened the life of his master. The Dutch Clergyman, Rev. Mr. Berringer, offered prayer; then the culprit ascended the platform, and the executioner began his preparation; but before it was complete, an official galloped to the spot, bringing a respite. This was made known to the poor fellow; but I saw no signs of joy in him. He descended in a sullen mood, as if he thought strangling better than life to him.

There were also a number of criminals under sentence to be punished with flogging and branding for divers offences. I was curious to witness the proceeding, and waited until two or three of them had received their punishment. They were brought, one at a time, to an upright plank, to which they were drawn up by a cord on a pulley, with their breast to the board, and so high that only with their toes they could just touch the ground, to prevent them springing to and fro. Then a person appointed for the purpose, with a bundle of elastic rods in his left hand, came, and, taking one rod at a time in his right hand, laid forty stripes save one on the naked back; for the Dutch acted upon the Jewish law in that respect. These, however, were quite sufficient to make the back quite raw, down which blood first began to flow, then bits of the flesh. This part over, the flogger stepped aside, and another person took a red hot iron with large letters on the end, out of a fire, in a grate close by, and applied the letters to the raw back, from which a steam arose, and a slight hiss could be heard, as when a coal is cast into

water. Some kind of fluid contained in a pail, which stood close by, was applied to the part, and then the poor wretch was let down, and another was brought to the place; and so on until the whole had been through the painful process; but I did not stop to witness the torture of more than two.

Monday, 29th.—Mr. and Mrs. Whitworth arrived in the "Usk," bringing their son with them, all well.

During the month of October, I suffered a serious relapse. There seems to be an internal abscess which gathers and breaks at intervals of about three months, at which times I am reduced almost to utter helplessness, with loss of sleep and appetite. The Lord alone is my refuge. If it be Thy will, O God, heal me! If not, give me grace to suffer as a Christian! Being apparently unable to stand the warm weather coming on, Mr. Whitworth tenderly wrote to me on the subject of another sea voyage. On conversing with my sympathizing brethren, they suggested a medical consultation; to this I agreed, and, on its being named to Dr. Murray, he had no objections, and brought with him Dr. Thompson. The next day Dr. Thompson delivered to me this certificate.

"CAPE OF GOOD HOPE,
October 24th, 1825.

"WE hereby certify that we have minutely examined into, and maturely considered, the case of the Rev. S. Broadbent, of the Wesleyan Missionary Society; and that it is our opinion that he should embark for England with as little delay as possible, it appearing to us absolutely necessary that he should leave the colony before the setting in of the hot season, and obtain the benefit of a sea voyage, and a change to a cold climate.

(Signed) "JOHN MURRAY, M.D.,
WILLIAM THOMPSON,
Surgeon to the Forces."

Dr. Murray said, "You are yet young, and have had a good constitution, which may rally in your native climate; and we have more hope from that than from any medical treatment."

He added, "We lose many of the soldiers by their remaining in the country; they suffer relapses, and there is no saving their lives; but I have no doubt many would recover if they could return home."

With this medical testimony, and the unanimous opinion of my friends and Missionary brethren, there was left no alternative but to submit, and leave the country. I record, with gratitude to my brethren, and the several medical gentlemen who had attended me since I came into the colony, my testimony to their urbanity, and uniform kindness shown me.

At this period H.M. ship, the "Lieven," was at anchor in Table Bay, in which the Rev. W. Threlfall had sailed to Delagoa Bay. Mr. Whitworth thought it desirable, on several grounds, that we should embrace the opportunity to have an interview with her commander, the Hon. Commodore Owen, as he had been very kind to Mr. Threlfall, and knew much about the state of the population on the East coast. We accordingly waited on him on board, were received very courteously, and had a free conversation with him in the state cabin of the Frigate. He told of the desolating effects of the Portuguese slave trade on the coast of Mozambique; and spoke very kindly to me; saying that he had suffered in a similar way when on the Bombay station.

A brig, the "Kerswell," was also in the Bay, taking in cargo for London; and hearing a favourable report of her Commander, Captain Armstrong, Mr. Whitworth engaged for us a passage to England.

November 17th.—This morning I was utterly unable to attend to the necessary preparation for the voyage; but by the kindness of my brethren, Messrs. Whitworth and Snowdall, who assisted my dear wife, I was brought on

board, which seemed as an escape from death; for apparently that must have been the issue, if I had remained longer on shore. These brethren and the two Bechuana youths took an affectionate leave of me. I shall have more to state respecting these young men hereafter.

I find among the memoranda of my late dear wife the following entry at this period.

"As the result of a consultation of physicians is, that we should sail for England with as little delay as possible, on account of my dear husband's extremely debilitated state of body, we take it up as a cross, and intend to do so as the last resort for the recovery of his health. May God, in His boundless mercy, bless the means for the recovery of His servant, if it be His will!

"A passage has been taken for us on board a vessel in the Bay, and my husband is urged to go on board at once for the benefit of the sea air; he being evidently worse on a warm day than on a cool one. I am very much hurried in preparing for so long a voyage. Captain Armstrong has called, and says we are to sail on the 17th instant; and our boxes must be on board the day before.

"17th.—My dear husband was so very ill this morning, that it seemed, after all my preparations, we should not get him on board; for it appeared to me that he was dying. Indeed, I have not seen him so ill before. A train of thought rushed into my mind, and so perplexed me, that I did not know what to do. I could not go on with my packing until Mr. and Mrs. Whitworth and Mr. Snowdall came in and kindly assisted me; and so, by mid-day, our boxes were sent off; and my husband being a little revived, Mr. Waterhouse obtained a conveyance, in which he rode to the jetty, and, with the assistance of Mr. Snowdall and C. T. Thornhill, Esq., was got into the boat. They came on board, and took an affectionate leave of us. I felt keenly at parting with our friends, perhaps never to see them again in this world."

My old and hospitable friend and brother, the Rev. A. Faure, formerly at Graaf-Reinett, now of Cape Town, came with a large hamper filled with such things as he and his good lady judged would be serviceable to us and the children. May the Lord reward them!

I leave South Africa because I must; I am not deserting the cause, or the brethren there, whom I love in the truth: they have been very kind to me, and I regret my departure.

I will conclude this personal narrative by stating that Mr. and Mrs. Whitworth also returned to England. We met once more in the flesh, when he gave me an embrace such as none except old companions in tribulation give, as he exclaimed, "Well, Broadbent, who ever expected to see you again in this world?" I replied, "It was very doubtful, when we parted on board the 'Kerswell' in Table Bay, whether I should live to arrive in England." "Doubtful!" he exclaimed; "if you doubted, nobody else did; for they were sure you would not!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

Re-opening of the Mission to the Barolongs—Rev. R. Moffatt and B. Berend—The Appeal of the Barolong Chiefs to them—The Mantatees—Critical Position, and Escape—Battle, and its Results—Siffonello's Lament—Gratitude of the Barolong Chiefs—Berend's noble Conduct—Proofs of Siffonello's Innocence of the Charge made by Waterboer—Mr. Hodgson and Party meet with Siffonello at Moos—Proceed to Maquassi—Scene of Desolation—Proposed Site of the new Town—Siffonello joins the Bergenaars in an Attack on his Enemy—Is defeated—Returns—Very ill—Again leave Maquassi—Visit to the Enemy, Militsani—Colonial Government order the Griquas to restore Siffonello's Cattle.

After the personal record of the preceding chapter, I resume the narrative of the Bechuana Mission, from which, as the reader will be convinced, I was compelled to withdraw, unless I had resolved very speedily to be buried in Africa. I was, however, very sorry to be reduced to this necessity; for I had been from my native home little more than ten years, and had no desire to leave the Mission field; but, on the contrary, felt such an interest in the Mission to the Barolongs especially, that, notwithstanding the cloud hanging over it when I left Griqualand, I was very anxious to return, not being convinced in my own mind that justice had been done to Siffonello and his people by the Griqua Chiefs. Also, I knew that the Rev. James Archbell was on his journey to that country; but being a stranger there, and having to pass through a part of Griqualand before he would come to the Barolongs, I feared that he might receive impressions prejudicial to the latter.

However, my mind was relieved on this subject by receiving, while yet in Albany, letters from my old colleague, informing me that he had made arrangements to return to the Bechuana country with Mr. Archbell. I had confidence in their courage and prudence; and knowing the respect in which Mr. Hodgson was held by the Barolongs, my hopes revived respecting the Mission.

In a letter dated March 12th, 1825, the Rev. E. Edwards writes: "It will afford satisfaction to you to hear that Siffonello was *perfectly innocent*, and also that the Mantatees under Makaree not only drove Siffonello from his town, but actually followed him down the Yellow River as far as about one *half scoff* (half a stage) of this side of Moos, that is, to the westward of it.

"After Siffonello fled from the Griquas, he was again pursued by Makaree into the Barolong country, where the same party attacked Mr. Moffatt's wagons on his return from a visit to Makaba, King of the Wanketseens. Mr. Moffatt very fortunately escaped in consequence of having with him a Chief of Griqualand, with a strong party of horsemen.

"Siffonello lost many of his men in fighting with the Mantatees in the Barolong country. Sabbedere was killed, and others. Had you been at Maquassi when the attack was made, you would, with your family, in all probability, have laid your bones with the savage murderers. The Mantatees have been carrying devastation and death in almost every direction, and the country in the interior is full of them. At present there is no prospect of doing anything in the Bechuana country, and travelling is not safe. The London Missionaries have been obliged to fly from Latakoo. Truly our prospects are dark indeed.

"The brethren Hodgson and Archbell arrived in Griqualand a few weeks ago, and are now at Campbell."

Before producing further evidence on the subject of Siffonello's full acquittal of the things laid to his charge, I will quote from Mr. Moffatt, where he gives an account of the attack on his wagons mentioned in the extract just given.

"Everything being arranged to the entire satisfaction of all parties, two of our number, Karso and Hendrick, remained behind with their wagons, in order to hunt elephants, while Berend Berend and his company proceeded towards the Barolongs, with the intention of starting off in another direction to hunt; when I expected to be left to return with only my half-dozen attendants. This was the plan; but after halting at a pool for the night, Berend and his party, for some reason, came to the unexpected resolution of returning homewards, having already bartered for a quantity of ivory with the Banangketsi.

"As we proceeded, we were met on the following day by three messengers from Tauane, begging the Griquas to come with all speed to the assistance of the Barolongs, who were expecting an attack from the Mantatees, who were within the confines of the town. As it was impossible, from the want of water, to take any other route than through the Barolong territories, which we would gladly have done, to avoid coming in contact with so savage and warlike a body, we travelled with all haste. On reaching the town early next morning, such was the scene of confusion which met our eyes, that we were persuaded it was in the hands of the enemy. Here we found Sebonello, the Barolong Chief, with whom our Wesleyan brethren, Messrs. Hodgson and Broadbent, had been labouring near the Yellow River, and who had been attacked and driven from his home by the same enemy. The confusion having in a measure subsided, and it being discovered that the enemy were not so near as it was rumoured, the Barolong Chiefs, with about one thousand armed men, came and seated themselves before our wagons, and used every

argument in their power to induce the Griquas to unite with them in repelling the marauders."

Here I may remark, these Griquas were not under Waterboer, of Griqua Town, nor did they acknowledge his authority, or of those with him, who had imposed the fine of six hundred head of cattle on Siffonello.

"Tauane spoke to the following effect:—'You see how many human bones lie scattered on the plain, and how many of us are dying from hunger,—the result of last year's scourge, when the Mantatees drove us from Kunuana. If you do not help us, we must all perish. Towards the setting sun is a desert without water: towards the sunrise there is no rest from the Mantatees. On one side is Mokaba, my enemy; on the other the Mantatees are approaching, who will destroy us all; and I still dread Mothibi.'

"Sebonello, who appeared a fine intelligent man, remarked, 'I have lost my all, and I see no alternative but to fight or die.' We all felt perplexed, and recommended the Barolongs to remove with us towards the Kuruman. This they would not do, owing to an old enmity between them and the Batlapis. The party we had left behind, (to whom we sent warning of their danger,) did not make their appearance. We waited a day, hoping they would arrive; but as the reports about the dreaded horde were rather dubious, we left next day at noon. After travelling about twelve miles, we halted in the bed of the Malopo River, which lies in latitude 25° 40′, and flows westward. Soon after halting, and when I had taken up my pen to put down a few notes, a man was observed running towards us from a neighbouring height, who, on reaching the wagon, was in a state of great exhaustion and terror. We learned, after many inquiries, that he had been taken prisoner by the people we were dreading, and who were at a distance, preparing to attack the town; that two hundred warriors had left the main body, and brought him as a guide to attack the Barolong outposts; that they were to attack

the flying Barolongs on the west, while the main body was to fall on the town from the east. On seeing the wagons, and learning from their guide that they were white people's travelling houses, they suddenly fled, and he escaped; but he added, he thought they would attack us. It was near sunset before the party could be induced to send out a few horsemen, in order to ascertain if there were any footmarks in the direction from which the man came. They had not been absent more than thirty minutes, when one came galloping back with the intelligence that the Bakari, or Mantatees, were actually there; and as I had entreated them not to shoot any, they wanted to know what they were to do? Berend strongly urged them to go with additional men, and to try either to speak to them, or frighten them, as an attack on our defenceless camp during the night would, in all probability, end in the whole of us being butchered; and to flee, leaving all behind, would only make us an easier prey.

"I accordingly set off with a few additional horsemen; and when we came in sight, they began to move off; but when we halted, they did so too. Their appearance was extremely fierce and savage, and their attitude very menacing. It was evident that they were reluctant to depart, which was a convincing proof that a night attack was premeditated; and when it was growing dark they compelled us to retreat, till a few shots were fired into the air, when they again fled; and we pursued, hoping to increase their fright. We overtook one, whom we surrounded for the purpose of informing him who we were, and that we had no intention of doing them harm. He stood with his shield and war axe in his left hand, and a spear in his right, raised as if in the act of hurling it. I confess I never saw anything so fiend-like as that man; and concluded that if he was a specimen of his tribe, all hope had fled for the Barolongs. His body lubricated with grease and charcoal; a large, round cockade of black ostrich feathers on his head; his eyes glaring with rage; while his open mouth, displaying his white teeth, poured

forth the most opprobrious epithets and obscene curses, threatening to give our flesh to the hyænas, and our eyes to the crows, when he made a run first at one of us, and then at another. One of the men, in order to frighten him, fired a ball directly over his head, when he fell; and the horsemen rushed forward to seize him before he rose; but he was too expert, and made us turn away in no little confusion; and had it not been for the fear of losing his spear, it would certainly have been plunged into one of our number. It was now becoming too dark to make any further attempts; and we let him go, and turned in the direction of our wagons, which were about seven miles distant.

"We had not proceeded many paces, when we were alarmed to find that we were surrounded by those who we supposed had fled, but who had secreted themselves among the bushes; and, aided by the darkness, were closing in upon our small party. Head after head rose above the bushes, when the yell commenced. This was a critical moment; and the men who were with me behaved admirably; for, instead of levelling some, in order to obtain egress, a few shots were fired into the sand before the horses' heads, when we galloped through what appeared the weakest part; but many were the javelins which they threw. This was a narrow escape; for if a horse had fallen, which is common in the dark, amidst bushes, sticks, and stones, he and his rider would have been instantly covered with spears. The enemy were again pursued with some blank shots, when, hastening back to the wagons, we were alarmed by the reports of muskets, which convinced us that they had been attacked by the enemy. It was with some difficulty we joined our companions, owing to a party hovering around, who in the dusk of the evening had rushed out of the reeds in the river, and driven the men, who were left, from the wagons, which they struck with their war axes, as if they were living things. They thrust their hands into the boiling pots on the fire, and seized the meat. Not seeing the main body, part of which we had been pursuing, make its appearance, according to their plan, they retired, but not before one was wounded, if

not more. The night was a sleepless one; and, before day dawned, messengers arrived from the town, soliciting the Griquas, with the most earnest entreaties, to return, as an immediate attack was expected; and the knowledge of horsemen being there might alarm the invaders, and save the town. To this Berend would not have agreed, but for the sake of some of our party who were yet behind; and who, it was justly feared, might fall into the hands of the enemy. In the morning, of six Barolong spies who had been sent out, two only returned, the others having been killed. In the evening, some thousand warriors left the town, accompanied by seven or eight horsemen, with the confident hope that the enemy would flee when they made their appearance. They had not proceeded three miles from the town, before they saw the whole body moving onward with lighted torches. Both parties halted at no great distance from each other. When morning dawned, they looked one another in the face; and the enemy, instead of being intimidated, rushed, like a mighty black wave, upon the Barolongs, who fled. Sebonello's party, who were of a bolder character, resisted for some minutes, during which time seventeen of his men fell, among whom were his three brothers.

"The horsemen, seeing that they were not to be frightened by appearances, and that the loss of life would be terrible, fired a few shots among the enemy, which arrested their progress. They fled from the horsemen; but seeing a large party of Barolongs attempting to take their cattle, they surrounded them, and would have cut down the last man, had they not been again dispersed by the horsemen, when they appeared panic-stricken, and fled. The Barolongs rallied, not to fight, but to seize the cattle, with which they decamped.....

"When most of the inhabitants had congregated round our wagons near the river, where we were first attacked, it was affecting to see the different families meet again.

"Considering their situation they were wonderfully cheerful; but there were bleeding hearts; and it was a melting scene to witness the return of Sebonello, and espe-

cially when he exclaimed, 'Of all my friends, I only am left!' We assembled our company in the evening, recorded the mercies of the day, and felt devoutly thankful for the deliverance that had been granted.

"Tauane, Goutse, and Sebonello, with other Chiefs, came to Berend, and, in the most feeling manner, thanked him for his assistance. They said they felt this the more, as they had learnt from prisoners who escaped, that it was the determination of the enemy to attack the town on both sides, set it on fire, and destroy all the people, if they could.

"On the following morning an event occurred worthy of record. Some of Berend's people had brought droves of fine fat cattle belonging to the enemy, which had been taken from the Barolongs, who, instead of fighting, had seized the animals and fled. According to established right, they were the property of Berend and his people, and every one supposed they would be claimed by him. These cattle, amounting to several hundreds, were collected, and Tauane and Sebonello were called, many of them having been taken by the enemy from the latter. Berend said to them, 'These cattle I give to you; divide them among you. One or two for my people to slaughter on the road are all that I require.' Sebonello received this most disinterested kindness with lively feelings of heartfelt gratitude, for he and his people were entirely destitute. This was an act which astonished the multitude of spectators; many held their hands on their mouths, to signify their amazement."

It would interest the reader, as well as be gratifying to myself, to continue Mr. Moffatt's narrative; but I beg to refer to his interesting volume. There is, however, one more short extract I must make, as bearing immediately on my object.

"Before separating, some trifling European articles were brought, which had been picked up on the field of battle. These were once the property of Mr. Broadbent, and had been taken from his station when the enemy attacked Sebonello. Some of our men had seen several of the warriors with pieces of linen tied round their legs, and remarked that

one of the slain appeared as if his legs were burned, and bound up with a piece of a shawl. This was explained by the man who had been taken a prisoner. Among the articles they had seized was a bag containing several pounds of gunpowder. When seated around their different fires, this bag was brought out, to examine its contents, supposing them medicine or something to be eaten. One tasted, another smelled, a third said, 'Put it into the hot ashes; it is seed, and needs roasting.' In went the bag, when presently a fearful explosion took place, which threw them all on their backs, scattering the live coals in every direction. As soon as they recovered their senses, they started up and fled from the spot, some exclaiming, '*More va sethunye*, It is the exploder's medicine,' *i. e.* gunpowder."

This account by Mr. Moffatt is substantially correct; but another version of the occurrence was given by a man who had his legs sorely scorched, and one of my wife's muslin gowns wrapped round them.

He said, that after several of them had expressed their opinions on what this powder was, one said, "These *makoas* never eat their food when raw;" and he had no doubt if this was cooked it would be eatable. Forthwith the bag was taken to the fire. It was of leather, made from the skin of a large goat, and contained three or four pounds of coarse gunpowder, and about as much fine, the latter being in brown paper parcels of one pound each.

The man said, when brought to the fire it exploded, *Too!* then *too! too! too!*—that they were thrown on their backs; and that, when able to rise, they fled to the adjacent hills, afraid the whole night lest *too! too!* should come again. I left a small pocket pistol which was loaded, on the wall close to my bed. They did not know what it was, but tried to separate the iron and brass by burning the stock. This also went off with *too!* and wounded one of the party. Then they were afraid to put any more things in the fire; and my telescope, quadrant, writing-desk, and a valuable work-box of my wife's, made in India, were hammered to pieces with stones. The broken telescope is now in my possession.

The preceding extracts bring out incidentally the fact, that the enemy encountered had previously attacked Siffonello at Maquassi, and demonstrate his innocence of the accusation of Waterboer and his party, and their injustice in levying on him a fine of six hundred head of cattle. I always doubted his guilt from my observation of his character; some few noble traits of which appear in the preceding extracts. On the difference in Mr. Moffatt's and our orthography of his name, it is only necessary to remark, that Mr. Moffatt has followed the hard pronunciation of the Griquas: the softer one indicated by the letter F is more in accordance with the manner in which the Barolongs pronounce it.

The extracts also serve to show the distracted state of the country, when my successor, with my former colleague, entered it, to resume the Mission to the Barolongs.

I cannot refrain here from mentioning that, of the three brothers of Siffonello, who were slain in the battle just mentioned, one of them, the oldest, Sabbedere, was the first Barolong Chief we met with on our entering the country in 1822. He was Chief in command of the warriors of Siffonello, between whom and himself there seemed to be a sincere attachment. During the rest of his life, the Chief deplored the loss of Sabbedere as a faithful counsellor, and skilful and brave commander. Sabbedere was uniformly respectful and kind to us. Poor fellow! in the action with the enemy in which he lost his life, after laying six of them dead at his feet, he fell, pierced with many spears, and was then chopped to pieces!

At this period the Rev. Messrs. Hodgson and Archbell, Wesleyan Missionaries, had arrived in the disquieted region, to attempt once more, in the name of the Lord, to set up the banner of truth and peace, and introduce those principles which, by the operation of the Divine Spirit, might restore harmony among the distracted tribes.

On May 14th, 1826, they crossed the Vaal, or Yellow River, and were met by some Korannas, who informed them that the much-dreaded Bergenaars were not far off. These were a class of the Griquas who refused to acknowledge

Waterboer as Chief, and had collected at a certain *berg*, or mountain. Between them and the adherents of Waterboer there were bitter animosities and hostile encounters for a lengthened period, which was another cause of the troubles in that country, and, in fact, greatly aggravated those among the Korannas and Bechuanas at the time. But I must not enlarge on this subject, as it is not necessary to my purpose, in this account of the foundation of the Wesleyan Mission to the Barolongs.

"On the 16th," I quote from Mr. Hodgson's Journal, "we reached the place where Siffonello was fined six hundred head of cattle by the Griquas, for the loss sustained when Maquassi was destroyed.

"24th.—After the morning service, we were visited by some Korannas, accompanied by Kogleman, one of the Bergenaars whom I knew, and who gave us the welcome intelligence that Siffonello was in the immediate neighbourhood of Maquassi, with part of his people.

"26th.—Had the satisfaction of meeting with Chudeep, and several other Korannas, all of whom appeared glad to see us again in this country.

"28th.—Leaving the Vaal River, after travelling two hours, we reached Moos, the Station formed by Mr. Edwards. In the afternoon we were gratified in seeing Siffonello and several of his attendants approach our wagons. His joy at seeing us was great, and it was no small pleasure to us to meet our old friend. He was on his way to the Bergenaars to complete an arrangement for an attack upon the people who had defeated him at Maquassi.

"31st.—Siffonello returned from his visit to the Bergenaars, who, we were glad to find, had renounced their intention of joining him against his enemies. He now wishes us to go immediately to Maquassi, where he will join us with his people.

"August 6th.—Reached Maquassi in the afternoon with mixed feelings of pleasure and pain; pleasure at the prospect of being joined in a few days by Siffonello and his people, and of being able to recommence the Station; and

pain from beholding the ruin which appeared. As I rode through the old town, I was grieved to see such marks of desolation. Most of the houses which I had left occupied by inhabitants living together in peace, were burnt down; folds for cattle, gardens, &c., destroyed; here a broken pot, and there a broken spoon, &c., indicated the haste with which the Barolongs had deserted their residence. The remembrance of past events was painful; and the people having burnt all the grass in expectation of rain, the mountain and valley in which we had lived presented a most dismal appearance. Arriving at my former residence, I was pained to see Brother Broadbent's house entirely destroyed, the hedge of our gardens burnt, and a remnant of Dr. Clarke's Commentary, with detached parts of other valuable publications, as well as pieces of household furniture, scattered about, and all rendered useless. The interpreter ridiculed the idea of forming a Mission Station here; his wife sarcastically remarked, we must immediately travel to seek water; and the remainder of the people were sunk in silent astonishment and dissatisfaction, while Brother Archbell alone appeared to have hope and spirit to check the murmuring of the people. Indeed, appearances were such as would have depressed me much, had I not had experience of the resources of the Station as to grass and water.

"8th.—Accompanied Siffonello and several of his people to view a fountain he had mentioned to us, and adjoining which he wished to build his town. As he gave us permission to occupy the whole valley, embracing sufficient extent of ground capable of being cultivated for corn as well as gardens, we determined to build there, particularly as the situation possesses the advantage of being near the people, as well as a fountain promising to yield a sufficient supply of water. *It is pleasing to reflect that this fountain was discovered by the natives in digging wells, from seeing us obtain water in that manner.*

"9th.—Commenced loading stones for the purpose of erecting a house.

"20th.—Closed the week much fatigued, having been

each day occupied in hard manual labour from sunrise to sunset."

Mr. Hodgson had been well brought up and educated, was respectably connected, and had flattering prospects in life, all of which he sacrificed to preach the Gospel to the heathen. The manual toil in which he engaged, just mentioned, was necessary in his circumstances, and cheerfully undertaken, as connected with his principal object,—to effect a settlement among the people with whom he intended to dwell as a messenger of peace; and though this end was ultimately attained, yet it was not until after many interrupticns and sore trials. Hence he writes:—

"Sept. 18th.—A few days ago a message was sent to Siffonello that a party of Bergenaars had gone up the Vaal River, and were expecting him to join them against the Chief who had driven him from Maquassi, robbed him of his cattle, and killed his brother. Last Friday he and several of his people set off on this painful expedition, which it was not in our power to prevent, as, independent of his secret arrangement made with the Bergenaars, he seemed bent upon revenging the death of his brother Sabbedere,—an event which seems to affect him much more than the loss of his cattle.

"25th.—Held with comfort our religious services in our new habitation, which we greatly enjoyed, having been so long without a house.

"26th.—While engaged in sowing some seed in our garden, a report was brought that Siffonello had been defeated. In the afternoon he arrived, confirming the melancholy intelligence. Siffonello is quite ill from fatigue and anxiety. He had a narrow escape with his life; and, but for the exertions of the Bergenaars, must, with all his people, have been surrounded by the enemy.

"27th.—Visited Siffonello, and found him laid on the ground in the yard attached to his inner habitation, very ill. He had not been able to consult with his people, and, therefore, could not say what steps more were most proper to be taken: but he stated it was more than probable that his enemies would follow up the advantage they had

gained, that he was not in a situation to give them battle, and that, therefore, it became imprudent to remain at Maquassi. I retired to rest much wearied; and though not fully expecting it, yet under the impression that we might be roused from our slumbers by the sound of war. However, our protection is in Him who careth for us.

"29th.—All the people were in motion early; and we had the painful sight of beholding them, under their respective Chiefs, quit their habitations and their land, while we had the distressing reflection that in a few hours we must bend our course in the same direction, and leave Maquassi, perhaps, to see it no more.

"After eight weeks' hard labour at our dwelling-houses, gardens, &c., expecting to enjoy family comfort and quietness, after a year spent in travelling, and to attend more immediately to our proper mission work, it is indeed a painful dispensation to leave. We have now no prospect of continuing the Mission, but in travelling with the people, until they find a suitable place to reside at; and we must reconcile our minds to live many months in a wagon, moving from place to place, as prudence or necessity may dictate. However, we are with people; and if the Mission ultimately succeed, our sufferings and privations will be of little account, and, perhaps, not worth naming, when compared with what some have endured. I left Maquassi with a full heart, though resigned to the painful dispensation; and, walking on before the wagons, passed through the town, the distressing appearance of which, from being left by its inhabitants, added anguish to my feelings; and I could scarcely help weeping over the effects of sin."

In this unsettled state the brethren and the people continued many months; sometimes disturbed by reports of the enemy being about to attack them again; and they occasionally fell in with parties of them, called Bataus, or Lion people, who, as a tribe, are reported, by Dr. Livingstone, to have become extinct. In fact, these warlike and restless hordes became overawed by a threatened attack from the more numerous and powerful tribe called Matabeli.

At this period, Mr. Hodgson undertook a perilous Mission to Milistani, the Chief of the tribe or remnant of various tribes who had combined in the attack on the Barolongs. He went in the name of the Lord, as the messenger of peace. The following is his account of this visit.

"March 2nd, 1826.—Left my family early, and joined my Koranna companion on a journey to visit the Bataus.

"3rd.—Slept comfortably last night with my saddle for my pillow, and covered with one of the native karosses.

"4th.—Though it thundered much, accompanied with vivid lightning, we escaped the rain which fell last night. Proceeding on our journey, we met several Bushmen, who informed us that the Bataus had removed, and gone up the Vaal River towards Tabba, (Siffonello's former residence,) in consequence of the expected advance of the Matabeli. About noon we rested ourselves and our wearied horses at a temporary residence of the Bataus. Here we found a fountain of most excellent water, abundance of grass, and twelve or fourteen hundred deserted houses. About three o'clock, P.M., we again set forward upon the path of the Bataus, whom we joined in about two hours on the north side of the river, which they had crossed to increase the difficulties of the Matabeli, should they suddenly advance upon them.

"We were received by the people, though not with expressions of pleasure, yet without the least appearance of anything contrary to a disposition to peace. Milistani, the Chief, conducted me to his house, and sat down upon the ground, with his attendants, to learn the object of my visit; which being explained to him, he at once declared his wish to be upon friendly terms with us; accepted the present of beads, &c., which I conveyed to him; and confirmed his disposition to peace by ordering a sheep to be slaughtered for our use. Some milk was also brought to us. Milistani stated that we should not be disturbed by him at Maquassi, and avowed his willingness to make a peace with Siffonello, provided he would engage not to bring the Bergenaars against him. He stated that

the Matabeli was a powerful tribe, whose language he could not understand; that he apprehended they were in pursuit of him; and that, should this be the case, he would proceed higher up the river; but otherwise he should return to his own country. The Matabeli are advancing in the same direction with the people called Mantatees, who some time ago made so much confusion in this country, and it is thought, are either Kaffirs, or from the neighbourhood of Kaffirland.

"As soon as it was prudent, I was glad to adjust my great coat and kaross upon the ground, and retire to rest, to avoid the noise and officious curiosity of the people who flocked around me. This afforded me an opportunity of reflecting on my situation; surrounded by a host of savages accustomed to war and bloodshed; those who had laid waste Maquassi, destroyed the Mission property, and probably would have killed Brother Broadbent and his family, had not a kind Providence graciously interposed; and who had been led to consider me as the friend of the Barolongs, in whose destruction they would no doubt rejoice. The Chief inquired if I had not felt fear on entering his town; and, upon being answered in the negative, appeared surprised; but he knew not One, without whose permission they could not touch a hair of my head. I felt satisfaction from the purity of motive with which I was acting, and the design I had in view; and having taken every precautionary measure in my power to secure my personal safety, and the success of my enterprise, I composed myself to sleep without the least difficulty."

On this same subject I will quote from a letter from Mr. Hodgson, dated, "Vaal River, March 10th, 1826," addressed to myself.

"I returned a few days ago from opening a friendly communication with the Bataus, with whom I remained two nights and one day. Milistani the Chief assembled his people in a *pietcho*, and readily obtained from them a public sanction to the friendship he had formed with us. We should not hesitate to form a Station with this Chief,

were we in circumstances to do so, and if he resided at a permanent residence in his own district, to which he intends returning when the country is in a settled state. The Bataus are evidently a mixed race, as their colour, dress, &c., show; much more savage in their appearance and manners than the Barolongs; and, I should anticipate, most desperate in conflict. I saw several articles among them, which must have been obtained in plundering Maquassi; such as a piece of red flannel, worn by one of the warriors as a shawl; several parts of tinder-boxes; part of a dog chain, a small pot, &c., the two latter of which I identified as having belonged to you.

"I slept at Maquassi on my return, and found the mountains and adjoining country in the same flourishing condition in which you and I found them on our first visit. In the gardens are yet growing luxuriantly three peach-trees, one fig-tree, and two vines. I plucked millet, which had grown spontaneously from the seed scattered from that left; besides Kaffir corn and pumpkins. It is evident irrigation is not necessary for common things."

In concluding the painful subject of the injustice done to Siffonello, I am glad to quote the following extract from a communication made by Mr. Hodgson, dated, "Plaat Berg, May 16th, 1827:"—

"We memorialized the Colonial Government on the subject of compelling the Griquas to return Siffonello the cattle so unjustly taken from him, after Maquassi was destroyed by the Bataus, or otherwise granting him some remuneration, in consequence of Mr. Melville having been accessory to levying the fine.

"The Colonial Government has taken up the subject most properly, and Sir A. Stockenstroom has most spiritedly compelled the Griquas to consent to return all the cattle by five instalments. The first instalment of one hundred head of cattle was paid about six weeks ago, and we hope the remainder will be paid according to agreement. The Griquas are much afraid."

CHAPTER XIX.

SETTLEMENT at Plaat Berg — Another at Buchuaap, with B. Berend—Visit to Motsilikatsi, the powerful Chief of the Matabeli, or Zulus—Siffonello's Death—Succeeded by Moroko, his Son—Signs of spiritual and intellectual Life—Baptism of nine Adults—God's gracious Work progressing—The Instrumentality God has blessed to effect the Change which has been wrought in that Land.

AFTER the interruptions and delays, occasioned by the wars and troubles recorded in the preceding chapter, the brethren left their temporary sojourn near the Vaal River on June 27th, 1826. The time here had not been lost; but employed in the study of Sichuana, spoken by the Barolongs, and other Bechuana tribes, as a help to which I had left my collection of words and sentences, together with some elementary materials for the construction of a grammar. On this subject, the Rev. James Archbell, who had taken a printing-press, type, &c., wrote:—"*We printed our first school-book,* and made what preparations we could for future objects, whenever it should please the Lord to give us a resting place; not knowing at this time that His design was so soon to be accomplished. It appeared the people were afraid to settle at their old place, Maquassi; so, having discovered a fountain, though not everything they could wish, yet apparently suitable to their necessity at the time, and meeting the views of the people, they removed to it on the 22nd July, 1826, and named it Plaat Berg, from a flat mountain adjoining; but the Bechuanas called it Mottana Pietse, or 'the jaw bone of a wild horse,' which was the first thing found by the Chief near the fountain when he went to inspect it.

"Plaat Berg, therefore, became the Wesleyan Bechuana Mission Station, which, since the period of its commencement, has been the scene of various success. After the

necessary buildings were erected, and the general affairs brought into something like order, we began a school, in which we employed the elementary productions of our printing-press, and though not with all the effect we could desire, yet not in vain."

In July, 1828, Mr. Hodgson left Plaat Berg to commence a Mission at Buchuaap, with the Griquas under Berend Barendtzi; and the Station at Plaat Berg became the charge of Mr. Archbell, with an assistant from Graham's Town. From this period the number of the people on the Stations gradually increased, and the school, the two following years, exhibited a very interesting appearance. At the close of 1830, two hundred scholars were upon the school-books, who had made considerable progress in elementary instruction, both in Dutch and Sichuana. Some read the Bible; some the Testament; who also had made some proficiency in writing and arithmetic, especially in Dutch: the Sichuana scholars read small lessons.

From Plaat Berg, Mr. Hodgson wrote to me, May 16th, 1827:—

"It will give you pleasure to hear that we are now most comfortably and promisingly fixed at this place, with our old friends Siffonello, Mutsagari, and five other Chiefs. We have had a hard and long struggle, I assure you; but feel ourselves already repaid in the satisfactory results appearing among the natives; the growing ascendancy we appear to have over them; the delightful situation we have been led to choose for a Station, and the continued importance of this Mission as a field of labour. In outward matters we are comfortable; in houses, gardens, cattle-folds, &c.; and the Station is gradually improving."

The following extract from a communication made at this time, from the Rev. W. J. Shrewsbury, to the Committee, dated in Cape Town, August 18th: "We have been greatly comforted by letters from the brethren

Hodgson and Archbell, of whom we had heard nothing for several months. Their letters display a fine Missionary spirit; and, after having endured many privations and trials, they begin to have some prospect of success among the Bechuanas, and the exceedingly populous tribes in the interior northwards. They have forwarded to us a copy of the first impression of a small elementary work in the Sichuana, by means of which the knowledge of letters will be introduced among the barbarous and uncivilized natives. This little book of fifteen pages may be regarded as the harbinger of good for all future generations; good that shall remain to eternity."

"The following extracts of a letter from Mr. Archbell, dated Plaat Berg, December 31st, 1829, present another, and apparently promising, opening for Missionary exertions in Africa. Thus the hitherto unknown and unpenetrated domains of paganism are unfolding before us; regions where Satan has his seat, and riots in cruelty and bloodshed. The influence of the character and well-understood objects of the Missionaries of Christ continues to precede them into other tribes; and, however imperfect and mixed the motive of the heathen may be, they welcome them to commence their labours. In this we again see the preparing and directive hand of God.

"'I lately mentioned my intention to visit some of the eastern and southern tribes, with a view of ascertaining the practicability of establishing Missions in those parts, and of uniting our Kaffir and Bechuana Missions.

"'Accordingly, about the middle of October, I left Plaat Berg, and, after travelling twelve days through a depopulated country, I came to an immense nation who call themselves Zulus. Their towns are numerous, and densely spread over a country two hundred miles in extent, and one of the finest I ever beheld. They are under a Chief of the name of Motsilikatsi, a brother of the late Chaka; from whom he fled with many followers, about twelve years ago. When he left Chaka, he had few cattle; but having made

his way into the interior by force of arms, he took the property of its tribes; some of whom he annihilated, and others he took prisoners, and allowed them to live tributary to him, and thereby increased his strength.

"'On our arrival, this heathen King did every thing in his power to excite our admiration. He assembled an immense concourse of his people, who slaughtered cattle, sung, and danced to an extent unusual.....Whilst with Motsilikatsi, I took the opportunity of ascertaining how far the residence of white men among his people would be acceptable; and endeavoured to show him the difference between those who visit a country for the sake of secular gain, and those who reside among them for the purpose of teaching them the way of true happiness, or, as our Bechuanas express it, the way "to sleep well." He had heard of my residence with Siffonello; and two of his councillors have just returned from the Kuruman, which has had a salutary effect. He appeared wishful for white men and Missionaries to be among them. "For then," said he, "they will tell me the good news of God. I shall be able to sleep well, and people will come to see me, and bring horses, &c., and we shall be like Siffonello and the Batlapi." That is the people with whom the Rev. R. Moffatt resides, who also had visited Motsilikatsi.'"

About this time, Siffonello, the Barolong Chief, ended his life of troubles and change, arising mainly from the repeated attacks made on him and his people by their enemies. He respected Missionaries; though he did not fully understand the nature of their object in coming to the country; but a ray of Divine light had penetrated the gross darkness of his mind. Mr. Hodgson remarks, July 2nd, "Siffonello was very pleasant, and evinced more disposition to attend to conversation upon subjects connected with the welfare of his soul than I had before seen in him. He asked if I had seen God, and made other inquiries respecting Him; and, upon being told of a future state of existence, inquired what kind of food we should

eat there, &c. I never felt more forcibly the difficulty of conveying spiritual ideas to heathens, arising from the carnal views to all spiritual things. Upon being shown the small elementary book lately printed in the Sichuana language, and a part of it being read to him, he appeared greatly surprised; and, upon taking the book into his hands, asked why it would not speak to him. He admitted it was good to teach the children to read. His brother, Maquari, who was sitting by, remarked, 'We shall never learn, but our children can, and then tell us what God has taught.'"

Poor fellows! they had never seen a Missionary, nor even heard of a book or writing, when we went among them. And during the interim between our arrival and the time at which Plaat Berg Station was formed, they had been driven to and fro by hostile and savage hordes, so as not to allow them the opportunity to learn what we went to teach them. I believe the Chief desired to be taught; for six years before he asked me, "When will you teach us to pray?" God, the Judge of all the earth, will do right; and whatever mystery there is in the case of Siffonello, and tens of thousands who have been in similar circumstances, we must leave until the "day declares" it. Siffonello was succeeded by his son Moroko, who yet survives, and has become a powerful Chief.

Signs of spiritual life and light, at this period, began to appear. Mr. Archbell had preached on the words, "Prepare to meet thy God, O Israel;" and though the congregation was unusually crowded, they were exceedingly attentive. At the end of the service, Moroko said the things we told them were great things; and many, with himself, could not comprehend them all. "But," he continued, "I believe them; because many things are not the less true though we cannot understand them."

The evidence of the work of the Divine Spirit became more and more manifest among the hearers of the word of God; hence the gratifying record of June 28th, 1831: "Examined the candidates for baptism. Several are eligible

at present, and some others are hopeful." In fact, a Christian church, by the blessing of God on the labours of His servants, had been formed, to which these candidates were about to be added. On the 30th of the same month, Mr. Archbell adds, "Renewed the tickets (that is, certificates of membership) of the Society, and found generally they had grown, and are growing, in grace, for which we praised the Lord together."

After the forenoon service, on July 3rd, one child and nine adults were baptized. After the ordinance, some of them came to speak with the Missionary of the benefit they had derived to their souls. "God," they said, "has blessed us; so that we can feel that there is another baptism besides that of water."

"Sunday, 31st.—Preached this morning from, 'Herein is love,' &c. After which I baptized a child of one of the members, and two adults, who gave good evidence of their sincerity. In the evening I invited the people to make an entire surrender of themselves to the Lord, and administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper to the Society. The Lord was present with us, and made the means of grace profitable to our souls. During the day I had an opportunity of conversing with several of the members, who gave me much satisfaction. Several have recently united themselves to the Society here, and the work of the Lord is gradually proceeding." *

I have made the preceding extract with lively gratitude to the God of all grace for what He has wrought in that land. The passage displays among the people all the essential elements of a Christian community; in an infant state, I allow, but a spiritual church against which the gates of hell shall not prevail, raised up among a people who not long ago sat in darkness, and the shadow of death, and in a land of war and bloodshed, where they knew not the way of peace.

* Journal of the Rev. J. Archbell.

CHAPTER XX.

Increasing Population—Removal—Thaba 'Nchu—Visit of the French Protestant Missionaries from Moriah—M. Casalis—Troubles occasioned by the Immigration of Boors—Attacked by Motsilikatsi—Rev. Mr. Giddy—Mr. Archbell's Grammar of the Sichuana—Schools extending—Eratsagai—Spiritual Prosperity at Thaba 'Nchu—Printing—Preaching in Sichuana—Native Customs on the Wane—Rumours of Wars—Port Natal and Dingaan—New Chapel—Statistical Summary—Visit of Rev. J. Cameron—Communion.

The elementary prosperity, both in spiritual and temporal things, soon extended to greater proportions; for with the prospect of a quiet habitation, and secure dwelling places, many of the previously scattered tribe came together for mutual protection and other advantages; and the population so increased that the place became too strait, and the water supply too scanty, for their accommodation. For these reasons, after inquiry, survey, and consultation, the Missionary brethren, accompanied by eleven wagons belonging to the people, left Plaat Berg on the 4th of May, to fix upon an additional location. The result is given as follows:—

"The part chosen for the scene of our future labours, is six days' journey nearer our Kaffir Stations in a direct line, and is precisely the part to which the District Meeting in 1830 directed me to turn my attention. It opens a fine door to Missionary efforts, and compassion for the circumstances of the inhabitants, as well as mercy to the degraded and perishing state of their souls, calls loudly for the supply of the bread of life."

This event is thus referred to by the Rev. E. Casalis, in his work on the French Protestant Missions to the Basutos, pages 50, 51:—

"In the mean time, some Methodist Missionaries, who had been driven from the Fal (Vaal) by prolonged droughts, and by fear of Moselicatse, emigrated with their con-

verts into the country of the Basutos, and obtained permission of Moshesh to settle at Thaba 'Nchu, 'Mpukane, and Plaat Berg; the nearest of these stations being about thirty-five miles from Moriah. The arrival of these Missionaries reminded us that we belonged to a civilized race, and we hastened to go and welcome them. The bonds of Christian brotherhood were soon formed between us, and it was arranged that we should see one another and correspond as often as possible. Our new friends were married; and I still blush at the remembrance of the extreme awkwardness and shyness with which we responded to the civilities shown us by their ladies. It is sad to say, that though we had selected for our wearing apparel what was most presentable, our toilet was not of a nature to inspire us with any confidence. We ought, however, to have guessed that this would only be another recommendation to the benevolence of the ladies. A few days after our return, a horseman alighted at our door, bringing us a basketful of biscuits, and a very kind letter, requesting that those articles of our wardrobe which stood most in need of repair might be forwarded immediately. This little incident corrected, in some measure, the shade of stoical roughness that our characters had already acquired."

Arrangements having been made with the Chief of the Basutos for the cession of the territory selected, the people and Missionaries migrated with their flocks to Thaba 'Nchu. After a three years' residence, Mr. Archbell writes: "Being now favoured with an interval of comparative leisure, I take up my pen to inform you that we are situated at the base of an exceedingly high mountain called Thaba Unchu, from which our town derives its name. From pretty correct observations, we are but one hundred and ten miles from the eastern coast of Africa, in south latitude 28° 50′, and east longitude 28° 30′. There are forty thousand people who are ready to receive the Gospel, and even anxious to have Missionaries. Six public services are conducted every Sabbath day by my assistant, local brethren, and

myself; and these, with various week-day services, are gradually effecting permanent good. Most of the public superstitions are abolished, or rather dead for want of support. Rain-making has become the ridicule of the populace."

Two other brethren, the Revs. John Edwards and Thomas Jenkins, were added to the staff of the Missionaries about this time in this important district, and four Stations were occupied, viz.: Plaat Berg, Thaba 'Nchu, Buchwap, and 'Mpukane.

In 1837, the General Committee report, four Stations, four Missionaries, two hundred and fifty-four church members, and three hundred and ninety-two scholars. Several translations had been effected in Sichuana.

The French Protestant Missionaries sent out by the Paris Missionary Society had entered the region, and commenced their operations among the Basutos, under Moshesh, their Chief. These excellent brethren encountered numerous difficulties, and trials of their faith and patience, such as we had experienced at the first; but, by patient continuance in well-doing, they eventually succeeded in forming three or four Mission Stations, and God made them instrumental in the conversion of many of the Basutos, also in giving some check to the war spirit so prevalent in the country, and in promoting the arts of civilization, especially agriculture.

There entered into divers parts of the same region at this time, another class of persons, whose object was not the good of the aborigines, but who, on the contrary, became the occasion of fresh wars, and showed themselves inimical to Missionaries and their operations. These were what are called the emigrant Boors, who had abandoned the colony from disaffection to the British rule, and especially that measure of British philanthropy, the abolition of British colonial slavery; which public act, and the compensation given to the parties claiming property in slaves, has so much redounded to the honour of England.

In 1837 the Rev. R. Giddy and the Rev. Mr. Allison and his wife went to strengthen that Mission. The former writes :—

"May 2nd.—Reached Beersheba, another Station belonging to the French brethren. As we passed along we saw the mountain, at the foot of which five hundred Kaffirs had been killed a few months since by a neighbouring Chief. The history of these inland tribes seems to be one series of war and bloodshed. A few months since, a party of Dutch farmers, travelling with wagons on this side of the river, was attacked by Motsilikatse, a noted Chief. He had with him a considerable number of men, who thronged round the wagons; but the Boors, having drawn them into a circle, and placed themselves on the inside, fired out on the besiegers, and produced among them a terrible massacre. While some were firing, others were employed with axes in cutting off the heads of those who endeavoured to thrust themselves into the enclosure formed by the wagons. The natives, however, succeeded in driving off seven thousand head of cattle. Since this, it is reported that the Boors, having accessions to their numbers, have returned upon Motsilikatse, destroyed eighteen villages, killed about twelve hundred of his people, and retaken six thousand of their cattle."

Here it may be said that Motsilikatsi and his people were the assailants; and we can offer no excuse for his atrocity; but, on the other hand, it must be admitted that the Boors were intruders into the country. After being the occasion of innumerable troubles among the natives, in which they also have had a full share, they have formed themselves into a small state called the "Trans-Vaal Republic."

Mr. Giddy continues: "In addition to preaching, my time will now be occupied with the language. It is, without doubt, a language difficult of attainment; but I hope to succeed, and ultimately dispense with the interpreter.

"I am exceedingly glad to find that the printing press we have here is one of the best manufacture. The type, though small in quantity, is in tolerably good condition. We should be exceedingly glad if the Committee will send us about ten pounds of printing ink; one hundred and fifty or two hundred pounds of pica type.....

"Through the mercy of God we are all well. The climate is exceedingly conducive to health, and we are as comfortable as we can expect to be on a Mission Station so far in the interior."

This year, my successor, the Rev. James Archbell, published a Grammar of the Sichuana language, printed at Graham's Town, and dedicated to the Secretaries of the Committee of the Wesleyan Missionary Society.

From an elaborate Introduction to this Grammar, written by the Rev. W. B. Boyce, who has himself prepared a Grammar of the Kaffir language, I make a few brief extracts.

"The following remarks on the languages of South Africa may not be unacceptable to such as feel interested in similar inquiries, and will serve as a suitable introduction to this, *the first Grammar of the Sichuana language.*

"In the present state of our information, it appears probable that all the languages of South Africa may be classed under two divisions or families. The first, and most ancient, comprehends the dialects spoken by the Namacquas, Bushmen, and Korannas, called Hottentot. The second division, or family, of South African languages comprises the sister dialects spoken by the Kaffir and Bechuana tribes, to the east and north of the colony. That the relationship subsisting between the Kaffir and Sichuana is that of descent from a common parent is evident, not only from the many words common to both, but from an almost perfect identity in the leading principles of grammatical construction, as will appear from a comparison of the present Sichuana Grammar with that of the Kaffir, published in 1834.

"Of the two sister languages, the Sichuana appears to be by far the most extensively spoken, comprising a variety of dialects only slightly differing from each other; it appears to be a branch of an extensive language spoken through all South Africa, from the north-eastern boundary of the Cape as far as the Equator."

From this extract will be seen the vast importance of the Sichuana language, in which the London, Wesleyan, and Paris Missionary Societies' Missionaries have printed elementary works. Of this Grammar Buxton speaks as follows, in his work on the African Slave Trade, p. 499 :—

"The Rev. James Archbell has published a Grammar of the Sichuana language of South Africa, which has been critically investigated by the French Missionary, M. Casalis, and is supposed to be the key to the dialects prevailing from Congo to Delagoa Bay."

Simultaneously with the publishing of elementary works in the language, schools also extended and multiplied in the land; and thus sources of intellectual, moral, and social improvement were opened to that interesting population. Similar efforts were being made at this period in parts remote from each other in the Bechuana country by agents of different societies. To the Rev. R. Moffatt, of the London Missionary Society, who had been the longest in that region, must be conceded the honour of preparing the first version of the New Testament in Sichuana, to the general excellence of which translation Mr. Archbell has borne testimony. This had been the labour of many years. I have in my possession some manuscript translations of part of the Gospel of St. John, sent to me as a specimen by the translator, when I was at Maquassi. The MS. of the whole New Testament was received by the Committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and printed under their direction, A.D. 1840. What a boon to the Bechuana tribes! Eternity alone will disclose its value and importance.

While on the subject of printing and education, I cannot refrain from referring to Eratsagai, a native mentioned in a former page,—the poor skeleton boy, picked up by us when we first met the Barolongs fleeing before the Mantatees, in 1822. He accompanied me into the colony, and on my departure for England I left him in the care of the Rev. R. Snowdall, with whom he went to Graham's Town,

where Mr. Snowdall died. In giving an account of his decease, the Rev. W. Shaw states that, *his faithful servant*, Eratsagai, went to give him his medicine, and found him dead.

After the Rev. James Archbell visited England, in conversation with him on the subject of their printing office &c., I inquired who was their printer. He replied, "Eratsagai;" and added, "He has become an important member in the Mission, as an interpreter, Sunday School Superintendent, and Local Preacher!" "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings God hath ordained strength."

The state and progress of the spiritual work on the Circuit at the close of 1838 is given by the Rev. R. Giddy, in a communication dated "Thaba 'Nchu, January 1st, 1839."

"On this Circuit, during the past year, we have taken into Society, and on trial, about forty-five. Some have been the subjects of deep and powerful convictions; and with others the work has been of a more gentle, though, I hope, not a less effectual, nature. I trust all are sincere. Our congregations are large and attentive; a considerable number of services have been held in the open air in different parts of the town, and we only want a more copious outpouring of the Holy Spirit on our congregations and classes to realise our wishes. I am thankful for what I have seen; but most anxiously desire the general awakening of this large mass of people.

"The population immediately on the Station is about eight thousand. Besides these, there are twelve villages of Basutos in the neighbourhood, to which as much attention has been paid as the various other duties connected with the Station would allow. The Society's printing press is here, and I have to print for the whole district. During the last ten months I have been alone on the Station, Mr. Archbell having returned to England, and Mr. Sephton, the Assistant, having been removed by the District Meeting to Plaat Berg. I need not say, therefore, that additional labourers for this Circuit are very much needed.

"We have made some progress in our school department

this year. I have at length got the printing apparatus into order, and have been enabled to print a quantity of school lessons, &c. Some of the Bechuanas are able now to read well the books that during the last year have been printed in their own language. About sixty children and forty adults have been instructed.

"You will be glad to hear that for several months I have preached in Sichuana without an interpreter. My interpreter left me, and, perhaps, providentially, as, thrown on my own resources, and being obliged to exert myself to the uttermost to communicate the truths of religion to the natives in their own language, I hope I have succeeded in, at least, making myself understood. Preaching by interpretation is at best but a very inefficient method, and the sooner a Missionary can get out of its trammels the better.

"I feel happy also in saying, that the Bechuana customs and ceremonies are considerably on the wane. The native dance is, in some instances, kept up; but I frequently go at the time of the dance, oppose it, and preach to those who are willing to hear.

"About two months since, there having been no rain for a considerable time, an attempt was made by a few to get up a rain-making ceremony, but it failed. The opinion and feeling of a vast number of the people appear to be against it, and all now readily acknowledge that God alone has the power of causing rain to descend and fertilize the earth.

"You are aware that we have been lately surrounded by war. We have been, however, mercifully preserved; and have gone on uninterruptedly: though on one side and on the other we have had wars and rumours of wars, yet through mercy we have remained unhurt.

"Our chapel will be fit for opening in a few weeks. I think it will contain about one thousand people. With such a population as we have on this Station, we need a large chapel. Every attention has been paid to economy in its erection, and I hope some considerable part of the expense incurred will be defrayed by the natives. Its shape

is that of a T, and contains two thousand three hundred and four square feet, besides a vestry. Two smaller chapels are in course of erection in two populous parts of the town, the advantage of which will be considerable; and as they are built of poles and reeds, the expense will be but little. I must desire you to send the type and paper so long requested. We want it much."

In the Summary View, given by the General Committee, January, 1840, there is returned:—

"Bechuana.—Ten Stations; eight Missionaries. In Society, three hundred and fifty-nine; in the Schools, four hundred and ninety-one. The Missionaries preach in the Bechuana and Dutch languages; several translations have been effected in the Sichuana, and many elementary books have been printed at the Mission press."

In the succeeding year, the Rev. James Cameron paid an official visit to these Stations, accompanied by three or four other Missionary brethren, and sent a report of his visit and observations to the Committee in London. This report they published in the "Missionary Notices," for April, 1841, with the following prefatory remarks, p. 179:—

"The enterprising zeal of Christian Missionaries has led them to visit various wandering and barbarous tribes inhabiting Interior Africa, who have scarcely been known to Europeans otherwise than by report; and to take up their residence amongst some of the most neglected and degraded of the human race, discerning the immortal spirit of man under the most forbidding exterior, and counting but loss all the advantages and comforts of civilized life, that they may instrumentally, by Divine aid, rescue their fellow men from the dominion of Satan and sin, and present to Christ the desired fruit of 'the travail of His soul.'

"We now commend to our readers' perusal a most interesting communication relating to the Bechuana Missions. Mr. Cameron, having officially visited the Missionary Stations in the Bechuana country, has furnished a report concerning them; and has also added a narrative of his visit

to Motu and Inkatla, two Mantatee Chiefs, for the purpose of fixing upon proper sites for Mission Stations, then about to be commenced for the instruction of their people.

"*Extract of a Letter from the Rev. James Cameron, dated Plaat Berg, Bechuana-land, August 27th*, 1841.

"On the 1st ultimo, I left Plaat Berg for Thaba Unchu, which I reached in six hours' riding, including the time I spent off-saddling. The country between the places is very beautiful. Thaba Unchu has a very imposing effect when first it bursts upon the sight of an African traveller, who frequently travels for weeks together without seeing anything to be called a town.

"Here he sees a vast assemblage of houses teeming with inhabitants. This, though a very delightful and animating sight in the solitudes of Africa, is, nevertheless, widely different from a European town. No splendid fanes, no towers, or spires, no public buildings to serve the ends of either justice or benevolence, greet the heavens; a heap of Bechuana huts jostled together without any apparent order, and their indispensable appendages, cattle-folds, make up the scene. The main body of these dwellings occupies two eminences, forming separate communities, under the government of two distinct and independent Chiefs, Moroko and Tuane; the Mission premises standing between them on a third eminence, somewhat lower than the other two. Of the buildings which compose the Mission premises, only the chapel is in good condition; the dwelling-houses, two in number, are scarcely tenantable. Part of the chapel has been partitioned off for a printing-office, and for a dwelling-house for a young man appointed to assist Mr. Giddy in the printing department.

"Mr. Giddy speaks the Sirilong (Sichuana) fluently, which is certainly a great advantage, and must, with the Divine blessing, cause his preaching to tell more powerfully upon the hearts of the people. There is a large School on the station, conducted by a native schoolmaster of excellent character.

"Having spent three days at Thaba Unchu, I returned to Plaat-Berg on the 4th, and left it again on Wednesday the 8th, proceeding in an opposite direction to that of the former place. An hour and a half's ride through a splendid tract of country brought me to Habatou, where it is intended to begin a Mission with Mopele, brother of Moshesh, the paramount Chief of the Basutos.

"The site marked out for the station is exquisitely beautiful, commanding an abundant supply of water for all purposes. The surrounding scenery and distant prospect are grand, producing a most exhilarating effect upon the mind of a beholder. I was conscious of an indescribable sensation of delight whilst standing on the spot, and contemplating the scene which presented itself to my view. But that which is far more important than the scenery or physical capabilities of the place, in the estimation of a Missionary especially, is the number of immortal men to be found there, living in a state of heathenism, and yet willing to listen to the statements of the Gospel. Their Chief, Mopele, is a young man of some promise. He can read and write, and is anxious to receive a Missionary. This anxiety is not the effect of novelty; for he has been acquainted with the Missionaries long enough to wear out every thing of that kind in relation to them and their work; we may therefore hope that it springs from higher and nobler motives.

"Visit to Lishuani and Umpukani.—Lishuani is situated in a mountain nook; it, however, commands a fine view in front of an extensive plain, bounded by mountains, the most distant of which are truly magnificent. The shortness of my stay prevented my seeing the school. It is conducted, like that at Plaat-Berg, by a native youth, of good character and amiable manners, who was educated at the Watson Institution in Graham's Town. 'Mpukani, where I arrived at sunset of the same day on which I left home, is a pleasantly situated station. The buildings are a Mission-house and chapel under one roof, a store, a

Schoolmaster's residence, and some other minor erections. There are also a fruit garden, and several pieces of ground for cultivation, all surrounded by wall-fences, which have a very neat and compact appearance. My stay was too short to admit of my forming any general opinion of the spiritual state of these people; but some of them I know are truly converted to God.

"On the following day I rode to Imparani, in company with the Revs. Messrs. Shepstone and Impey. The road from 'Mpukani winds some miles round a mountain named Hotolani, one of whose precipices was the Tarpeian rock of the notable marauder Matuwani, over which many a poor creature was thrown, and so deprived of life. A man who was precipitated therefrom, survived as by a miracle, and is now in the employ of Mr. Shepstone. Three hours' hard riding by a route which, towards its termination, describes nearly a circle, brought us to Imparani just as the sun had sunk beneath the horizon.

"I was much gratified next morning in viewing the station, which, in many respects, takes precedence of every other in the land. In little more than three years, a dwelling-house and chapel, out-buildings, consisting of a store, and rooms for the accommodation of ten native youths, a large stable, a garden, and a field comprehending several acres of ground for cultivation, surrounded by substantial stone walls, have all been completed in a superior style, with the exception of the wall round the field, part of which, on one side, remains to be done.

"To the right of the station stands the Great Place, or residence of the Chief Sikonyela, where religious service is held on the Sabbath, for the sake of those who, either through fear of persecution, or indisposition to receive the truth, will not attend the services on the station. Sikonyela clings with tenacity to his heathenish customs, manifesting in various ways his hatred of the Gospel, merely because of the restraints it lays upon his vices, and the threatenings it denounces against their indulgence. I used

the opportunity which my interview with Sikonyela afforded me, to exhort him to turn to God. He listened to my expostulation patiently, and even assented to the truth of several remarks. After breakfast I started from Imparani for Motu's place, accompanied by Messrs. Shepstone, Taylor, Impey, and Thackrey. Our way lay through an interesting country, abounding with many curiously-shaped mountains.

"On coming within sight of Motu's residence, we began to examine the country with much care, in hope of finding a suitable place for the projected Mission-station, as no spot in the immediate vicinity of that residence was deemed at all eligible for that purpose, owing to the scarcity of water. Such a place soon presented itself to our view, where, on both sides of a lovely eminence, well adapted for Mission premises, springs of water issued forth, promising abundant means of irrigation; and this, too, in the neighbourhood of a very fine river, probably a branch or tributary of the Caledon. Here we found at midday a small cascade formed by a running stream, so completely frozen over, and to such a depth, that the ice supported the weight of our whole party, numbering six individuals.

"Having examined the place very minutely, and satisfied ourselves of its suitability for a station, we rode on to Motu's place, which lies at the base of a high mountain, comprising a large number of huts, indicative of populousness.

"On our arrival we found Motu reclining on the top of a ock, with a number of his sable councillors, who eyed us with no common degree of interest. The Chief received us with the utmost cordiality, shaking hands in the European fashion, after which we sat down on the ground to rest ourselves, and to gratify the curiosity of spectators. When we judged it time to proceed with our business, I addressed myself to the Chief, in substance as follows:—

"'Some time ago, you requested Mr. Allison to procure you a teacher; he promised that he would exert himself on your behalf, and, accordingly, your request was conveyed in a letter to the good people over the great waters.

Those good people, though they never saw you and your people, yet, pitying your ignorance and misery, took your request into serious consideration, and resolved to send you a teacher. This teacher they have now sent; and there he stands before your eyes. He has left his home, his friends, and his country; and come over the great waters to teach you the way of salvation. Pure love to your never-dying souls has moved him to do all this; he seeks nothing here but to promote your happiness. You must know that you are all sinners by nature and practice, in danger of perishing to all eternity. But the great God, against whom you have sinned, is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance; and, therefore, He sent His only begotten Son into the world, to suffer and to die in the place and for the sake of sinners. Now the grand employment of your teacher will be to tell you about the Lord Jesus Christ, who loved you so much as to die for you. He will exhort you to believe in Him as the only means of obtaining forgiveness of your sins, a sense of the love of God, and a blessed hope of eternal life. You must, therefore, hearken to his voice, receive his instructions, and obey his counsel. You must treat him kindly, and stand by him on all occasions.

"'But your teacher will have to build a house, and make a garden, like those at Imparani; for this purpose, he will require a nice place and plenty of water. This place where you now dwell is quite unsuitable; we, therefore, wish you to remove to another which we have chosen.'

"No sooner had I concluded my address, than Motu eagerly asked where the place was, which I referred to. It was then pointed out to him; upon which he said, 'I can show you a better place, which I think will do,' requesting us, at the same time, to go with him and inspect it. To this we readily consented; and he and a small party of his men led the way, while we followed. He brought us to the back of the mountain, in front of which his present residence is fixed, and there, in a

splendid and fruitful valley, surrounded by the noblest mountain scenery which my eyes ever beheld, showed us a strong perennial stream of water, flowing down from its source in the neighbouring heights, and capable of being led out to almost any extent. We all were of opinion, that this place surpassed the one we had suggested, in most respects; and, having obtained a promise from Motu that he would remove to it with the least possible delay, we marked the spot where we thought the Mission-house should be erected, and rejoiced that the Lord had prospered our way, removing, by means of the Chief himself, the main difficulty which existed as to the commencement of the Mission. Blessed be God!

"After this, the same party visited other places in the country; and were welcomed with the same cordiality by the Chiefs, showing that God was opening the way for the diffusion of His truth in that pagan land."

That the anticipations expressed in the preceding communication were not groundless, will be seen by the following extract from the same, dated "Bechuanaland, January 21st, 1842:"—

"You will doubtless be glad to hear that our new chapel at Plaat-Berg is finished; and was solemnly dedicated to the worship of Almighty God on Sunday, the 2nd instant, when the Rev. E. Casalis, of the Paris Missionary Society, in compliance with a previous invitation, preached first to the half castes, or Newlanders, from 1 Tim. i. 15; and then to the Basutos, upon our Lord's parable of the talents. Both sermons were well suited to the occasion, and were heard attentively by the people. The Lord's Supper was administered in the afternoon, of which not less than one hundred and fifty persons partook. Amongst the communicants were Mr. Casalis, and four members of his church who had accompanied him from Thaba Bossir. Names, and sects, and parties, were almost forgotten; while a Minister of the French Protestant Church, with the living seals of his ministry kneel-

ing with him, and two Wesleyan Ministers, with their people, merging for the time all ceremonial differences in the grand principle of Christian love, commemorated together the sacrificial death of the world's Redeemer. This union, so congenial to the catholicity of the New Testament, produced a sacred and hallowed pleasure, such as never accompanies religious exclusiveness and intolerance. The Rev. J. Allison preached in the evening from the words, 'Of the increase of His government there shall be no end.' The familiar and strikingly appropriate illustrations which his long and intimate acquaintance with all classes of natives in this country enabled him to employ, produced a manifest impression on the minds of his hearers.

"In addition to the foregoing particulars, it may be stated that the people of Plaat-Berg, besides building the chapel in which they now comfortably perform their public devotions, contributed, during the past year, about £40 to the cause of God.

"This shows their love for the Gospel; and encourages the hope that at some future day they will take the whole burden of supporting their Ministers upon themselves. The Basutu members of the Society are not less willing to lend their aid in furtherance of their newly embraced religion. Silver and gold they have none; but they bring of the fruits of the ground as an offering to the Lord. The religious state of the Society is also prosperous. With the conduct of the members in general, I have every reason to be satisfied. The Class Leaders, eleven in number, attend sedulously to the duties of their office; and manifest, in all their meetings, a due subjection to pastoral authority, which is continually held up to their view in the light of Scripture, and according to the Wesleyan economy. The Local Preachers are unwearied in their efforts to spread abroad the savour of the knowledge of Christ; and though they have not hitherto realized much fruit, in the form of saving conversions to

God, yet they are clearly rendered instruments of awakening attention to the subject of religion in the surrounding country, and of increasing the number of our regular hearers.

"We have two excellent young men in the Society who may, in a year or two, with a little training, be deemed fit to be Assistant Missionaries. They are both at present employed in the work of God, one as a Schoolmaster and interpreter, and the other as a Class Leader and Local Preacher; and from the very satisfactory way in which they fulfil these offices, we augur their future and more extensive usefulness. I intend this year, by the blessing of God, to devote some time daily to their instruction in grammar, theology, and other branches of useful knowledge. After which, should the Divine blessing rest upon my efforts, they will be better qualified to become Assistant Missionaries in this country."

CHAPTER XXI.

INTELLIGENCE from Thaba 'Nchu—Increasing Population—Congregations — Schools — Conversions — Consistent Piety — Local Preachers—Library—Visit of the Rev. William Shaw—Plaat-Berg—Results—Rev. William Impey visits the District—His Report—Conclusion.

FROM Thaba 'Nchu, the chief town of the Barolongs under Moroko, and the principal Wesleyan Station in the Bechuana country, the Rev. R. Giddy writes, under date December 6th, 1841.

After referring to wars and commotions occasioned by the heathen Chief, Sikonyela, he adds :—

"You will be glad to learn that on this Station we have suffered but little from the causes which have so seriously affected our Mantatee Stations. Though at one time we feared that we should be involved in the war, our fears have happily not been realized.

"The population on this Station has been considerably enlarged. Our congregations, both on the Sabbath days and in the week, are large. Our Society also has increased; and the schools are now in a more efficient state than they were at any former period. We have lately commenced a sewing school for the native women, which promises favourably. Our Sabbath school is large; many can read well, and a considerable number are making great progress. Our writing school is also in a satisfactory state; several can write tolerably, and we have no doubt that they will, ere long, be able to write, as well as read, in their own language. Several young men are under special tuition, apart from our ordinary school. Our object is to raise up and train native youths; who, we trust, may become efficient teachers of their fellow-countrymen. The good effects of this have already appeared, in their taking the lessons which they have received in school, and teaching them to others."

At a later period, in 1845, Mr. Giddy writes:—

"Several have lately been received as candidates for membership. Some, who were formerly on trial, have been received as members; and two have lately found peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. Our congregations, both on the Sabbath and on week days, present a pleasing appearance. The deepest attention is paid to the word preached; and the increasing seriousness of the congregations augurs, we trust, the commencement of yet better days. The various means in operation are gradually producing a deeper and more extensive work; and, although circumstances sometimes occur which cause us sorrow, we have, nevertheless, also much cause for rejoicing. Our people are generally adorning their profession by consistent life and conversation. Their piety is sincere; their endeavours to promote the work of God among themselves and the neighbouring Basutos are pleasing and satisfactory; and I trust that, as individuals, and as a Christian church, they enjoy much of the presence of God. Several Basuto villages are in the neighbourhood. These villages are frequently visited, and the word of God is preached in every direction. We have seven Local Preachers, besides a native Assistant, who are regularly employed in preaching the word of eternal life. We have eleven Classes, all under the care of native Leaders; who, I believe, discharge their duties faithfully, and as in the sight of God. We have, on the whole, much to encourage us. We have, in our day school, about one hundred and twenty children, boys and girls. And as I have been enabled, through our press and other means, to supply them liberally with books and lessons, a considerable number now can read. This is to us, in many ways, a great advantage. Knowledge is circulated. Our members and hearers become more intelligent, and the rising generation grow up with an amount of information which their fathers had not the means of obtaining. We have, also, a library, which, although small, is attended with much good. The

books are changed weekly; and I take the opportunity every week, of inquiring with regard to the books read, and conversing with our young people on the subjects contained in them. Thus, our youth are gaining an acquaintance with books, and their minds are stored with useful and religious knowledge. In our Sunday school, we have about two hundred children and adults, under the care of two superintendents, and twelve teachers. The children are under good discipline, and the teachers are indefatigable in the discharge of their duty.

"We have about forty in Bible Classes; these are accomplishing a great amount of good; they awaken great interest, and, I hope, also promote much spiritual profit."

In May, 1848, the Bechuana District was visited officially by the Rev. William Shaw, General Superintendent of the Kaffrarian and Bechuana Missions. He writes to the Committee in London:—

"Mr. Shepstone joined us at Kamastone, on the journey to Natal. After considerable detention, we reached Thaba 'Nchu on the 2nd instant, where we found Mr. Cameron and his family all well.

"Thaba 'Nchu is the chief settlement of the Barolong tribe, with which Messrs. Hodgson, Broadbent, and Archbell, established our first Mission. This is now by far the largest native town in British South Africa; there cannot be less than from eight to ten thousand inhabitants. The town has a very picturesque, but wild-African appearance. I was much pleased with the very extensive improvements made by the people, in the erection of stone walls around, in various parts of the town, forming excellent court-yards to their conical-shaped dwellings, most of which are kept very neat and clean. Mr. Cameron's labours are efficient here. There is a considerable church of native converts, a day and Sunday school, and all the elements of usefulness in full operation. It is of great importance that *two* Missionaries should always be stationed here. Do consider the importance of this station, and send out a

Missionary without delay, married or single, with express directions that he or another is to be placed at Thaba 'Nchu, and no where else, whatever the openings may be. With such an instruction, our consciences would be relieved as to the supply of other places, and Thaba 'Nchu would be properly provided for.

"We left Thaba 'Nchu on the 4th, in the evening, and arrived at Plaat-Berg at noon on the 5th instant. Here Mr. Giddy resides, and continues to labour diligently to promote the welfare of the people. This is a settlement of great capabilities of an agricultural kind. The village is greatly improved since I was last here; the people have built themselves very good and substantial houses, after the colonial fashion. A large number of gardens and orchards are well enclosed; and hundreds, if not thousands, of fruit trees give the whole a very interesting rural appearance.

"There is a considerable number of members belonging to the Society, and the whole population of the village may be regarded as nominally Christian. I attended the Sunday School in the afternoon, and was much pleased with the manner in which the Catechism was recited and the Scriptures read in the Dutch language, by a very numerous class of young women and another of young men. The cross-examination showed that they were not merely learning by rote. Mr. Giddy also has a class who are being taught the English language; they read part of two chapters, and gave *vivâ voce* translations of various sentences when required with the greatest readiness and fluency. A small congregation of Basutos was also addressed by Mr. Impey, after the Dutch service was over."

After mentioning Lishuana, 'Mpukani, and Imparani Stations, he proceeds:—

"On the whole, the friends of our Missionary Society have much reason to be satisfied with the results of our Bechuana Mission. There are many very considerable congregations and societies. The great mass of the people living around the Stations are all feeling more or less of

the beneficial influence, even in cases where they have not embraced the truth, but still pursue many of their heathen practices. The numerous native Christians are, however, daily 'witnessing a good confession;' and if the means of the Society were sufficient to enable them to reinforce the number of the Missionaries in this district, I believe great and glorious results would follow speedily."

"In the mouth of two or three witnesses, every word shall be established:" I will therefore subjoin the testimony of the Rev. William Impey, successor to the Rev. William Shaw, as General Superintendent of that District, who paid an official visit to the Bechuana Stations in 1862.

"On Wednesday, May 7th, we reached Thaba 'Nchu, one of the most important Missions. On my last visit the population of this largest of South African towns was estimated at ten thousand; since then it has increased to probably twelve thousand. The town covers a large area; the houses are of a style much superior to that used by the frontier Kaffirs, and are all enclosed by substantial stone walls: the aggregate amount of wall is astonishing. The chapel is a large building capable of containing about fifteen hundred persons; it is out of repair, and will need a new roof. The Chief, Moroko, has provided a liberal contribution towards the cost of this.

"On the morning after my arrival I preached before breakfast to a congregation of about a thousand persons, including Moroko and his family, with several of his councillors and chief men. I had also a pleasant interview with him on several subjects relative to the Mission; and reminded him of a conversation we had three years ago, when he was urged to do more towards the maintenance of the Mission, and he promised to comply. He now stated that he had collected about eighty pounds, and said he would not relax his efforts in this direction. I endeavoured to urge upon him the obligation both he and his people had been under to the Mission for nearly forty years, and that it was time now that he and they should evince their

gratitude, and relieve the Mission Fund from the heavy expenditure which has hitherto been incurred.

"Whilst here, a letter was put into my hands, written by one of the young men who were educated some years ago at Salem, bringing to my notice the condition of a large body of this tribe resident beyond the Vaal River. Moroko also spoke on the subject. This branch of the tribe resides at Kolobeng, distant from Thaba 'Nchu from three hundred to four hundred miles. It numbers about twelve thousand souls, who live in one large town. There are among them many who are the fruit of our Missions, and probably about a hundred who are Church members. The people are very anxious to have a Missionary. Of course, the distance is too great for any effective assistance to be rendered from Thaba 'Nchu, and it is most desirable that a Missionary should be appointed. Meanwhile, it has been arranged that Mr. Ludorf shall visit them during the year, and, if no better supply can be afforded, that he and Mr. Scott shall alternately pay this place an annual visit, remaining two or three months, preaching the word and confirming the disciples. There is, at least, apostolic precedent for this method of Missionary operations.

"We paid a formal visit to the court of the Chief. The *national* flag was hoisted on the occasion; it bears a very warlike device,—a shield and spear and gun. It would have been pleasanter to have found the dove and olive branch of peace."

CONCLUSION.

When I compare the disorganization, war, and suffering, in which we found the Bechuana tribes, at our entrance among them in the year 1822–3, and the anarchy and misery which prevailed in that land during many succeeding years, with their improved state as reported at present; the change is so great and marvellous that it excites at once my wonder and gratitude. The increase of inhabitants, their settlement in well-organized communities, forming, in several instances, populous towns;—their progress in the arts of peace and civilization, agriculture, letters, and Christianity, are fruits which, resulting as they do from the patient, zealous, and persevering labours of Christian Missionaries alone, supply as notable an instance of the work of God by the preaching of the Gospel, as any which the history of Christianity contains. It is the Lord's doing, and to Him be the praise!

If wars and their desolating effects have not ceased entirely, they are less frequent, and any disquiet that may arise will be from the remainders of the old evils which are gradually disappearing before the advancing light of the Gospel.

I am able to affirm, without fear of contradiction, that the introduction of Christianity into the extensive regions of the tribes of the Bechuanas, has already prevented many desolating wars, rescued several tribes from extermination, and promoted peace and order where they were not forty years ago.

When we went there, the *people had no religion*. They had sorcerers, and witchcraft, but they had no God, no temple, no Sunday, no worship. They had no knowledge of an immortal soul in man, or of a state of existence after this life. In a word, their minds were blank on spiritual and eternal subjects; and yet, though it was dormant, they had a *conscience* which was awakened by the testimony and Spirit of God.

The true religion professed, enjoyed, and practised now by thousands among them, is evidence that the breath of God has quickened them. Houses for worship adorn the land, and the people hallow the Sabbath, and reverence the sanctuary of the Lord.

Then they had *no book, no writing,* nor *any knowledge of letters.* When my colleague and I were at a distance from each other, and communicated by note, we were suspected of witchcraft; until by many experiments, observed by them with close attention and much interest, they became convinced of our ability to make ourselves understood by writing. They noticed the interest we evinced when letters, newspapers, &c., arrived, and expressed a desire to attain the same art, which we offered to teach them.

When the Chief Siffonello first became convinced of our ability to communicate our ideas by writing, he said earnestly, "Make haste, and teach us that art: I see its use and importance. We often send messengers to other Chiefs and tribes, but our messenger sometimes forgets, or omits to state all that was told him, or he adds something to it, and misunderstandings have arisen, and even wars; but if I could send my own words as you do, I should be sure it was correct."

Now they have books printed in their own language and country; they have schools, writing, &c., and are able to instruct others in the same useful arts.

Then they had no marriage, nor any proper domestic order, nor acknowledged any moral obligation to the duties arising out of that relation. Females were exchanged for others, bartered for cattle, given away as presents, and often discarded by the mere caprice of the men.

The misery arising out of this state of society cannot be easily described to those who have not witnessed it. The absence of the proper domestic affections, and unnatural treatment of the children, especially of daughters, has been in part stated. And although much yet remains to be done in this respect, yet the Divine institution has been introduced and acted upon in numerous instances, and domestic and social order and happiness are extending.

In fact, the incipient civilization begun is on the spread, as seen in improved habits, decent and comfortable dwellings, gardens, and cultivated lands, so that the wilderness has literally become a fruitful field, joy and gladness are found there, thanksgiving, and the voice of praise.

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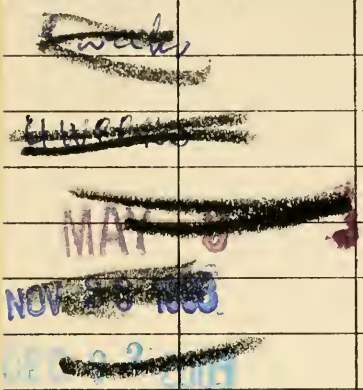

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